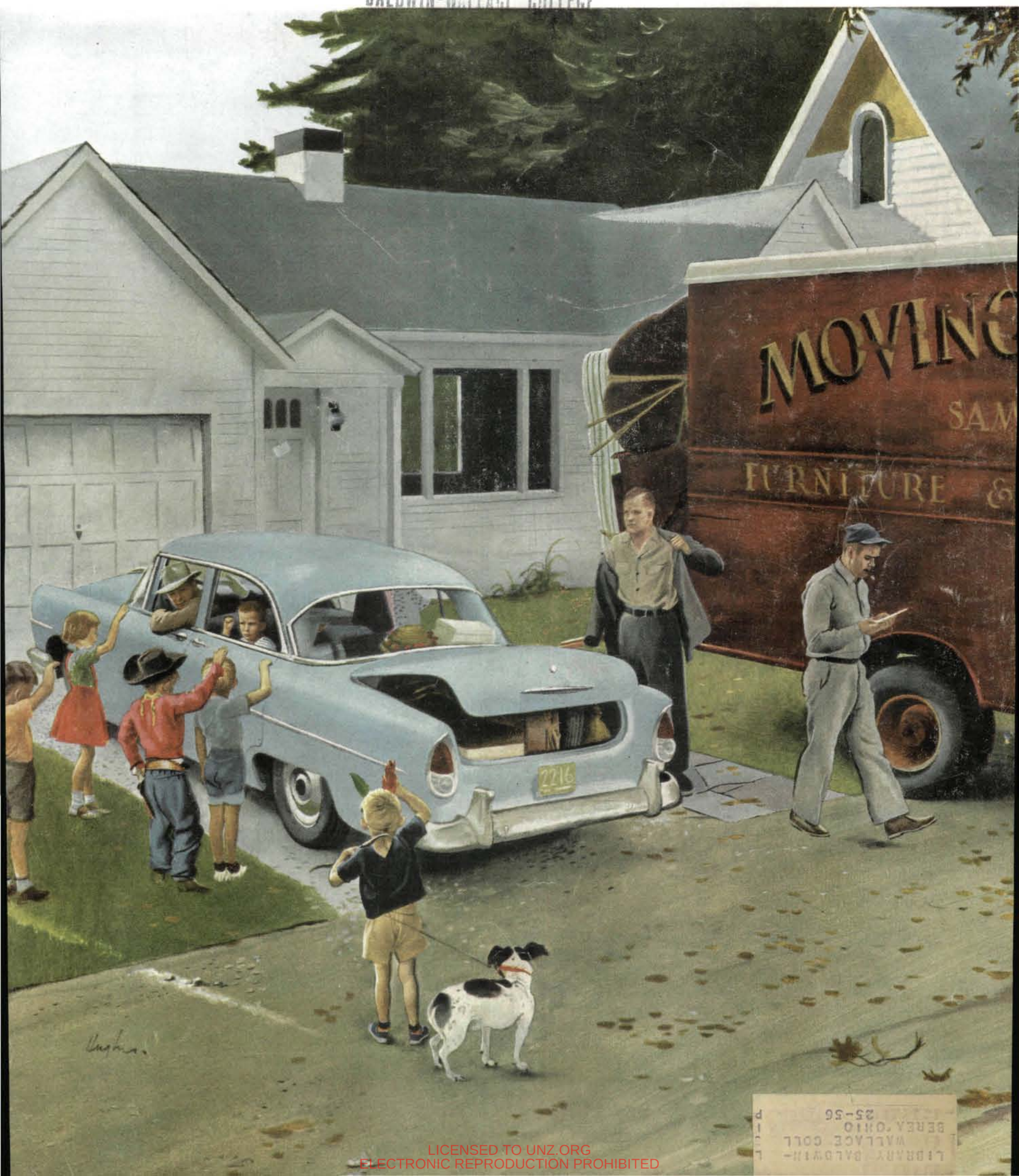
The Saturday Evening
POST
September 29, 1956 — 15¢

SEP 2 5 '56
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

OTTO GRAHAM'S OWN STORY: I'm Through With Football

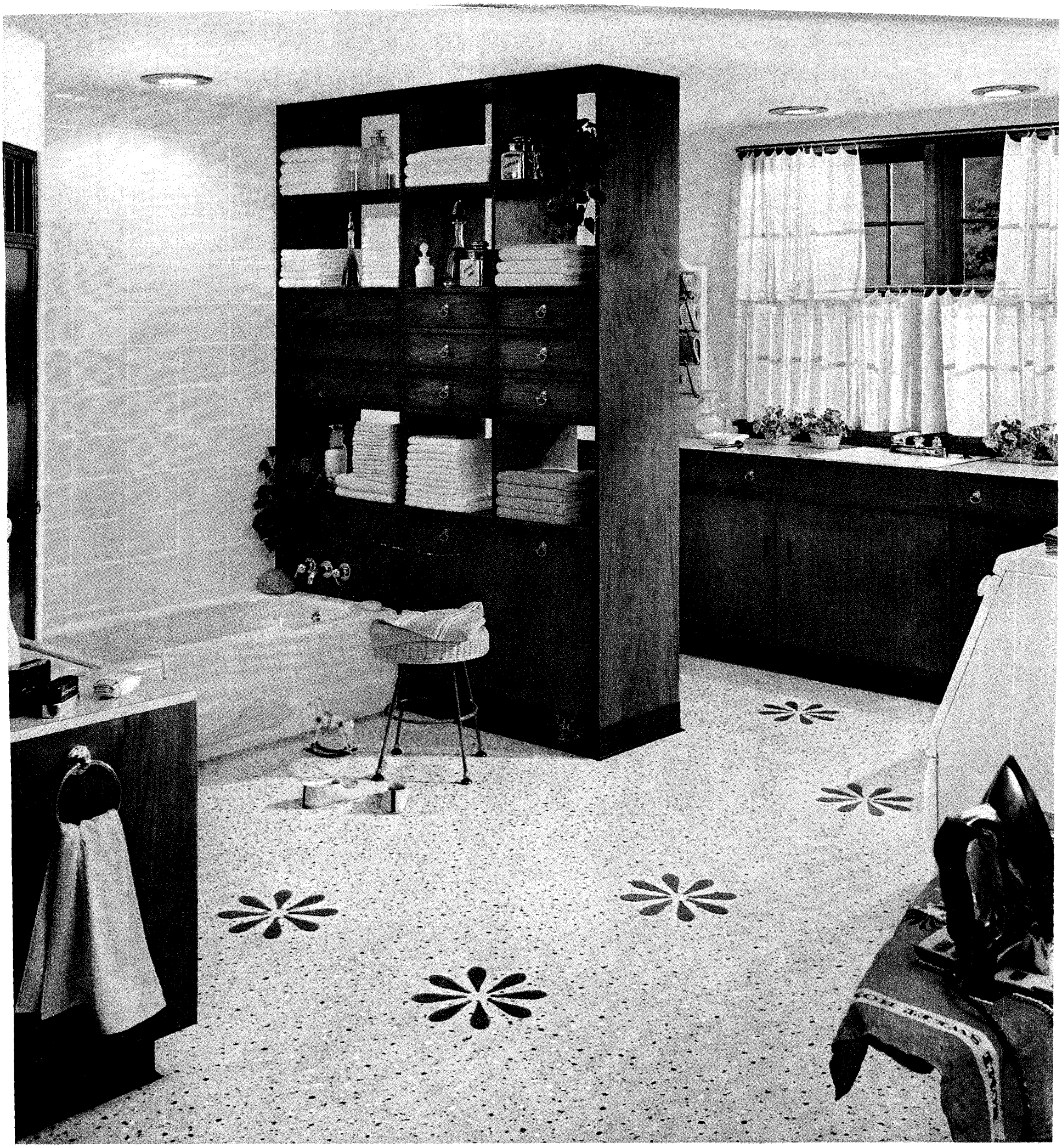
Win Rockefeller, Richest Hillbilly

WHERE TO BUY A $2500 DRESS FOR $50



LIBRARY BALDWIN-
WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OHIO
25-56
P
I
L

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Floor is Armstrong Spatter® Linoleum, Style No. 5005, with inexpensive custom insets of Brown No. 20.

here's a bathroom that takes in washing

It's far more than just a bathroom. It's a complete laundry center, too, with a washer-dryer, ironing table, and ample linen storage. A perfect dream of a work-saving, good-looking room—and full of ideas for you, when you remodel your bathroom! The real star of the show, for beauty and practicality, is the floor of Armstrong Linoleum. In a much used room like this, easy care is essential . . . and that's reason enough for insisting on Armstrong Linoleum. Not even the children's bath-time splashing will harm it. A quick once-over with a sponge mop, and it's bright as new. This sunny Spatter styling—a very special favorite—is one of many, many lovely designs and colorings you'll find in Armstrong Linoleum, a modern, fashionable floor for every room in your home.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK, "Decorating Ideas for Today's Living." It's full of exciting decorating ideas for remodeling and new homes. You also get complete description of this gay laundry-bathroom. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5609A Madison St., Lancaster, Penna.

'56...the year to fix

OPERATION '56 the year to FIX HOME IMPROVEMENT

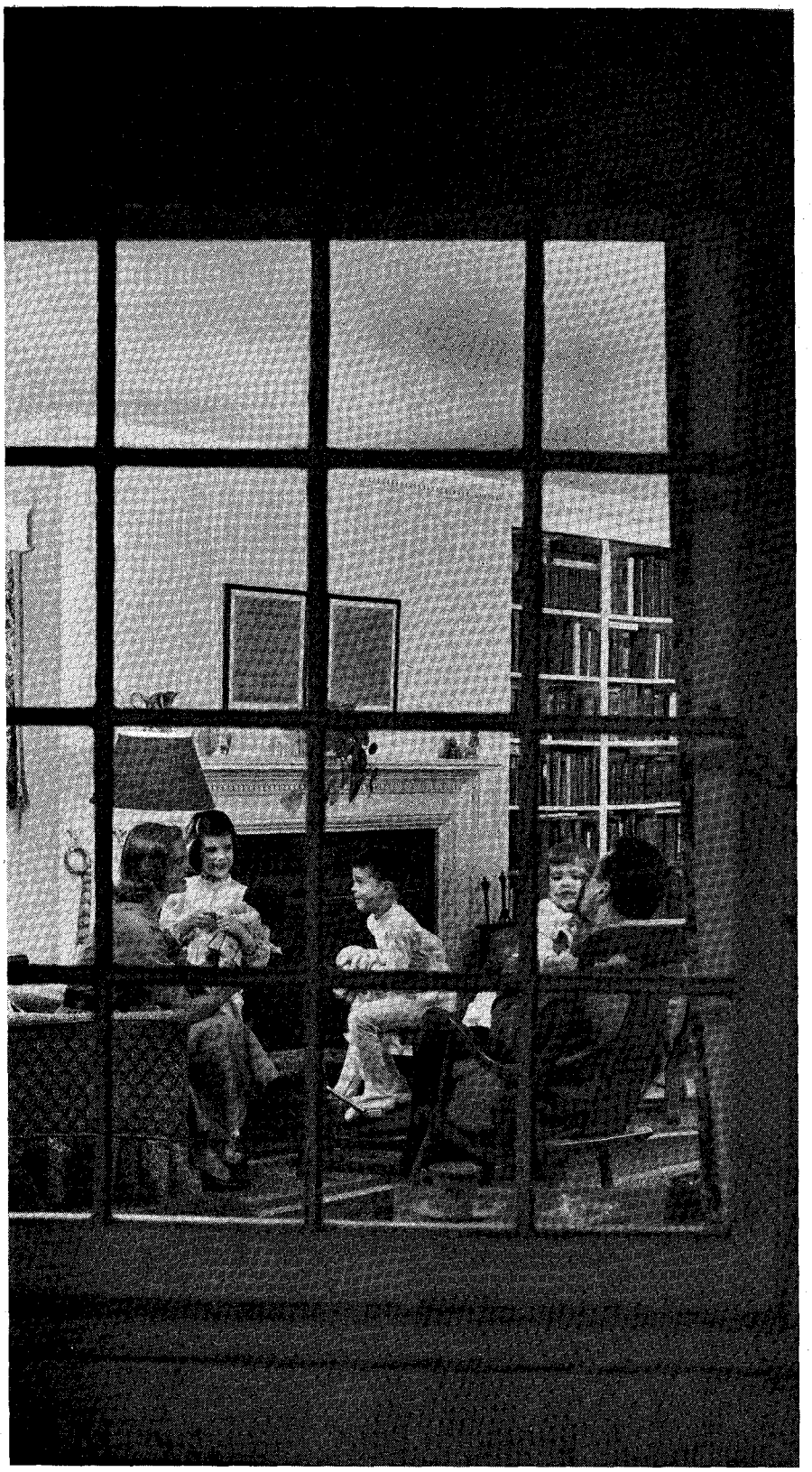
Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

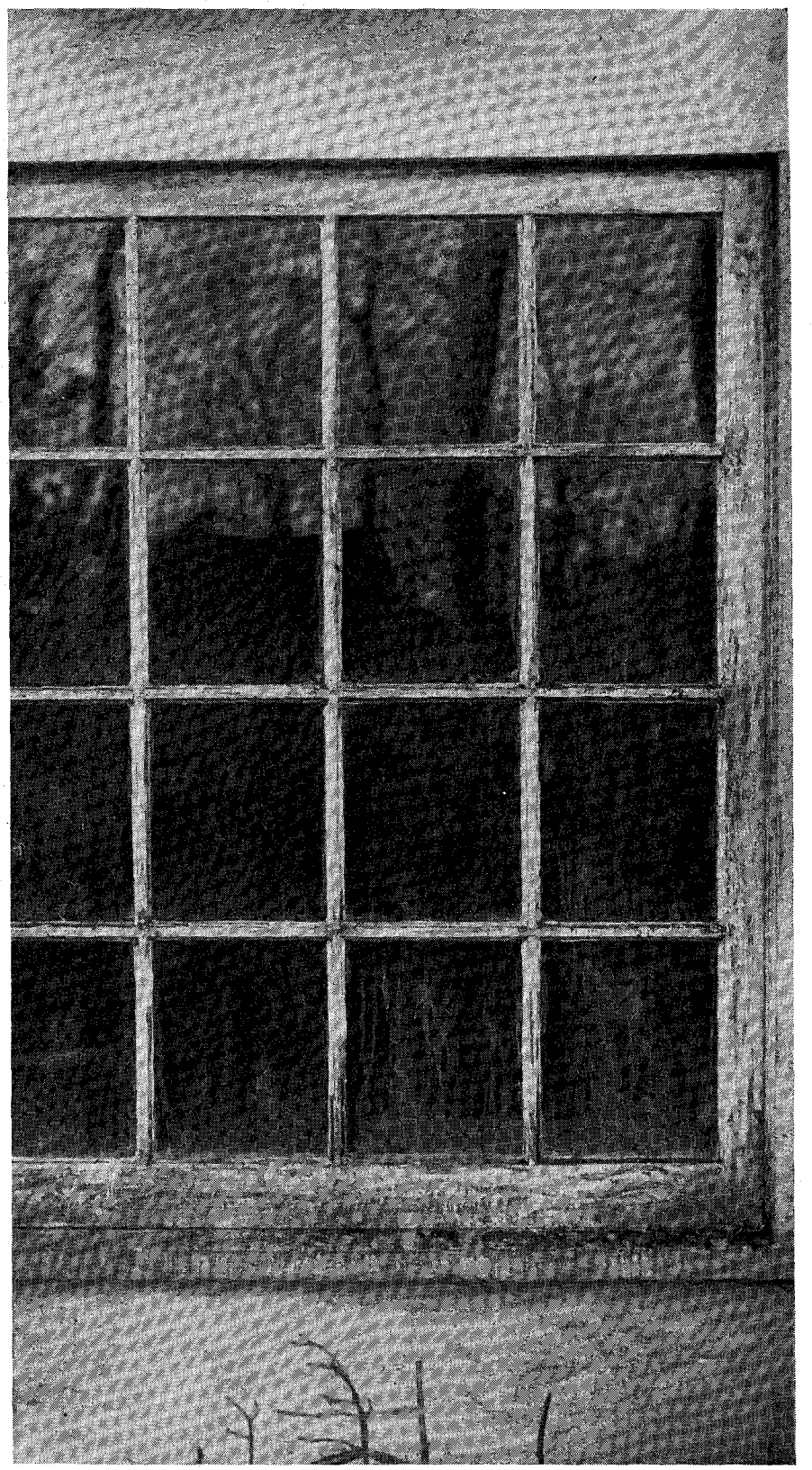
FLOORS

LINOLEUM—PLASTIC CORK TILE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



a haven of warmth and security or



an empty shell . . . silent and lonely

Which will be your "HOME OF TOMORROW"?

Your dream home can turn into a nightmare . . . unless protected against foreclosure. In the event that you may not live to take care of it yourself, John Hancock has special pay-off-the-mortgage plans to make sure your home is free and clear. John Hancock plans are designed with your future as well as your family's in mind. They can assure dependents of your continued support, help with the children's education, provide retirement income for your later years.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Your John Hancock policy provides guaranteed benefits . . . backed by the entire resources of this 94-year-old Company.

"GUARANTEED DOLLARS FOR YOU AND YOURS"

The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., Dept. 25
200 Berkeley Street, Boston 17, Massachusetts

Yes – I'm interested in providing protection for my family now, plus *guaranteed* dollars for myself at retirement. Please mail me your booklet showing the benefits I can get by setting aside ___ $2 a week; ___ $5 a week; ___ $10 a week.

name ..... **age** .....

address .....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

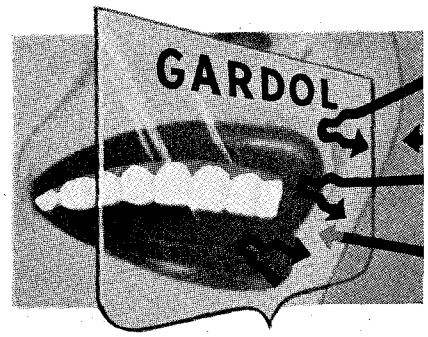
No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS YOUR BREATH

WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!

Because No Other Leading Toothpaste Contains GARDOL TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ...With Just One Brushing!



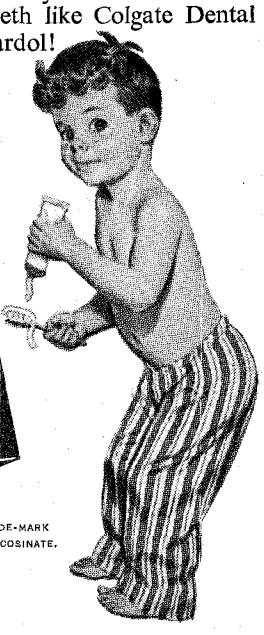
Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages! to Use in All Water Areas!

Makes teeth whiter—cannot stain or discolor!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, Patricia Walsh, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor

IN THIS ISSUE

September 29, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 13*

3 Short Stories

I Want a Divorce . . . . . *Allan Seager* 26
White Apache . . . . . *David Markson* 30
The Lonely Heart . . . . . *Arthur Cavanaugh* 37

Novelette

The Outcasts . . . . . *William Fay* 34

9 Articles

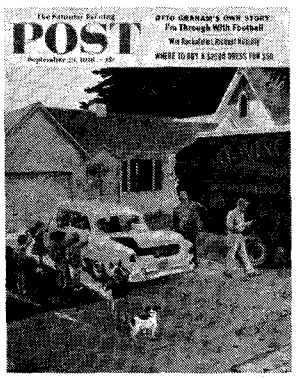
The Hillbilly Rockefeller . . . . . *Joe Alex Morris* 23
The Face of America: Sunset Parade . . . *Photograph by Larry Keighley* 28
How Will the South Go? . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 31
She Sells Glamour Secondhand . . . . . *Hartzell Spence* 32
Magic With Eyeglasses . . . . . *Paul W. Kearney* 36
I'm Through With Football (First of two articles) *Otto Graham, as told to Harry T. Paxton* 38
Cities of the World: (No. 24) Genoa . . . . . *Leigh White* 40
I Fought All the Way, Part III: The Worst Experience of My Life *Rocky Marciano, as told to Al Hirshberg and Milton Gross* 44
L.A. to New York in Four Hours . . . . . *Philip Gustafson* 46

2 Serials

The Guns of Navarone (Second of eight parts) . . . . *Alistair MacLean* 42
The Case of the Lucky Loser (Fifth of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 48
Verse *65, 123, 143*
Keeping Posted 152



THE COVER

It's not much fun to say good-by for keeps. Johnny is saying uncertainly to his pals, "I'll be seeing you"—and are his eyes tending to focus on the pal in the red skirt? His mother probably is misty-eyed about leaving the house all empty and lonely-feeling, and dad isn't exactly lark-like happy either. Well, cheerio! Soon their new house will warm up with home-feeling; dad's new job will hike him into a snazzier income-tax bracket; and Johnny will blend into a new collection of dogs, Indians, cowpokes and indubitably another tag-along item in a skirt. This cover got going because George Hughes and his folks are moving house next week; but as they're merely switching from Arlington, Vermont, to East Arlington, *their* pals can wave good-by and, next day, drop over and wave hello.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1956 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22–56 or December 1, 1956; 49–57 or June 8, 1957. You always count from the previous July first.

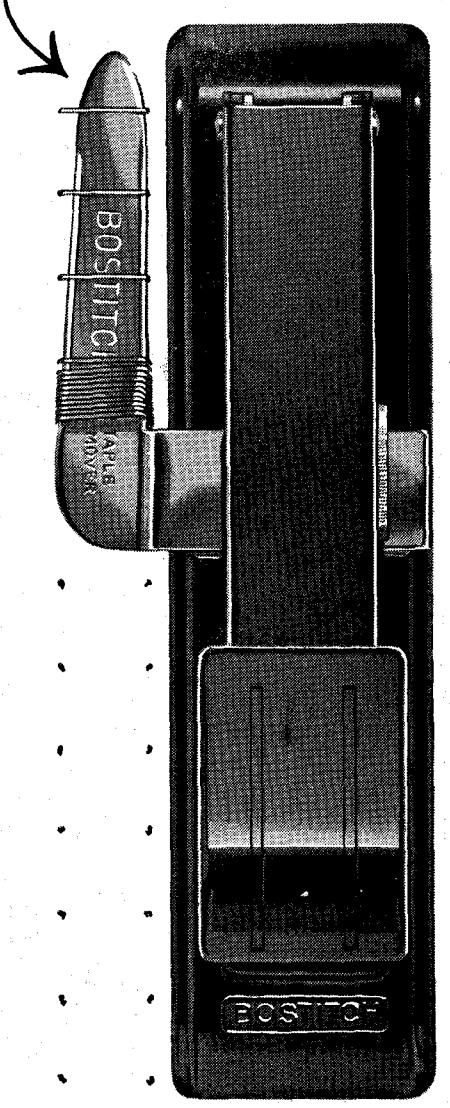
The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; John M. Downs, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Manufacturing; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Arthur W. Kohler, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Edward C. Von Tress, Vice-Pres. and Executive Director of Advertising; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

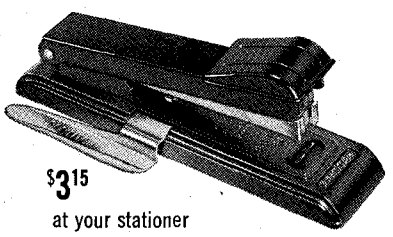
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

only the
BOSTITCH B8R
has the
attached
staple remover



The remover that can't be mislaid, it's always handy, ready to whisk out staples as quickly and as easily as you put them in.



$3.15
at your stationer

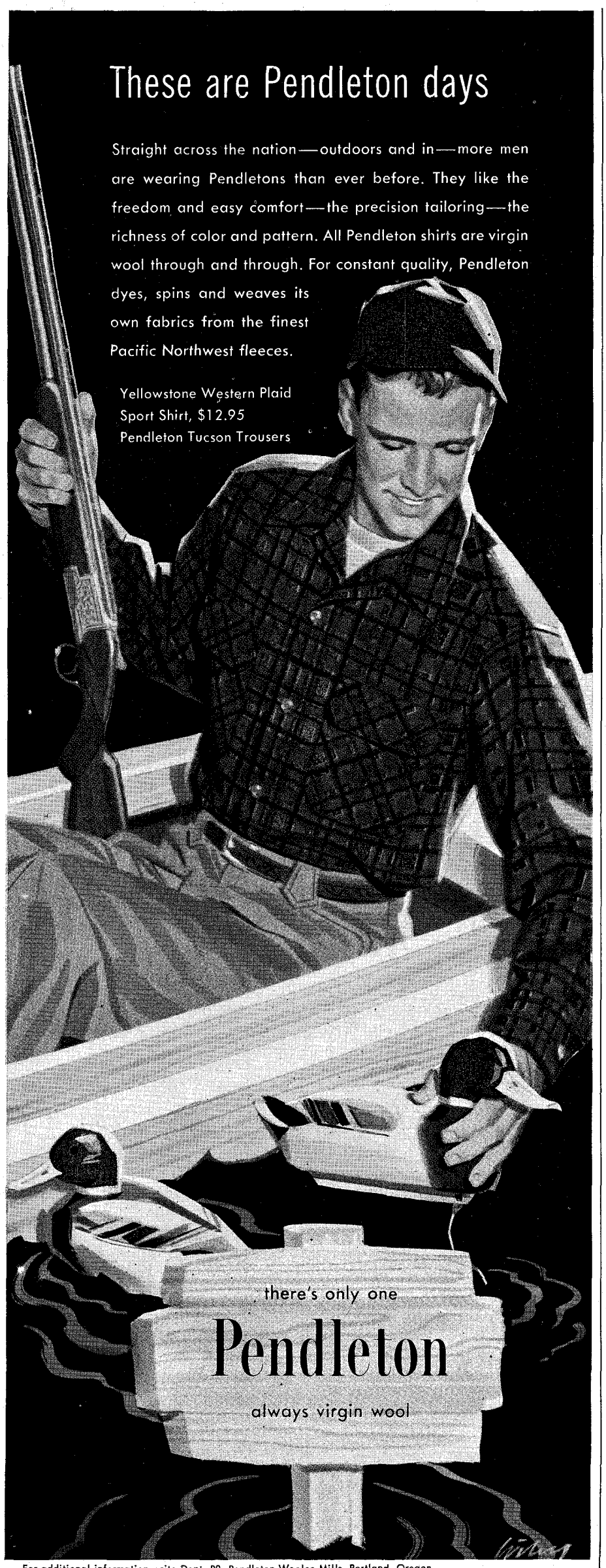
Slightly higher in the West and Canada

The pocket-size B8R is a desk stapler . . . a tacker . . . and a bag sealer, all in one. BOSTITCH, 309 Mechanic St., Westerly, R.I.

Fasten it better and faster with

BOSTITCH®
STAPLERS AND STAPLES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

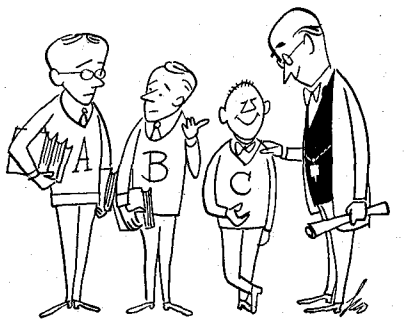

These are Pendleton days
Straight across the nation—outdoors and in—more men are wearing Pendletons than ever before. They like the freedom and easy comfort—the precision tailoring—the richness of color and pattern. All Pendleton shirts are virgin wool through and through. For constant quality, Pendleton dyes, spins and weaves its own fabrics from the finest Pacific Northwest fleeces.
Yellowstone Western Plaid
Sport Shirt, $12.95
Pendleton Tucson Trousers
there's only one
Pendleton
always virgin wool
For additional information write Dept. P2, Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon

Letters

Boost for "C" Students

Dear Sirs:

You have done it again! . . . I refer to your August 25 [editorial, At Last, a Break for the "Student of Average Ability"!]. . . . I applaud Robert and



Arnold Hoffman in setting up their endowment to aid needy students "who do not quite make scholarship grade." I have, over the years, noted that many students in the "C" classification make more successful professional and business men than do many of the "A" boys. The "A" boys may be long on intellect and theory, but too many of them are short on practical experience and a knowledge of what makes people and life click. Now, how is this from a Phi Beta Kappa?

CLARENCE LOHMAN
Houston, Texas

Dear Sirs:

No one should quarrel with the objective of the editorial. However, it promotes a popular misconception that a "C"-average student is one of average ability when in reality he is at the very bottom of the educational totem pole.

A student of "average ability" graduates with about 50 per cent "B" grades. Academically, there are about one half of the graduates below him and about one half above. The "C"-average student would not graduate from most institutions if his grades should be even slightly lower.

L. E. GRINTER, *Dean*
Graduate School
University of Florida
Gainesville, Fla.

Burning Issue

Dear Sirs:

Is Your House a Fire Trap? by Paul W. Kearney (August 25) told of a very real danger that should be called to the attention of every family in America.

There is one additional safeguard—a portable fire extinguisher, which costs about as much as an electric toaster. A fire extinguisher could keep the little fire from becoming a big fire in those critical first few minutes.

R. KENNEDY HANSON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The prospective buyer of a home fire alarm should be certain that the device has been tested and approved by a testing laboratory such as Underwriters' Laboratories. He should also be wary of the unscrupulous salesman selling inferior or over-priced alarms.

When in doubt as to the reliability of the device or the seller, it is always good practice to check with the local Better Business Bureau or the Fire Department.

SIDNEY JACOBY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

With the appearance of your article, my company, primarily distributors and installers of home fire-alarm systems, was literally swamped with calls to demonstrate and show our fire-alarm systems.

STANLEY J. LEVINE
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

In our state . . . residential fires lead all others both in number, property loss and deaths. Eighty-six to ninety per cent of fire deaths are from home fires.

We agree with Mr. Kearney that the best way to stop the increasing number of home fires and deaths is by voluntary home inspection.

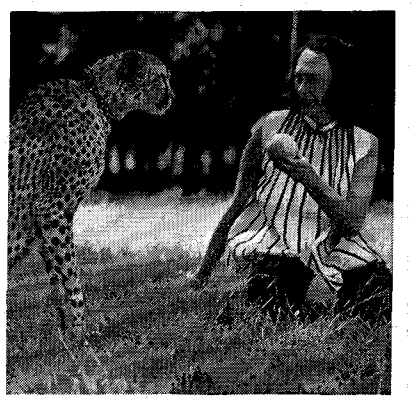
DR. C. A. OGG
State Fire Marshal, Topeka, Kansas

The Lady and the Cheetah

Dear Sirs:

I was very much amused by Jeanne Van Holmes' description of the characteristics of the cheetah. (He Plays With Killers, August 25)

The authoress paints the cheetah as an exceedingly dangerous and treacherous animal. However, J. A. Hunter, one of the greatest of African white hunters, in his book, Hunter, has this to say about cheetahs: "The cheetah is a long-legged



cat, very gentle, and once much in demand among Indian rajahs, who domesticated them to hunt antelope such as greyhounds are kept to course hares. Cheetahs are so good-natured that even an adult animal can be easily tamed. I do not believe in the entire history of Africa there has been a single case of a cheetah attacking a human being. . . ."

L. T. KING
Columbus, Ohio

● *Maybe so, but Author Holmes still doesn't trust them unless they're on leash. See photo.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Your author asks us to believe that a full-grown man can climb down a rope, over the side of a cliff, in the middle of a stormy night. This might be possible. But your eagle catcher in the story settles down like a mother hen on the back of an eagle, yet; then, God help us, our hero lets go of the rope with one hand, spits a nylon stocking out of his mouth, snares and binds this feathered varmint, then climbs back up the rope, oblivious of rain or sleet or scratching eagle. . . .

Just imagine a man hanging by one arm and doing even half of what this story asks us to believe!

JOHN W. DALTON
Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More road horsepower for hill climb! Bob Unser sets a new record in 1956 Pikes Peak Hill-Climb Race in car powered with a Jaguar engine and Champion spark plugs. Champions give him more power in his family car, too.

New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Tests show new Champions can give you an immediate boost in road horsepower if you have driven about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change

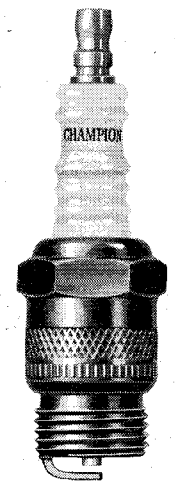
WHATEVER make of car you drive, you'll be amazed at the difference in performance a set of new 5-rib Champions can give you.

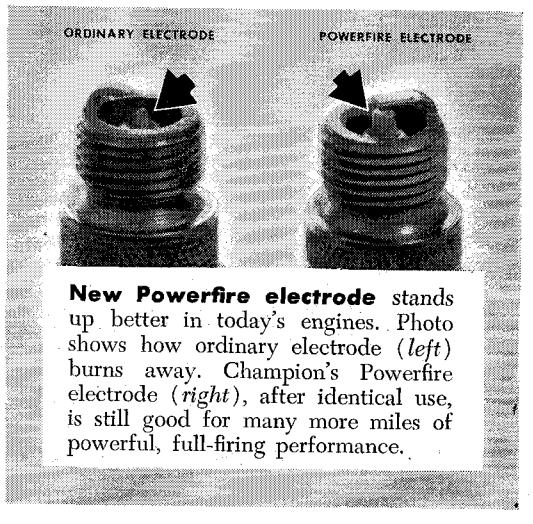
That difference has been proved *conclusively* in tests by independent engineers. When they put new Champions in cars whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles or so, there was an *immediate* increase in road horsepower – the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels! *The average gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions! Replace your old plugs with Champions today. You'll feel the difference *at once!*

CHAMPION

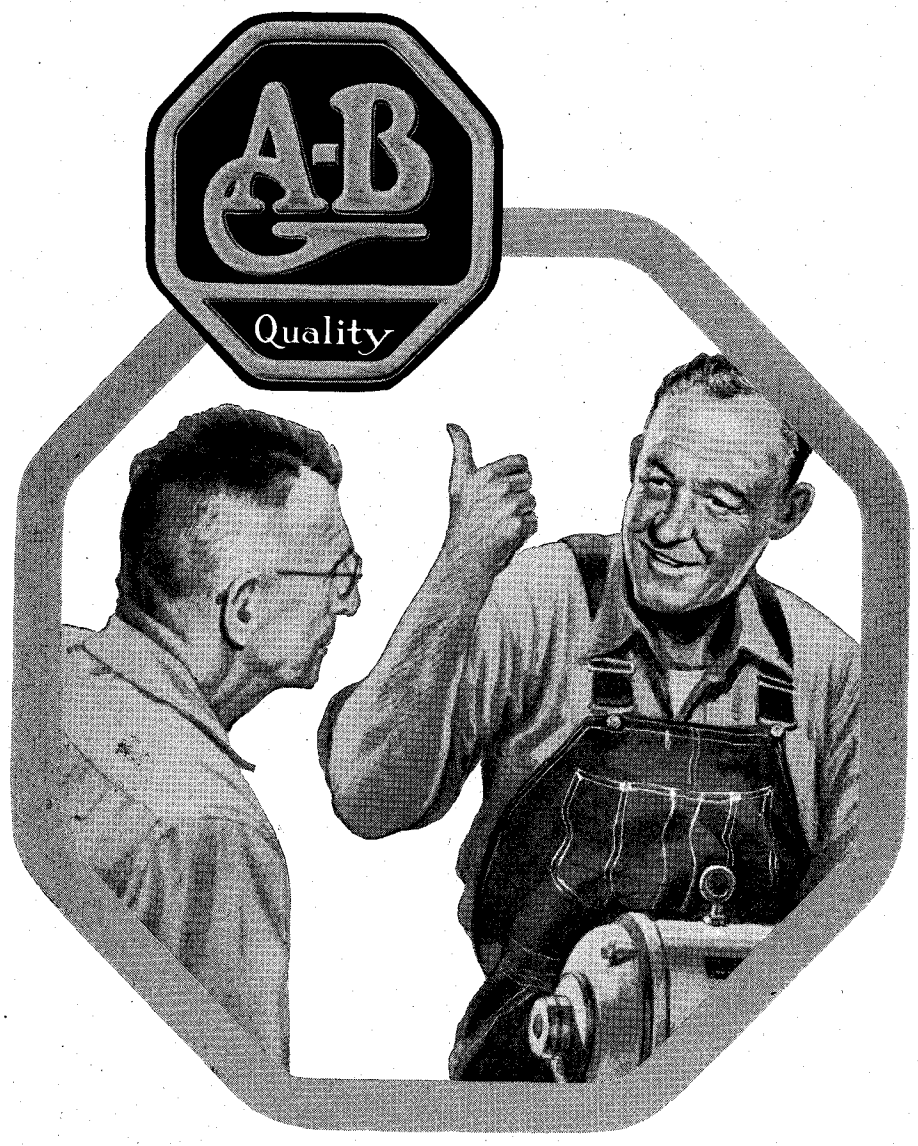
LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS





New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode (*left*) burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode (*right*), after identical use, is still good for many more miles of powerful, full-firing performance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

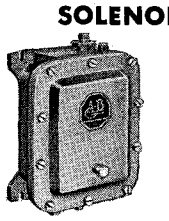


See that Trademark!

...it stands for trouble free motor controls

Ask your electrical men what make of starter they prefer. Chances are the answer will be "Allen-Bradley." Year after year, surveys have shown that plant electricians, electrical contractors, motor repair shops, and design engineers rate Allen-Bradley controls as the No. 1 line.

BULLETIN 709 SOLENOID STARTERS



Enclosure for Hazardous Locations

Watertight and Weatherproof Enclosure

General Purpose Enclosure. Starters shown are rated 5 hp, 220 v; 7½ hp, 440-550 v.

The reason for such popularity is *trouble free operation*. Take the Bulletin 709 across-the-line solenoid starter, for example. It has only *one* moving part. This simple design means longer life and less chance for trouble. It is your assurance of millions of trouble free operations. And the double break, silver alloy contacts on Allen-Bradley motor starters never need service attention.

Write for the Allen-Bradley Handy Catalog—a condensed encyclopedia of "quality" motor control.

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave.
Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada—
Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Surgical Triumph

Dear Sirs:

After reading your article WHY MAC ISN'T DEAD by John Kobler, August 18th, I cannot help but marvel at, and be grateful for, the tremendous progress made by the medical profession during recent years.

As an active general insurance agent, however, I also marvel that the lowest-priced coverage available under a standard automobile liability policy—namely, medical payments—was apparently not in effect. It could have eliminated the huge financial burden resulting from the necessary medical services.

WM. PAUL STEINHAUER
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Father Francis D. McKenna, who was called to perform the last rites for Albert McFadden, should also be in the picture with the staff members of the Norwalk, Conn., hospital who saved his life.

Extreme Unction (the last rites) is the sacrament which, through the anointing with blessed oil by the priest, and through his prayer, gives health and strength to the soul—and sometimes to the body, when we are in danger of death.

ESTHER E. WENZEL
Massillon, Ohio

In Re Memory

Dear Sirs:

Being one of those unfortunates who cannot remember names, I appreciated immensely the article I'LL REMEMBER IT IN A MINUTE [Aug. 25].

Since the author's first name is that of a coffee maker and his second name is that of an automobile, I shall never forget Silex Chevrolet.

FRANK DAMROSCH
Doylestown, Pa.

● *Says author Corey Ford, "And I shall never forget Mr. Toscanini's pat on the back." —ED.*

Not All Bad

Dear Sirs:

In RED SURGE IN SOUTHERN ITALY, August 25, Ernest Hauser presents the whole of Southern Italy as a bleak, poverty-stricken, forbidding country, as though there were no difference between the barren mountains of Lucania and Calabria, and the fertile plains of Apulia. There is no denying that the average income of the worker in the agricultural south is far below that of the worker in the industrialized north. And this meagerness of living breeds communism. But it is equally true that there are spots in Southern Italy whose agricultural wealth (though unevenly shared) is a source of well being to millions. . . .

The region of Puglia, with its five provinces of Foggia, Bari, Lecce, Taranto and Brindisi, is universally acknowledged as the most fertile in all Italy. . . .

Statistics bear out the truth of the matter. Puglia, covering only 1/15 of Italy's area, produces 1/7 of her wheat, 1/6 of her wine grapes and vegetables, 1/4 of her olives, 1/3 of her almonds, tobacco and cotton, 2/5 of her oats and barley, 1/2 of her table grapes, 2/3 of her figs. . . .

The reasons why there is poverty here are the enormous disproportion between the size of the country and the population, the fact that there are tens of thousands of landless peasants, and the lack of heavy industry. However, in the land of Bari the absence of heavy industry . . . is to a great extent made up by agricultural and commercial exuberance.

REV. FRANCIS C. CAPOZZI
Bangor, Pa.

Britain's No. 1 Fall Guy

Dear Sirs:

Your "sleeper" article of the August 18 issue, IT'S TOUGH TO FOLLOW CHURCHILL by James P. O'Donnell, is almost unbelievable. It is an intrepid, trenchant analysis of two public figures which refreshingly gives credit to the undramatic man who seeks results rather than adulation. And it was published in a country which seems to consider the mildest criticism of a "National Hero" the equivalent of sacrilege, meanwhile damning men of brilliance and wit with the label "egghead." In short, it insures at least this person's subscription for life, just on the rare chance that there may be more like it.

M. C. BRODYLO
Calgary, Alta., Canada

Truman and Hazel

Dear Sirs:

Have enjoyed the Post for some time, also Ted Key's Hazel cartoons. But in the Aug. 18 issue, Hazel cartoon quote: "Truman routs Dewey, re-elected by . . ." Ahem, let's look at the record. Truman was elected only once. Wasn't that enough?

JOHN E. REHM
Logansport, Ind

● *This seems like hairsplitting to us. We go along with the wording in Ted Key's imaginary newspaper.—ED.*

"Truman routs Dewey, re-elected by . . ."

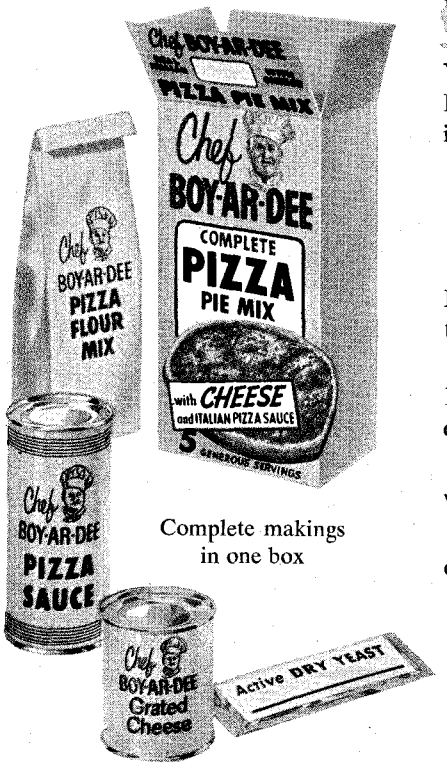
Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Jack Holmes. • 23–Bill Shrout. • 24–Bill Shrout. • 25–International, Wide World, International. • 26, 27–R. G. Harris. • 28, 29–Larry Keighley. • 30–Fred Otnes. • 31–Two by Ollie Atkins, Peter F. Petraglia. • 32, 33–Hans Knopf. • 34, 35–Peter Stevens. 36–Margery Lewis. • 37–Sam Bates. • 38–Harry Saltzman, Cleveland Press. • 39–Cleveland Press, two anonymous, Merin Studios. • 40, 41–David Lees. • 42, 43–Al Muenchen. 44–International, Wide World, International. • 45–Two from United Press, two by Louis Weintraub. • 46–Two by John Bickel, Sid Avery. • 47–Two by Sid Avery, United Press. • 51–James R. Bingham. • 54–David Lees. • 66–Bill Shrout. • 101–Harry Saltzman. • 102–Peter F. Petraglia. • 117–International • 152–Larry Keighley, Lampert Spence, Raymond Lieberman, Ollie Atkins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Perfect Italian pizza...in almost no time!"



Complete makings in one box

You no longer have to have a special flair for cooking to turn out pizza like this—fragrant, hearty, fairly singing with Italian flavor!

You just can't go wrong with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Pizza Pie Mix. You get everything you need to put it together in minutes!

First, the ingredients for a rich, tender crust . . . then a can of tangy Chef Pizza Sauce, rich with tomatoes and special Italian spices like oregano. Last, a can of tasty Italian-style cheese.

In about 15 minutes' baking time you're ready for the most delicious eating in ages!

Bring on sizzling Chef Pizza almost any time! Makes a wonderful snack for drop-in company . . . or tempting appetizers served bite-size.

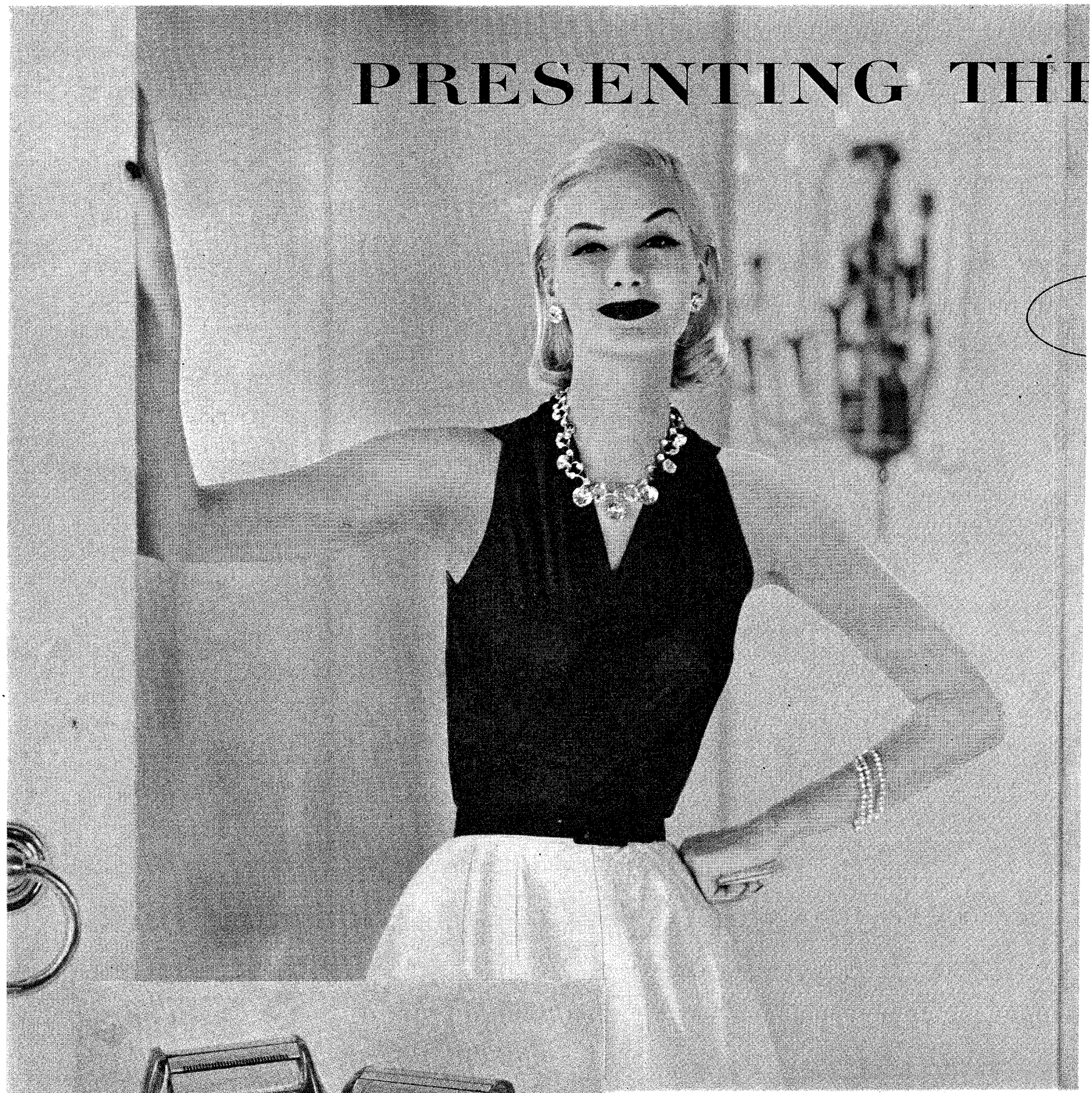
Welcome change for dinner, too—specially good with tossed salad and fruit. Serves 5 generously.

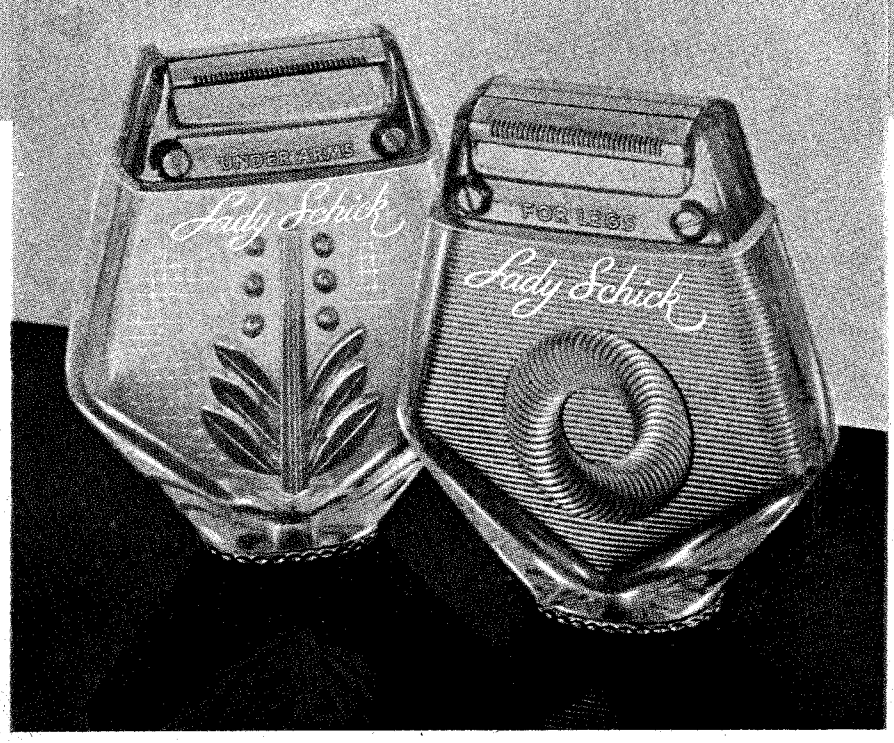
Try Chef Boy-Ar-Dee—the pizza mix that includes cheese—for a *perfect* Italian-style treat!

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Pizza Pie Mix

complete with cheese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Four exquisite colors, fashioned like jewels. Pearl White, Ros Quartz, Jade Green and Aquamarine. And with every Lady Schic comes a tailored, oyster white Carrying Case with ebony black base and recessed top with golden sunburst.

Lady Schick Classic and Lady Schick Goddess, for those who war the pride and joy of owning something *extra* special. Each is a original design by one of the world's most renowned artisans. A unparalleled gift for any woman.

BE SURE TO WATCH "ROBERT MONTGOMERY PRESENTS"...
THE SCHICK TELEVISION THEATRE, NBC, MONDAY NIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW *Lady Schick*

the electric shaver that really understands a woman's grooming problems

...for Safer, Gentler, Faster Shaving

Suddenly, there seems no other way for a woman to shave. The new Gentle-Action Lady Schick is so safe, so swift, so comfortable you'll wonder how you ever did without it. Lady Schick knows that underarms need a touch so gentle you can apply a deodorant immediately after shaving. Lady Schick flatters the legs . . . leaves them smooth and sleek as silk with just a few easy strokes . . . ends forever the muss, nuisance, and bother of old fashioned blade shaving.

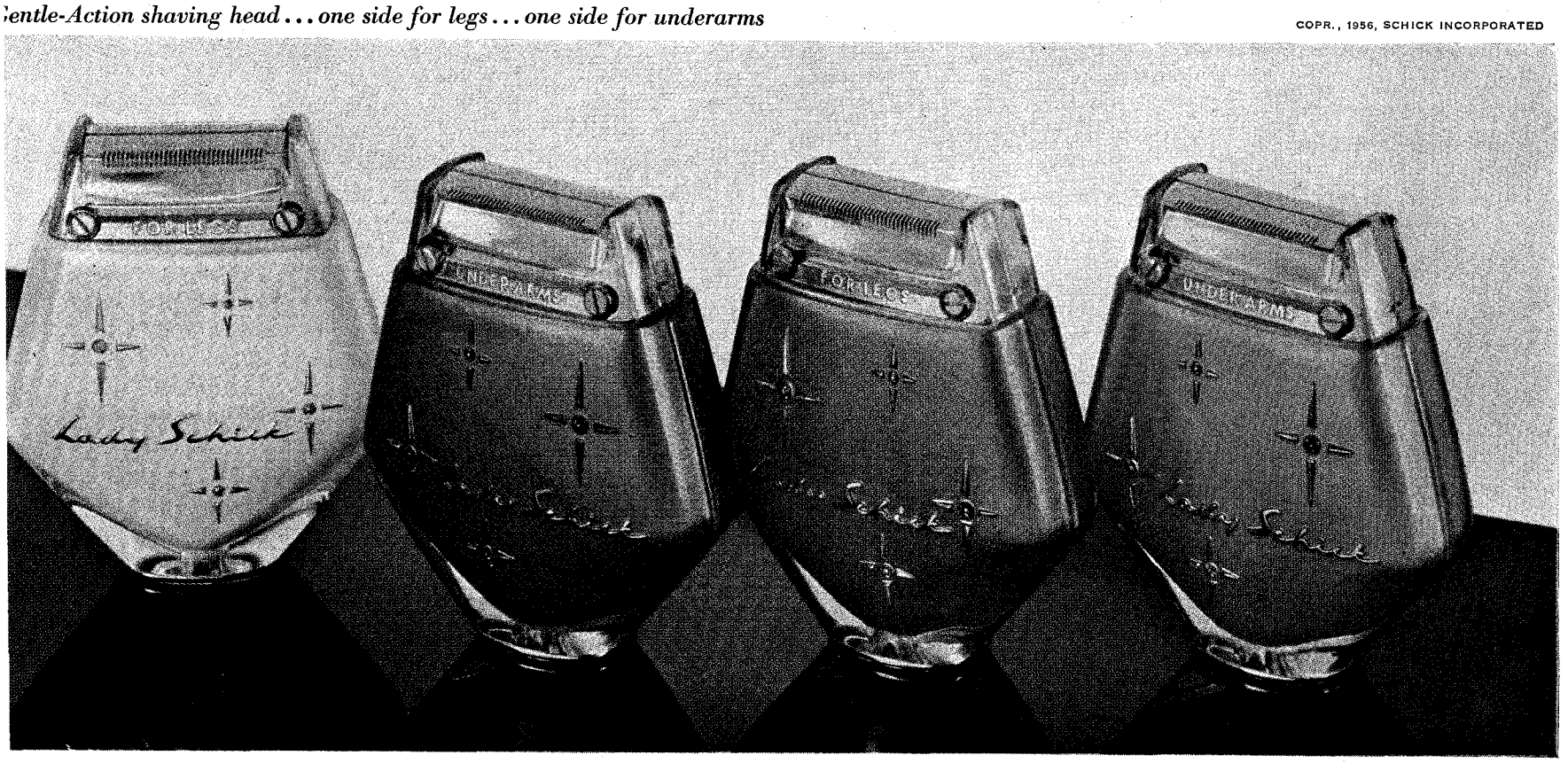
Breath-takingly beautiful! Lady Schick is small enough to nestle in the palm of your hand. Choose from four jewel-like colors, only $14.95. Or, if you prefer the gold or silver color, Lady Schick Goddess and Lady Schick Classic with individually tailored Carrying Cases, are slightly more. Schick Incorporated, Lancaster, Pa.

SCHICK *FIRST IN ELECTRIC SHAVING*

Makers of the famous SCHICK "25"... now in COLORS FOR MEN.

Gentle-Action shaving head... one side for legs... one side for underarms

COPR., 1956, SCHICK INCORPORATED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

The Country Still Needs Eisenhower

Leaving out the emotional issues, the unforeseen episodes and the supposedly fatal blunders which crop up during election campaigns, the average voter makes up his mind according to what he can find out about the principles stated in party platforms, the records of the parties and the character and personalities of the candidates. On the basis of all three of these considerations The Saturday Evening Post believes that the American people should return to power the administration of President Eisenhower and elect a Republican Congress. It seems to us there are excellent reasons for this position.

The Platforms: Imperfect as platforms are as genuine expressions of serious intent, they do represent a fair approximation of the prevailing attitudes throughout the party's membership and often contain hints of what is to be expected if the party should be returned to power. The 1956 Democratic platform, for example, contains several definite warnings of what a new Democratic administration would attempt to do.

Among these are demands for repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, the destruction of the vitally important national-origins quota system for admission of immigrants, and the administration of foreign aid through a "multilateral approach," meaning that American taxpayers' money should be distributed by international bureaucrats with whom the recipients of aid would have the most influence.

The Democratic platform also condemns state "right-to-work" laws, although most of these have been passed by legislatures in Democratic states. This emphasizes the subservience of the Democratic top brass to the Americans for Democratic Action and Walter Reuther's union bosses. In the campaign the G.O.P. might well go all out on this issue of the rights of free Americans to join or not to join labor unions, taking account of the defeat of Gov. Fred Hall, of Kansas, in the Republican primary by Mr. Warren Shaw. Mr. Shaw made Governor Hall's veto of a right-to-work law one of the primary issues of his campaign, and won by 30,000 votes. In Wichita, the home of giant aircraft-manufacturing plants employing thousands of men, Mr. Shaw won by more than 5000 votes.

In his acceptance speech, President Eisenhower called attention to the record of his party in halting "the heedless stampede to Washington." An active sector of this effort is the administration's policy of "partnership" between private enterprise and the public in the electric-power field. The Democrats would load more TVA's on the groaning taxpayers. The Republican platform's endorsement of "partnership" between government and private investment—which former Gov. Douglas McKay is vigorously defending in Oregon—deserves the support of Americans who are concerned over the "drift to socialism."

The Republican foreign-policy plank cites the substantial contributions of the Eisenhower Administration to peace and the frustration of Soviet aggression. This is an impressive record, all the more so when contrasted with the record of appeasement which preceded it. The Democratic platform, which blames President Eisenhower for failing to free the captive satellites of the Soviet Union—without mentioning the names of those who at Teheran and Yalta consented to their enslavement—promises only a return to policies repudiated by the voters four years ago.

On one supposedly "major issue"—civil rights—both platforms were fortunately vague. We say "fortunately" in the belief that it would be unfortunate if, in this critical year, America should be trapped into a savage battle over the question whether black and white children should attend the same schools now or later. Platform or no platform, the Democrats have their Senator Eastland and the Republicans are responsible for the appointment of Chief Justice Warren.

The Record: However, it is on the record of the Eisenhower Administration more than the party platform that the voter should rely. Regardless of imperfections and inconsistencies which undoubtedly exist, the country is at peace; its people are generally at work for good wages; the budget is balanced, and inflation, while it remains a threat, has been kept under control. Government spending has at least been kept below income, although it is still fantastically high. Furthermore, a beginning has been made toward a "retreat from socialism." Business enterprise has been encouraged. It is difficult to find much in the actual performance of the present administration which reasonable men would want undone.

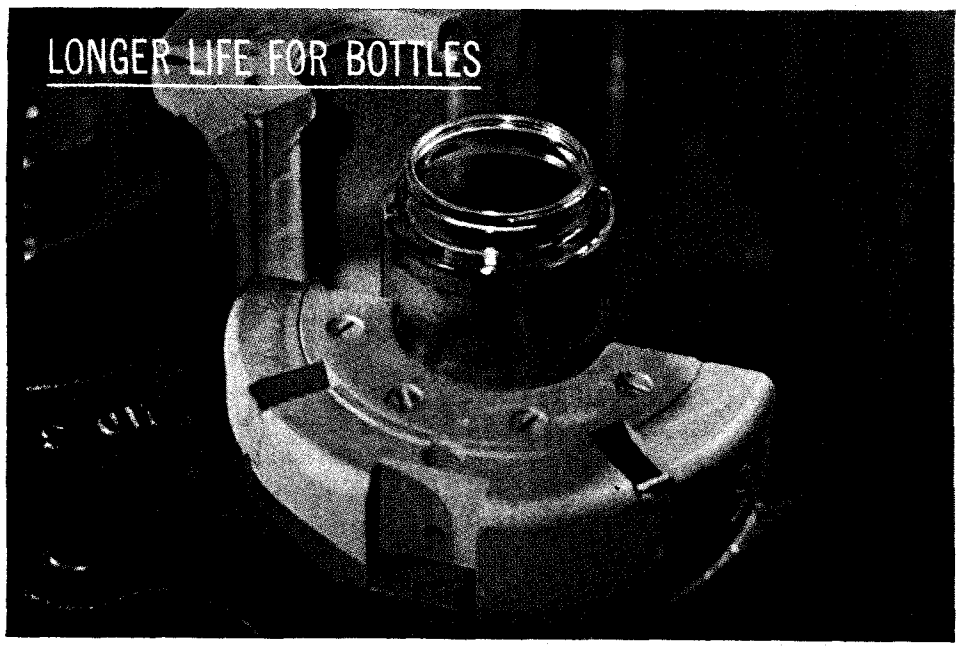
The record of the Democratic Party needs no new summary here. It did not appeal to the majority of the voters in 1952. Is there any reason why it should be viewed more tolerantly in November?

The Candidates: As to the President himself, his popularity and his levelheaded moderation in all things remain unimpaired, and doubt of his re-election would be virtually nonexistent were it not for the matter of his health. Those who saw him close-up at the convention agree that he appeared well and full of energy, but many voters will doubtless suspect that a man who has had a heart attack and an abdominal operation in the same year is not so good a risk as one with a less dramatic medical experience. The Democratic campaign will doubtless be built around this issue. Nevertheless, as the President himself has observed on more than one occasion, the life of a nation or a political party is not dependent on one individual, and Vice-President Nixon, despite the smear attacks upon him and the vestigial doubts of many people upon some of his qualities, is a strong and able man and would certainly continue the essential Republican policies which have so markedly advanced our welfare.

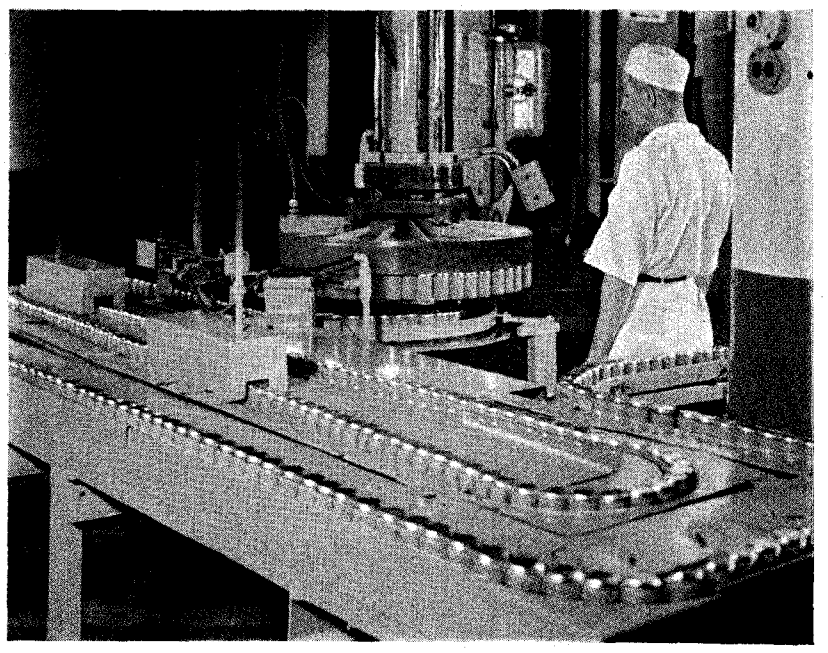
Mr. Stevenson's candidacy is difficult to clothe with more significance than it enjoyed in 1952. As one Democratic governor recently remarked, "What is there new about him except his operation? Why should voters change their minds now?" Former President Truman in Chicago attempted to tag Mr. Stevenson with the "reactionary" label. He described Adlai as the "ally of the conservative wing of the Democratic Party." If that were a just appellation, it might do Mr. Stevenson no harm with the voters, for there are still a lot of conservatives around. But it can be taken for granted that the Democratic Party under present management would not have accepted a "conservative." Had that been the mood of the convention, there were candidates to fill the bill: Sen. Lyndon Johnson, of Texas; Sen. Stuart Symington, of Missouri; Gov. Frank Lausche, of Ohio. But Stevenson is the nominee, swallowed by the South for fear of Harriman, and now, as four years ago, the favorite of ADA, Mrs. Roosevelt and the union bosses.

In the considered opinion of the Post, the country needs Eisenhower this year as much as in 1952, not merely to complete his program and consolidate gains made, but to make it certain that the pressure groups and leftish elements which rose to power in the New and Fair Deals do not creep back into power. To this end, the leadership of the Republican Party has a right to enlist the support of all Americans, and it will do well to pull no punches.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At last, **invisible surface protection**
for the "new-born" bottle



. . . not only as far as the **packer's plant**

. . . but all the way to **your home!**

Announcing
DURACOTE!
for the first time,
an outer surface treatment
that protects all types
of glass bottles and jars.

Good news for housewives—and for packers, too. Not satisfied with common surface treatments, Owens-Illinois has found a better way to protect the glass that protects fine foods and drugs!

It's called DURACOTE, and it is designed to guard the outer surface of *all* types of glass containers—increase their life expectancy. What's more, DURACOTE doesn't change the innate "non-toxic" quality that makes *glass* containers preferred for so many products.

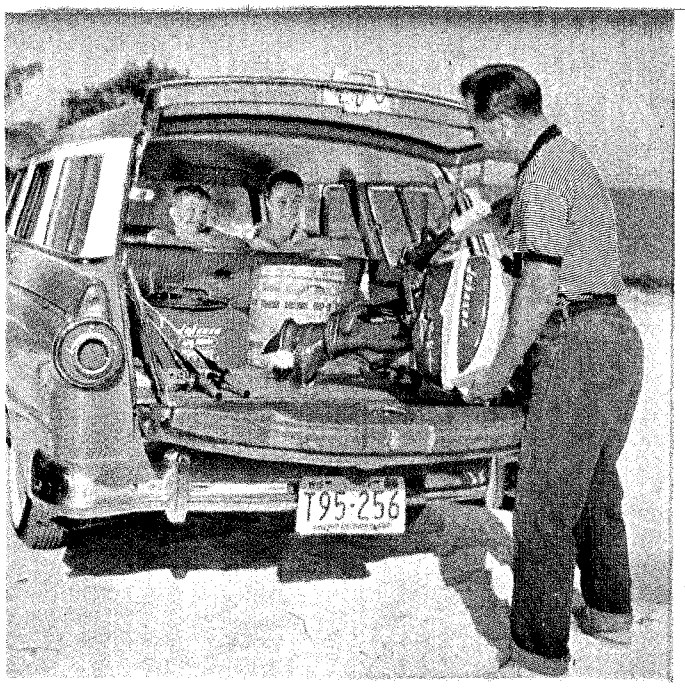
Twenty-two years of experience and research went into perfecting Duracote. This is typical of the painstaking research behind *all* Owens-Illinois products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kimble television bulbs • Plywood
Kaylo insulation • Kimble vials and ampuls
Kimble and Hemingray insulators

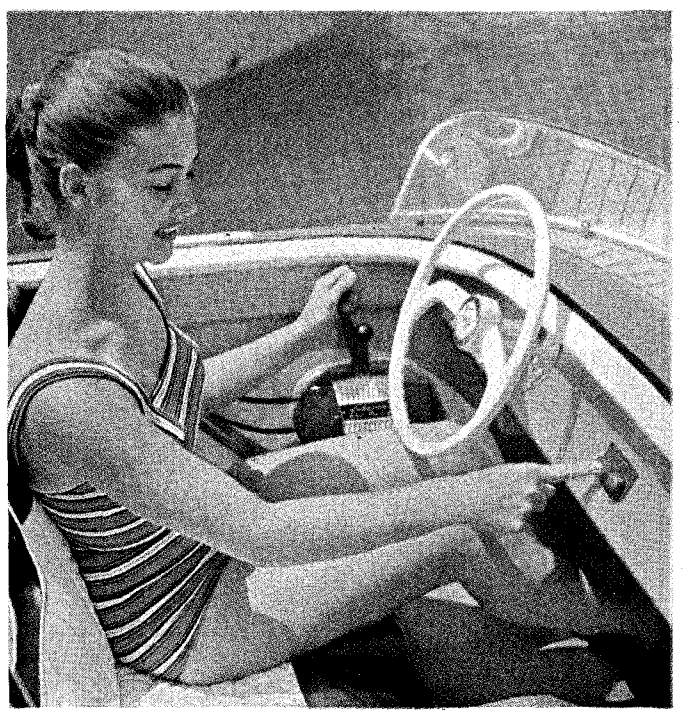
DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
AN (I) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES · TOLEDO 1, OHIO

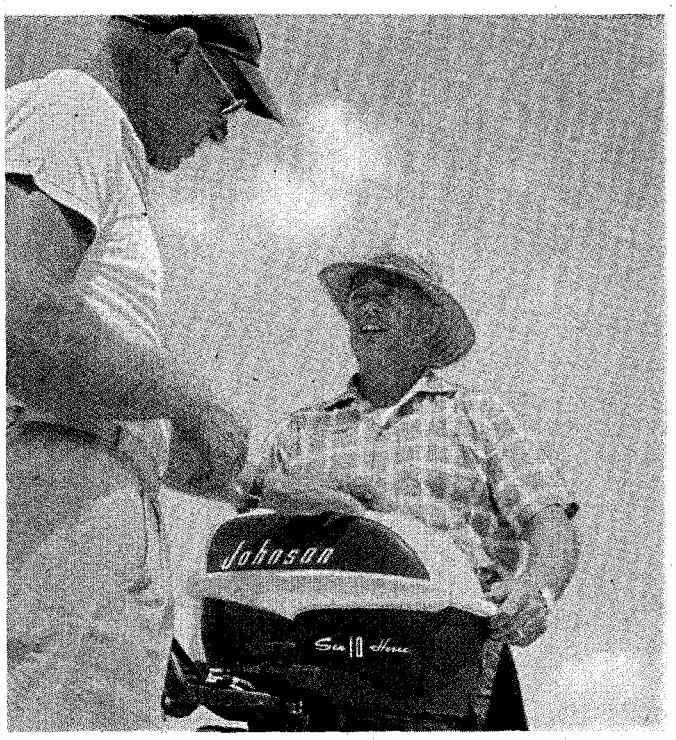
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's easy to get afloat!
Just pack your Johnson in the car and drive to water. Or, with a trailer, you can berth your boat in your backyard and vary your boating spots.



Simple to operate!
Electric starting . . . full gear shift . . . steering wheel drive . . . lively, responsive horsepower. All are available in the '57 Johnson line.

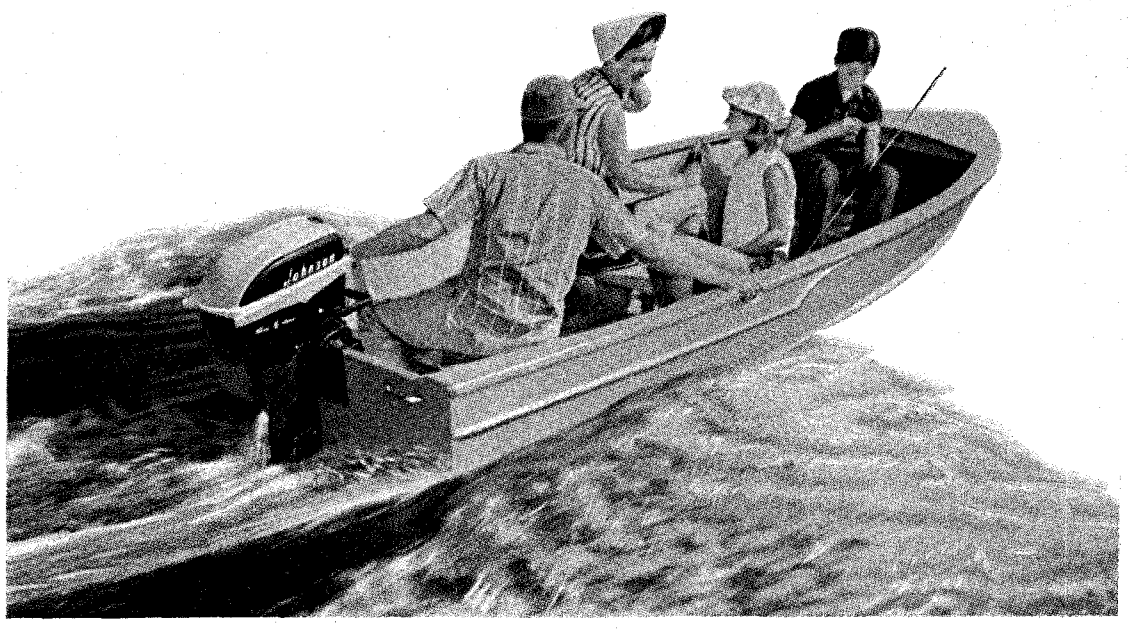


Experienced advice available!
See a Johnson dealer. He knows all about boats, motors, trailers and the best places to go. Johnson dealers know all the answers.

Isn't it about time you joined the big, happy family of Johnson owners?

NINE GREAT NEW SEA-HORSES FOR '57

"Sweetest-running



They're full of fun and made to be admired! With extra starting ease...a dozen new dependability features...and a powerful new line of manual and electric starting 18 and 35 horsepower models!

Whether you're brand new to boating or an old hand itching for a bigger rig—regardless of what you look for in an outboard, Johnson has it right now!

Want performance? The two top power classes in the '57 Johnson line now deliver 18 and 35 hp—and like all Sea-Horse ratings, that's *at the prop under load.* Want quiet? Sound-soothing Suspension Drive hushes motor noise to allow easy conversation. Want the best propeller protection? A new Johnson slip clutch ends your shear pin worries for good. Authentic fuel economy, "round trip dependability," 12 volt electric or easier manual starting—the big new Sea-Horses deliver them all.

See the sweetest-running Johnsons ever—at your dealer's now. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in your classified directory.

FREE 1957 Sea-Horse catalog gives detailed story on new line. Write: Johnson Motors 101 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill. (Div. o Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufac tured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont.

WHAT A WIDE AND WONDERFUL CHOICE! SEE THEM NOW!

Golden Javelin*	35 hp	$625
Sea-Horse 35*	35 hp	585
Sea-Horse 35	35 hp	495
Sea-Horse 18*	18 hp	475
Sea-Horse 18	18 hp	395
Sea-Horse 10	10 hp	340
Sea-Horse 7½	7½ hp	260
Sea-Horse 5½	5½ hp	230
Sea-Horse 3	3 hp	155

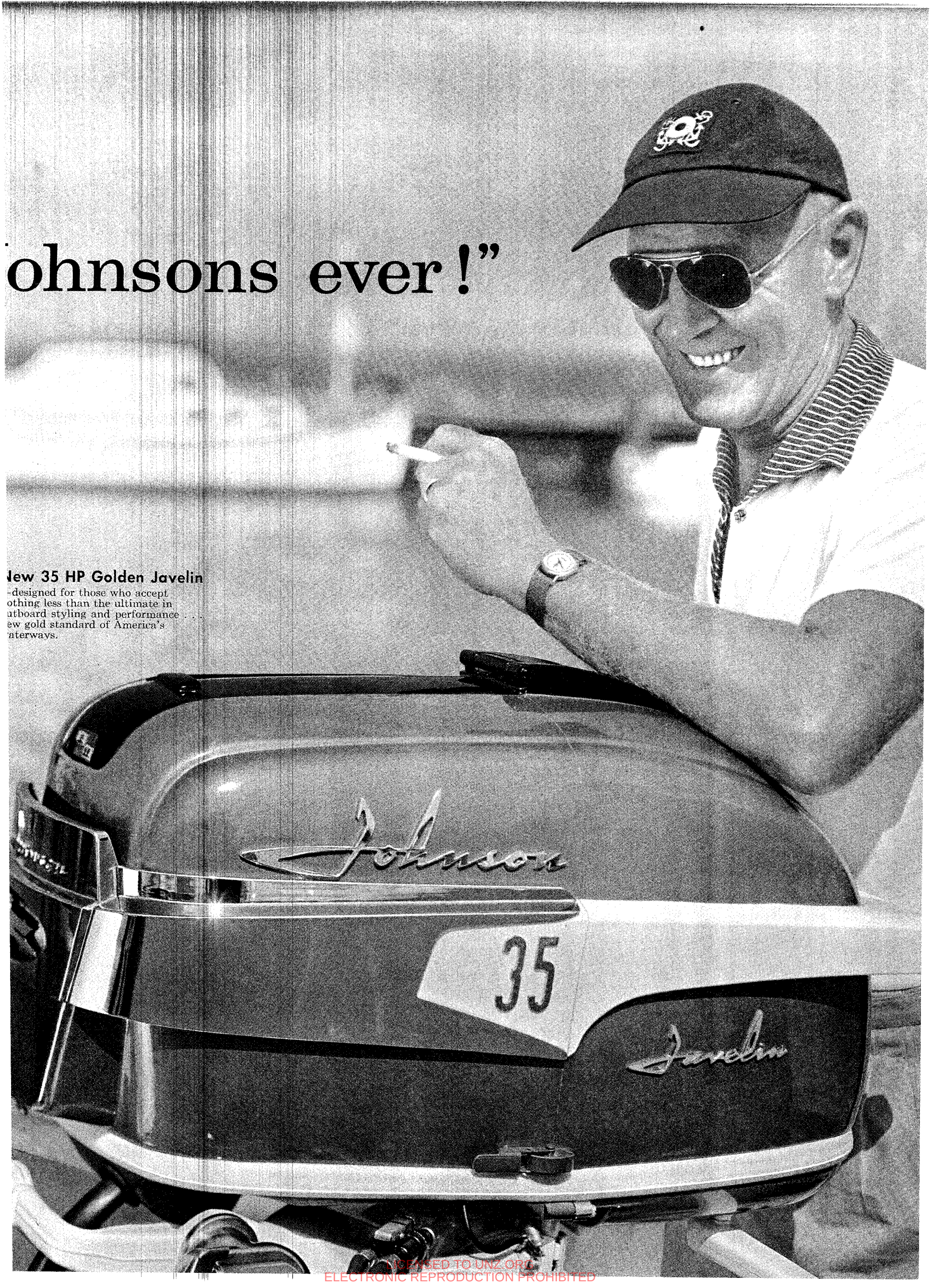
**12 volt electric starting (new quick-charging Power-Master generator optional on first two models listed) . . . prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change . . . OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (35s and 18s at 4500)*

A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you

JOHNSON KNOWS BEST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ohnsons ever!"



lew 35 HP Golden Javelin

-designed for those who accept
othing less than the ultimate in
utboard styling and performance . . .
ew gold standard of America's
aterways.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macks ARE HANDLING THE IMPORTANT JOBS building the National Highway System!

There's a road boom underway! Right across the nation we're carving out the vast new national highway system aimed to keep pace with our expanding economy, to add vital mobility to defense operations, to speed communication and travel. And we can't afford delays.

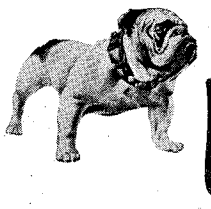
That puts the spotlight right on the hauling equipment to handle the job. It's got to be rough and ready. It's got to be absolutely dependable. It's got to be *Built like a Mack.*

That's why, wherever you see work progressing on these new roads, you'll generally see Macks in action. In fact, wherever you see important jobs, there you'll see Macks—handling with ease the tough jobs . . . the Mack-sized jobs.

See your Mack factory branch or distributor.

FACTS ABOUT MACKS

Did you know that many of the most modern features in passenger cars, such as power steering, power brakes, non-spin differentials, and a host of others, were originally engineered by Mack for Mack trucks and buses? Features like these point up the continuing quality research and development program which assures every Mack owner of the very latest in proved mechanical and structural advances.

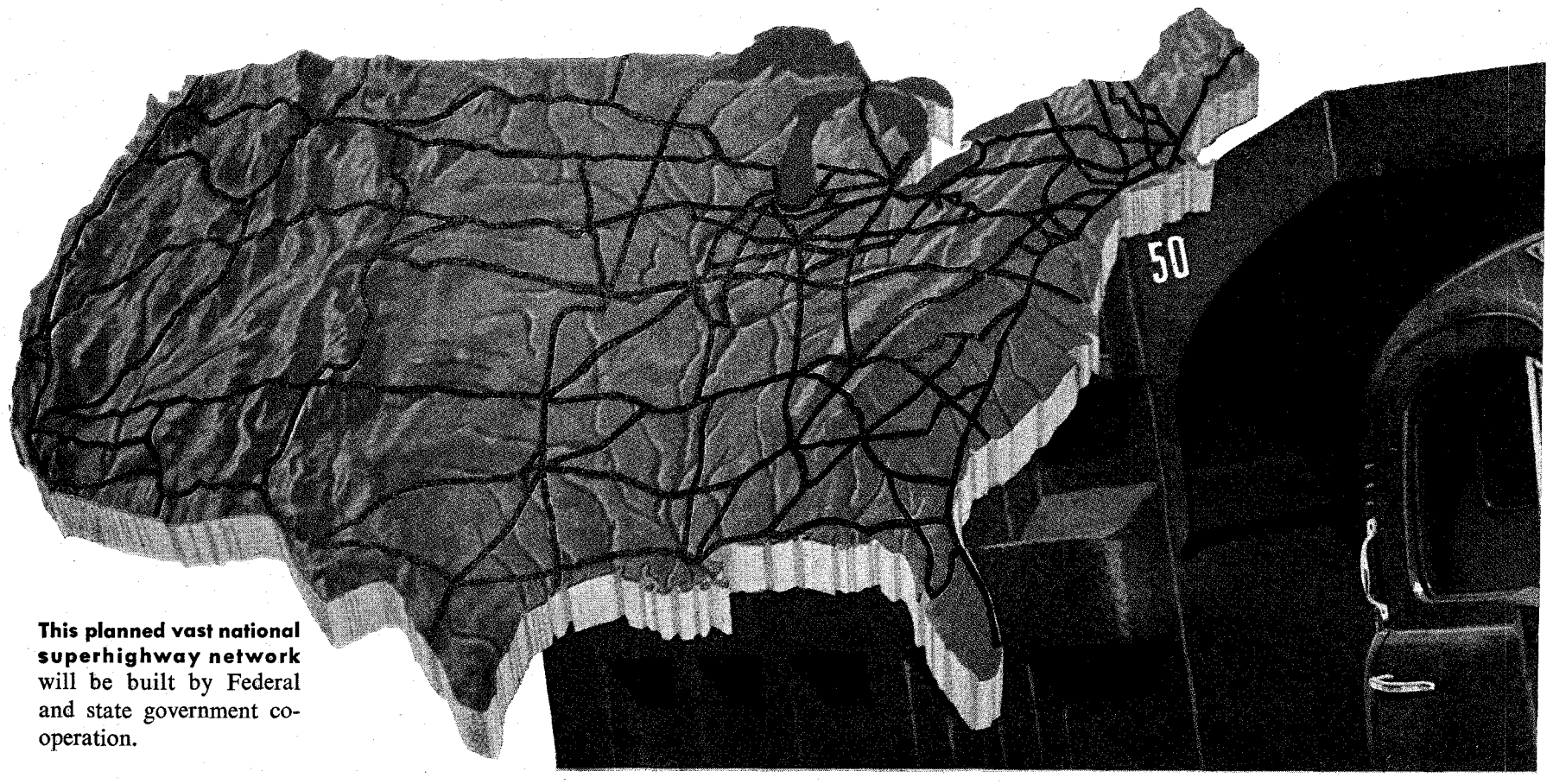


Mack

FIRST NAME FOR TRUCKS
BUSES • FIRE APPARATUS

MACK ELECTRONICS DIVISION, INC.

In grading operation . . . roadbed preparation . . . overpass construction — Macks help maintain clockwork schedules over the most unfavorable terrain or footing.



This planned vast national superhighway network will be built by Federal and state government cooperation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAMMERMILL'S NEUTRACEL® PROCESS

...to bring you bette

EXCLUSIVE NEUTRACEL PROCESS
MAKES NEW HAMMERMILL PAPERS
MORE TYPEABLE, MORE
PRINTABLE, MORE WRITEABLE,
MORE READABLE

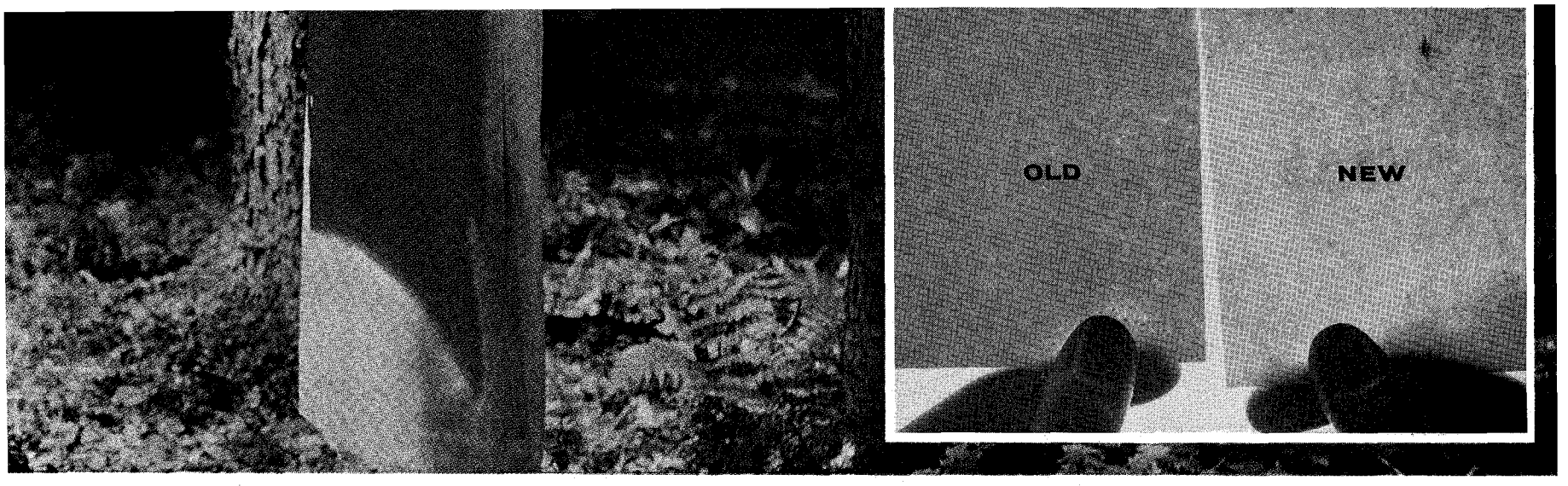
More than a half century ago Hammermill introduced to America fine writing papers made entirely from softwood cellulose. New printing methods and new office equipment — developed in recent years — have created a demand for specific paper qualities best obtained by *blending* different papermaking fibers.

To meet this need, the fine paper industry has made countless attempts to unlock special fiber qualities that nature grows in northern hardwoods. Now Hammermill has found the key—in the development of the exclusive process that produces Neutracel pulp. By this process Hammermill—and only Hammermill —*extracts from hardwood its sturdy cellulose fibers* with all their papermaking qualities intact.

Neutracel's special properties blend with oth quality fibers to bring to Hammermill's line of bu ness and advertising papers clearer, more attracti formation. See photos at right. You can see for you self how Neutracel provides a smoother, velve surface for finer printing, typing, writing and carb copies. And Neutracel lends increased visual a printing opacity, greater bulk — while assuring t maintenance of the excellent strength and durabili for which Hammermill papers are known.

Development of new papermaking processes th benefit the printer and paper user is an old traditi *of the Hammermill Paper Company.* Only a f months ago, Hammermill-invented centrifugal pu

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NLOCKS THE SECRETS OF HARDWOOD

usiness papers

ıers were installed to provide new, outstanding ıliness to all Hammermill papers. To that im- ant quality improvement is now added the lopment of Neutracel—a $6,000,000 step forward ring you Hammermill papers that 1) print better; pe better; 3) look better.

ıe improved qualities that Neutracel imparts to mermill papers are available now and for the e. Approved tree farming methods, practiced in mermill's forests, assure the perpetual growth ed for a continuous supply of Neutracel pulp. ıu should see the improved Hammermill papers ourself. Ask your printer to show you samples. end the coupon at right, attached to your business letterhead. We'll send you a sample book of the new Hammermill Bond—foremost among the score of Hammermill grades that now contain exclusive Neutracel® pulp.

...*yet*

HAMMERMILL *Papers*

with Neutracel's finer fibers, cost no more

Hammermill Paper Company,
1451 East Lake Road, Erie 6, Pennsylvania

Please send me free a sample book of the new Hammermill Bond made with Neutracel pulp.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNDER THE WINGS OF THE FLYING A

SAFETY is our business

Safe driving is everybody's business—and safe drivers stop at the "Flying A" for service. You're safer with the smooth, quiet power of "Flying A" Ethyl gasoline—in crowded city traffic—and when the highway opens up ahead.

And up goes power with Veedol 10-30—the all season Motor Oil that gives highest octane performance. Drive in at the sign of the "Flying A" ...for power...for safety service...and charge it all on your "Flying A" Credit Card.

FLYING A ETHYL

VEEDOL 10-30 MOTOR OIL cuts carbon deposits—curbs pre-ignition...adds up to 40 extra miles to every tankful of gasoline.

Painted by Bruce Bomberger for Tidewater Oil Company

TIDEWATER OIL COMPANY • SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON • TULSA • NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! $2,500 of Straight Life Insurance for only $4.10 a Month! (at age 30)

Lower Rates than Any Leading Non-Participating Company in the United States!*

No Salesman Calls . . . You Examine the Policy Without Cost or Obligation

PATRIOT'S money-saving "direct-to-you" plan now makes it easier for you to own life insurance . . . brings you $2,500 or $5,000 of straight life at remarkably low rates.

Just look at the table below for Patriot's low, low rates! At age 30, for example, you can have $2,500 of straight life insurance for only $4.10 a month—or $5,000 for only $8.20 a month; even less if you pay quarterly, semi-annually or annually. Whatever your age and whichever payment plan you select Patriot's rates are *lower than those of any leading non-participating company in the U. S.*

Straight life is America's most popular form of life insurance. Patriot's straight life policy brings you $2,500 or more of family protection *plus* double insurance in case of accidental death as defined in the policy *plus* generous cash and paid-up values. For instance, a $5,000 policy issued at age 30 would have a 20th year cash value of $1,404.35 . . . or you could stop paying premiums and have a fully paid-up policy for $2,560.00.

And it's so easy, so simple, to obtain your policy under Patriot's unique approval plan. No salesman calls on you. You deal directly with Patriot — an established, progressive company.

No medical examination is normally needed for a $2,500 policy if you are age 50 or under . . . or for a $5,000 policy if age 45 or under. If you are over age 50 or want a larger policy, a simple examination will be given without cost to you, at your convenience.

Here's How You Obtain Your Policy on Patriot's Ten-Day Approval Offer!

Now you can see for yourself — without cost or obligation—exactly what this policy contains, and how it meets your needs.

Here's all you do: simply fill out the application printed on this page, and return it to Patriot. If you're accepted, we'll send your policy promptly on a 10-day no-obligation basis. After you have read it, either return it within ten days or send in your first premium payment.

Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate this unusual offer . . . particularly when you can do so without cost or obligation. Mail the application now and at the same time ask for additional applications for other members of your family!

**Based on published rates for similar policies issued by the top 50 such U. S. companies, ranked according to amount of insurance in force.*

Facts About Patriot

1. **A Legal Reserve Company operating in 46 states (not Kansas or Wisconsin), the District of Columbia and Hawaii.**
2. **Over $900,000,000 of reinsurance and insurance in force.**
3. **Capital and surplus over $10,000,000.**
4. **More than $3,000,000 paid out as death benefits last year.**

MAIL YOUR APPLICATION TODAY!

NO OBLIGATION — NO SALESMAN CALLS!

Simply fill out the application printed on this page and return it to Patriot. If you are accepted, we'll send you your policy promptly on a 10-day no-obligation basis. After you have read it, either return it within 10 days or send in your first premium payment. In other words, you pay nothing until after you receive your policy and decide to keep it.

STRAIGHT LIFE INSURANCE

WITH DOUBLE INDEMNITY TO AGE 65

Rates Per $2,500 Policy (For $5,000 multiply these rates by 2)

Four Convenient Payment Plans — Select the one you prefer

Age nearest birthday	Annual	Semi-Annual	Quarterly	Monthly
14 or under	*	*	*	*
15	$30.25	$15.45	$ 7.90	$ 2.70
16	31.05	15.85	8.10	2.75
17	31.90	16.25	8.30	2.80
18	32.75	16.70	8.50	2.90
19	33.65	17.15	8.75	2.95
20	34.60	17.65	9.00	3.05
21	35.55	18.15	9.25	3.15
22	36.55	18.65	9.50	3.25
23	37.65	19.20	9.75	3.30
24	38.75	19.75	10.05	3.40
25	39.85	20.30	10.35	3.50
26	41.00	20.90	10.65	3.60
27	42.20	21.50	10.95	3.70
28	43.45	22.15	11.30	3.85
29	44.75	22.80	11.65	3.95
30	46.15	23.55	12.00	4.10
31	47.65	24.30	12.40	4.20
32	49.20	25.10	12.80	4.35
33	50.85	25.95	13.25	4.50
34	52.55	26.80	13.70	4.65
35	54.35	27.70	14.15	4.80
36	56.25	28.70	14.65	5.00
37	58.25	29.70	15.15	5.15
38	60.35	30.80	15.70	5.35
39	62.55	31.90	16.25	5.50
40	$64.90	$33.10	$16.85	$ 5.70
41	67.35	34.35	17.50	5.95
42	69.90	35.65	18.20	6.20
43	72.60	37.05	18.90	6.45
44	75.50	38.50	19.65	6.70
45	78.50	40.05	20.40	6.95
46	81.60	41.60	21.20	7.20
47	84.85	43.25	22.05	7.50
48	88.30	45.00	22.95	7.80
49	92.00	46.90	23.90	8.10
50	95.85	48.90	24.90	8.45
51	100.00	51.00	26.00	8.85
52	104.35	53.20	27.15	9.25
53	109.00	55.60	28.35	9.65
54	113.85	58.05	29.60	10.05
55	119.00	60.70	30.95	10.50
56	124.45	63.45	32.35	11.00
57	130.20	66.40	33.85	11.50
58	136.25	69.50	35.40	12.05
59	142.70	72.80	37.10	12.60
60	149.50	76.25	38.90	13.20
61	156.75	79.95	40.75	13.85
62	164.40	83.85	42.75	14.55
63	172.45	87.95	44.85	15.25
64	181.05	92.35	47.05	16.00
65	190.10	96.95	49.40	16.80

*Send for special application and rates for $1,000 of insurance at ages 14 and under.

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

Copyright 1956 by Patriot Life Insurance Company

FOR ADDITIONAL APPLICATIONS

. . . use this coupon when you send in your own application.

SEND ME:.....applications for children up to age 14.

.....applications for ages 15 to 65.

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(Use this application for ages 15-65 only. Please print answers.)

Your Name ..... Male ☐ Female ☐
(first, middle, last)

Home Address .....
(number and street, city, zone, state)

Employed by..... Duties or job title.....

Height .....ft.-inches Weight .....pounds Date of birth .....month, day, year

Kind of Policy..... **STRAIGHT LIFE WITH DOUBLE INDEMNITY** Amount of Insurance ☐ $2,500 ☐ $5,000

Premium Plan: ☐ *Annual* ☐ *Quarterly* ☐ *Semi-Annual* ☐ *Monthly* Amount of Premium $..... Patriot policies now carried $.....

Name of Beneficiary..... How related to you?.....
(first, middle, last)

Has any life insurance company ever offered you a policy at higher than standard rates, or refused to insure you? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you ever had or been treated for heart trouble or high blood pressure; cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, epilepsy or nervous disorder; stomach trouble or any ailment of the kidneys, gall bladder or liver? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you been examined or treated by a doctor during the past two years? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please explain fully any "yes" answer. Include date, reason, doctor's name and address.

.....

.....

.....

The above answers are complete and true, and any physician who has examined or treated me is authorized to disclose any information thereby acquired. I agree that the insurance will become effective only when, while I am in good health, a policy is delivered to me and the first premium is paid in full and accepted by the Company. If the policy delivered differs from that applied for, this application shall be for such policy, except that no change shall be made as to amount, classification, plan or benefits, unless agreed to in writing by me.

Date.....19..... Signed:.....

10-127 181

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come to your grocer's

DOLE HAWAIIAN HARVEST

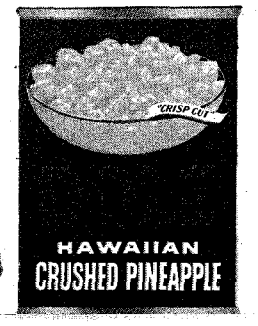
new crop! fresh-packed!
rich! ripe! all Hawaiian Pineapple
ready to serve.

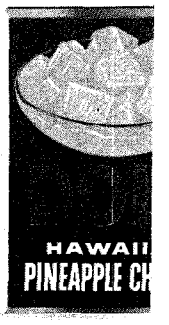
At your grocer's **NOW!**

7 temptii

CRUSHED

CHUNI

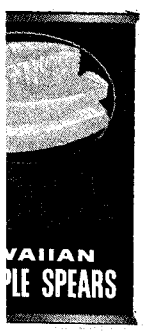




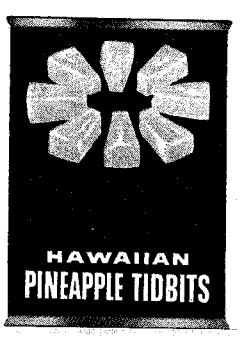
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rieties

EARS

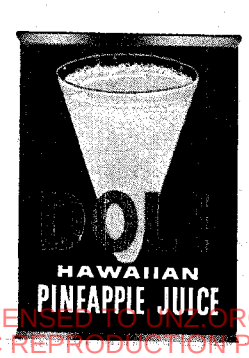


TIDBITS

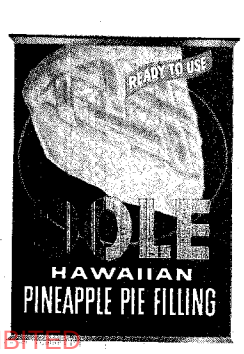


SLICED

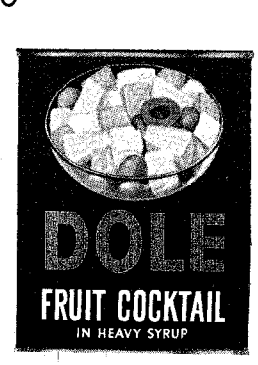
JUICE



PIE FILLING



and fruit cocktail



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wonderful Day! Putting the finishing touches on the new home

Three new decorative fabrics, woven of rayon, cotton, and metallic thread, fashioned for modern living by Burlington

The very fabric of a home—

Burlington Decorative Fabrics make any room more beautiful

Months of planning, house-hunting, window-shopping . . . and now at last their "dream house" is a reality, and a home.

The draperies they chose are made of Burlington's gold-flecked *Lusterglo* . . . smartly bulky, yet let sunlight shimmer through . . . come in twenty colors.

Plymouth, a pebbly new Burlington bouclé texture, is the covering for the chairs . . . the divan is in richly patterned *Duramo*. Like all Burlington Decorative Fabrics, these upholstery materials are loomed for long wearability, come in many colors, *and* wear modest price tags.

Burlington Decorative Fabrics come in *ready-made draperies*, on *fine upholstered furniture*, and *by the yard*. Look for the famous Burlington triangle, hallmark of quality, backed by Burlington—world's largest producer of fabrics and hosiery.

Burlington
QUALITY
WOVEN INTO THE LIFE OF AMERICA

BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, INC.
1430 Broadway, New York 18

Member Companies:
BURLINGTON DECORATIVE FABRICS
BURLINGTON MILLS • RAEFORD WORSTEDS
BURLINGTON INTERNATIONAL • MALLINSON
BURLINGTON EXPORT • GALEY & LORD
BURLINGTON RIBBONS • ELY & WALKER
BURLINGTON HOSIERY • MOORESVILLE
GOODALL VINYL FABRICS • PACIFIC MILLS
PEERLESS WOOLENS • HESS, GOLDSMITH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

The Hillbilly Rockefeller

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

Arkansas hasn't been the same since Winthrop Rockefeller, former playboy of his oil-rich family, settled here.

As everybody knows, the life of an Arkansas hillbilly is simple, rugged and close to the earth. Take that backwoods farmer, Win Rockefeller, who bought himself a scraggly, worn-down piece of land back on a ridge almost eighteen dusty miles beyond the Morrilton post office. Not much water on the place and the fellow who had been farming it for years hadn't been able to raise anything special except fourteen children. When the deal was made during a severe drought back in 1953, most folks didn't believe anybody could wrassle a decent living out of that land on top of Petit Jean Mountain.

But nowadays—three years and about $2,000,000 later—Rockefeller's ridge is a flourishing cattle-breeding farm and a show place that delights the eyes of some 60,000 curious visitors every year. Where once stood a rustic farmhouse, there are now a modern air-conditioned home and swimming pool hanging on the lip of a cliff that drops a thousand feet almost straight down to a fertile valley beside the Arkansas River. A nine-foot-high hill that interfered with the view from the patio has been bulldozed into oblivion to make a broad, level lawn leading past two spacious guest cottages, a recreation house and flower gardens to a great cluster of handsome offices, barns and workshops. What once was a tangled woodland has been transformed into fertile green pastures stretching across the mesa to an airfield, complete with hangar, two-way-radio shack, waiting room and a 4600-foot lighted runway that can accommodate a four-engine plane.

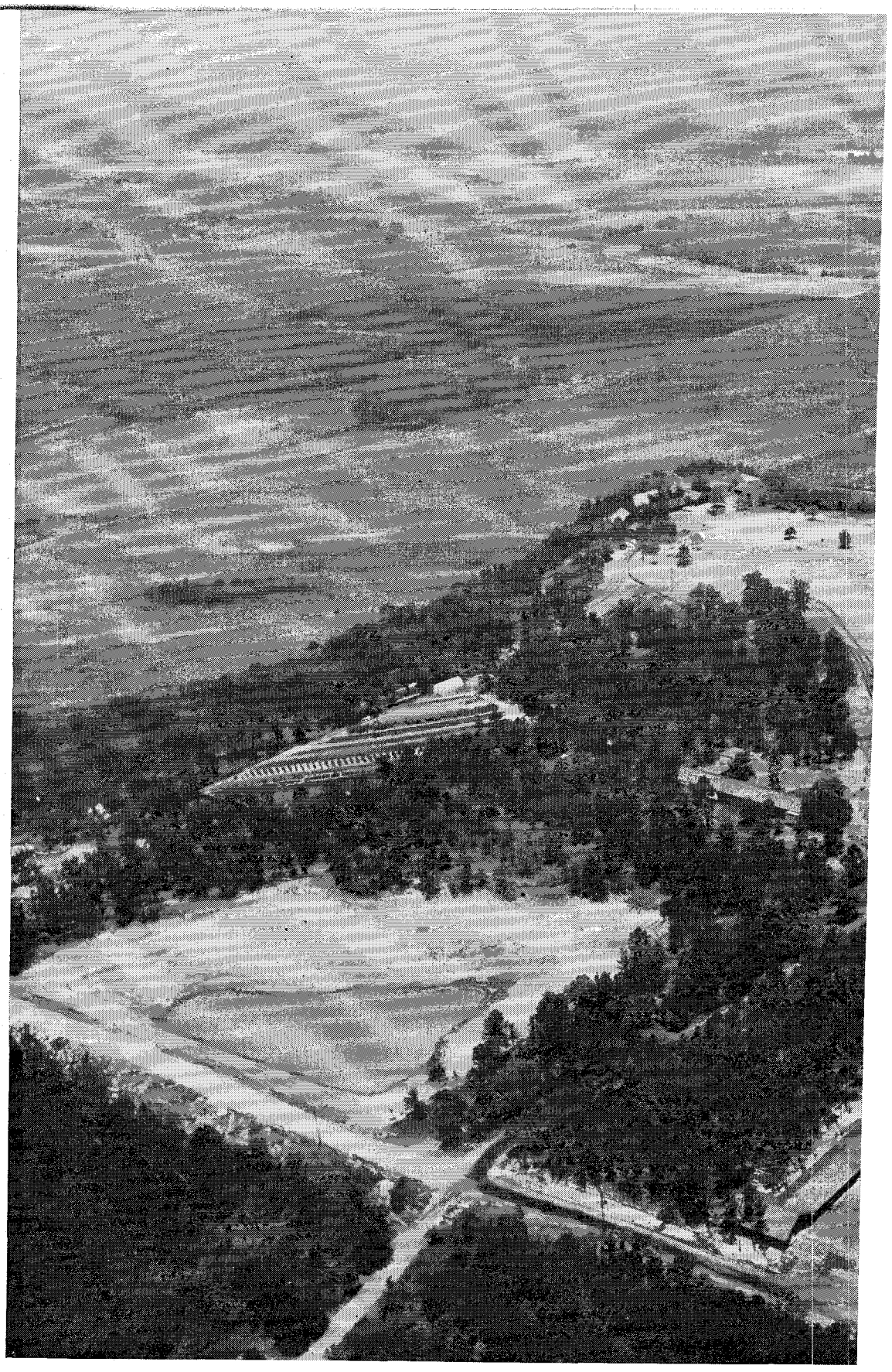
Four lakes, a riverside pumping station, a twenty-five-gallons-a-minute filter plant, auxiliary power plants, three miles of underground water lines and two miles of portable aluminum sprinkler pipe have eliminated the drought problem. Eleven miles of new roads, mostly blacktop, and thirty miles of new woven-wire fences encircle the fields where some 400 Santa Gertrudis cattle are being tenderly reared as the nucleus of a prize breeding herd that, a few years hence, should boost the farm's gross income to around $500,000 a year.

"Yep," an Arkie neighbor living down the ridge said recently, "Win's done tolerable well—considering what he had to work with, which was mostly money. Things is sure changed. Why, sometimes we got more airplanes coming in here in a day than there used to be automobiles on the road in a week."

The migration—for keeps, he says—of Winthrop Rockefeller, the fourth and most convivial son of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., from

Six-foot, three-inch, 225-pound Win Rockefeller. Some of his friends believe he may one day run for Governor of Arkansas.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rockefeller's 2400-acre Winrock Farm covers Arkansas' Petit Jean Mountain and part of the valley below. The Rockefeller residence and guest houses are on the hillcrest at center. At lower right are the laundry and machine shop. Clustered above are horse stables, barns, cattle pens, offices and a firehouse. All this astonishes the Arkie neighbors from down the ridge.

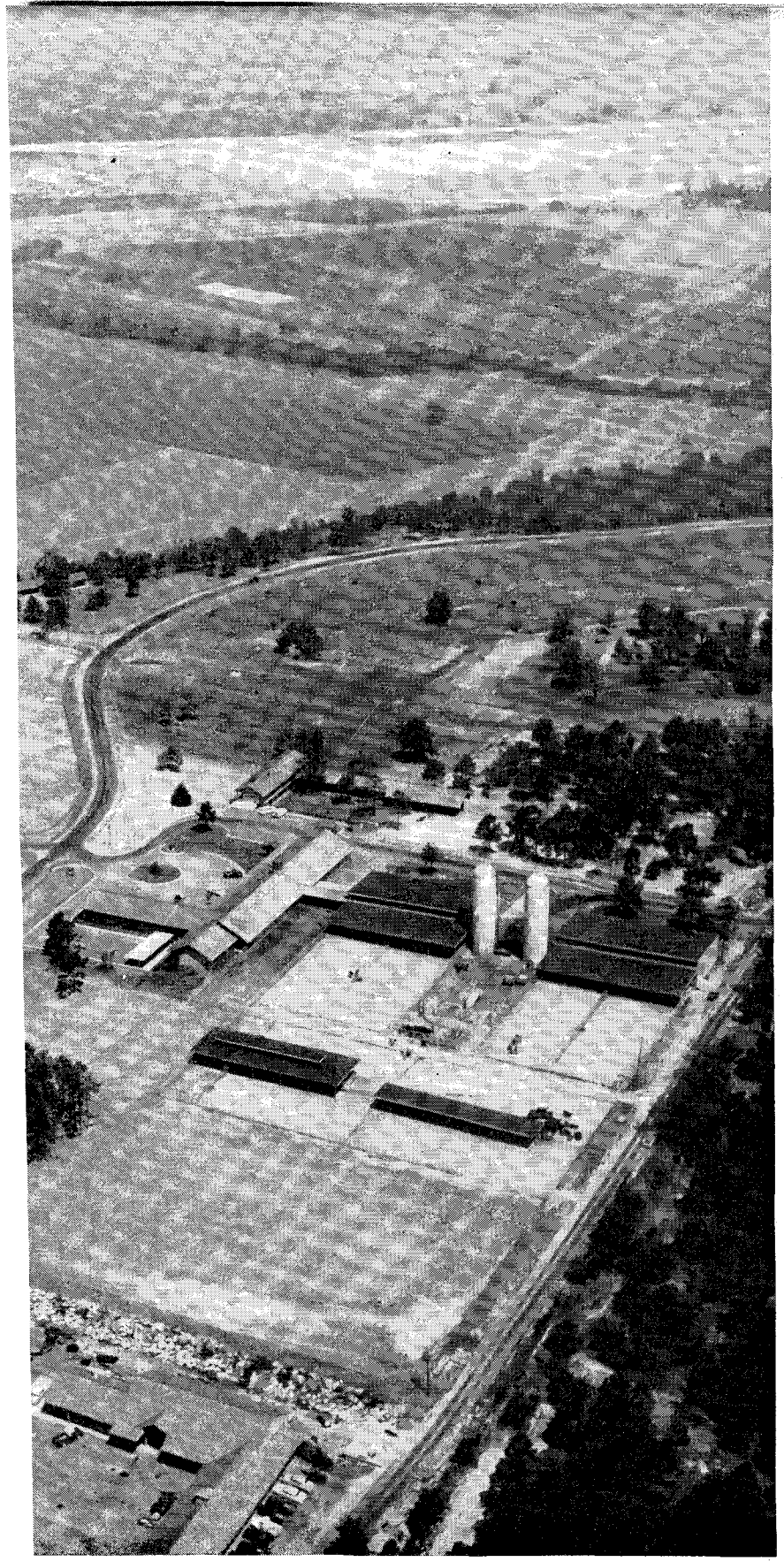
Broadway's bright lights to Arkansas' back country, near the Ozark Mountains, still is a matter of endless astonishment to New York's sophisticated café society, to residents of his newly adopted state and, perhaps, to Rockefeller himself. But, as Rockefeller has become more and more active in state affairs, astonishment has been mixed with a warm feeling of satisfaction and pleasure, at least on the part of the oil millionaire and his neighbors.

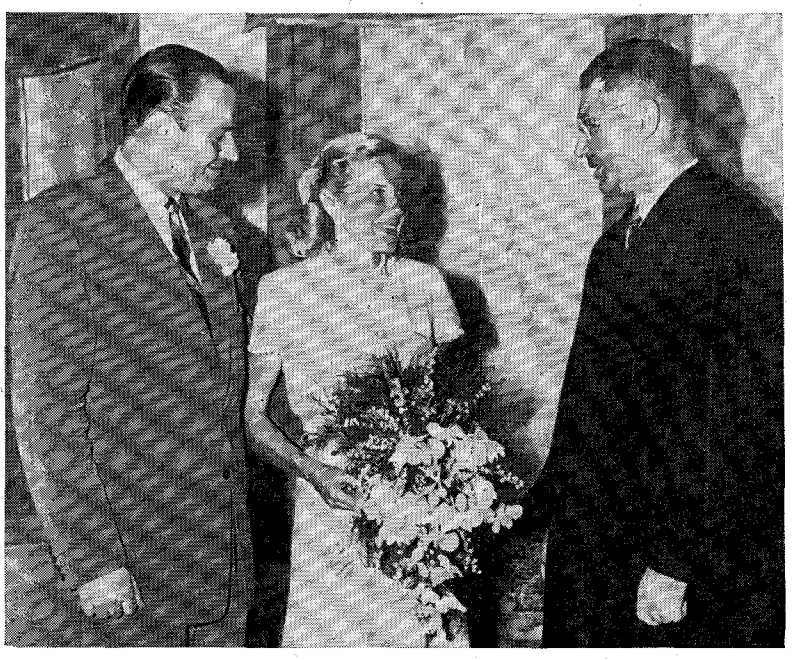
Most of his new neighbors hail him in Southwestern fashion as "Win" or as "Colonel" or—before he shifted his residence to Conway County—as "the Big Rock of Little Rock." They voted him the "man of the year" in Arkansas and made him a deputy sheriff in Pulaski County. They jammed auditoriums and banquet halls all over the state, sometimes at fifty dollars a plate for a worthy cause, to hear him speak. They have made him chairman of AIDC (Arkansas Industrial Development Commission) and, at his behest, raised an unprecedented $113,000 among businessmen to supplement state funds for an all-out campaign to encourage new industry to move to Arkansas—a campaign that in its first year helped bring in seventy-three new factories and provide 10,000 new jobs. They have, in Conway County, sharply raised school taxes to co-operate with Rockefeller's offer to finance a modern $2,500,000 school-improvement program which will lead to integration of students and which may serve as a "pilot" project in a drive to lift Arkansas from last place in the educational ranking (based on expenditure per pupil) of the states. They have, in Perry County, which had no doctor, privately subscribed $20,000 to build a modern clinic, which Rockefeller helped staff and equip at a cost of $70,000 as an experiment to discover whether and how adequate medical care can be provided at a cost rural residents can afford.

These and other Rockefeller activities have generated a lot of enthusiasm and hope in a state so behind the times that more than 600,000 of its citizens left to find jobs elsewhere after World War II. And, if you can ignore a fringe of hostile "white-supremacy" critics, it is reasonably safe to say that most people look on Rockefeller as about the best thing to come into the state since the first Rock Island Railroad train puffed across the border. Some of them, perhaps unrealistically at present in this strongly Democratic state, have even begun talking about running Republican Rockefeller for governor one of these years. "Arkansas," remarked former Gov. Francis Cherry, "only wishes that Win Rockefeller had been born quintuplets." To which not a few businessmen later added: "Or a Democrat!"

Rockefeller (center) in his office with farm manager G. W. Adkisson, Jr., and general superintendent James Hudson. Foes of integration have denounced him as "Winsome Winnie the race mixer."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





In 1948, playboy Winthrop made headlines by marrying showgirl-divorcee Barbara (Bobo) Sears (nee Eva Pauliski).

Bobo today, as a double divorcee with $5,500,000 of Rockefeller money and custody of a Rockefeller heir.

"The fact that a Rockefeller has chosen to move to Arkansas has given our morale a real boost," one small-town businessman said recently. "It used to be that we were a little ashamed of our state. When we went elsewhere, people would ask: 'Who on earth would want to live in Arkansas?' That used to embarrass us, but now we can answer: 'Well, there's Win Rockefeller, for one.' Of course, at first people were curious just to see a Rockefeller. And, of course, the Rockefeller name and all that money make a difference. But now we've seen Win working hard to boost our state, and most of us think he can do something to help Arkansas wake up and get moving."

This does not mean that Rockefeller is universally popular. Any casual inquiry through the countryside will turn up quite a few persons who never (Continued on Page 63)

Three months ago, Rockefeller (second from right) married Mrs. Jeanette Edris (bouquet). Gathered here are Win's brother, Nelson (left) and Mrs. Edris' daughter, stepmother, father and son.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

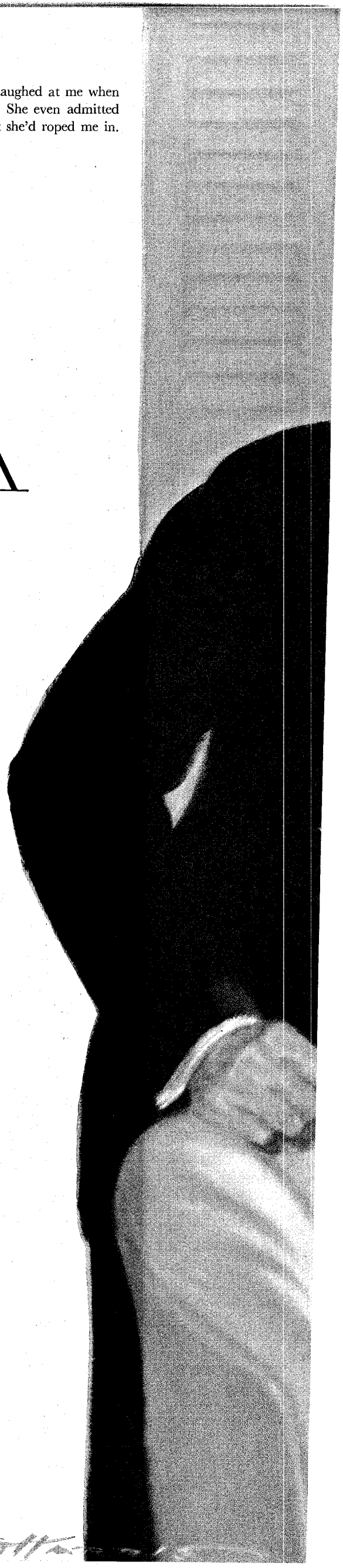
She laughed at me when I told her. She even admitted that she'd roped me in.

Our marriage was based on a lie.

She had only pretended to love me.

I WANT A DIVORCE

By ALLAN SEAGER Illustrated by R. G. Harris



People often tell me—usually effusive women—that it must be interesting to be a divorce lawyer. I once thought so myself or I wouldn't have taken up this side of the law. Unfortunately, it isn't. The truth is, there is only one cause of divorce: when the party of the first part begins to believe that the mere look on his spouse's face extinguishes the promises of life, he sues; she sues. (We all have this vision of the promises of life.) Beneath the mental cruelties of the bill of complaint, the adulteries however lurid, and the rare black eyes, that's all there is to it. All black eyes are alike, and after a quarter of a century so are adulteries. The fascinating cases are the ones that don't quite come off—the reconciliations. There is nothing monotonous about reconciliations. They are surprises made of luck, trivia and pieces of string.

A visit to a lawyer means trouble, therefore I was startled to see Jameson Wallace's name on my list of appointments, because some people have such a habit of success that trouble seems a shocking intrusion into your picture of them. I had known him in college, where he had been two years ahead of me. I saw him catch a forty-yard pass in a snowstorm and run for a touchdown against Dartmouth the last game of the season. It was rumored that Walter Camp was in the stands and we all expected to see "Deerfoot's" name on the All-American team, but it turned out Camp was somewhere else and didn't see him. After he graduated I lost track of him for four or five years.

Then I saw him one morning on the 8:50 train from Harmon, very tanned. We sat together. He had been in South America building bridges—Venezuela, Ecuador, some such place—and I learned he was living not far from me in Westchester. We never became intimate, but I used to see him on the train two or three mornings a week when he was in the country at all, and, if the party was large enough, I might see him occasionally there, usually the center of a group, but, as I remember, never far from his wife. She was a blonde—a real blonde with marvelous pale golden hair. They seemed to be very fond of each other, but, of course, at big parties people seldom fight until late in the evening, and I always leave fairly early. My net impression of "Deerfoot" was that of a big engineer, wealthy, handsome, respected, with a lovely wife. So much for net impressions. I never expected anything to go wrong with Deerfoot Wallace.

But something had. He came in carefully and peeked behind him like an old man before he sat down. He looked like a man who had been run over. A lawyer soon learns not to ask personal questions out of mere courtesy because he is far too apt to get an answer, long and richly detailed, and other clients are waiting, so I said only, "What brings you here, Deerfoot?"

He liked the name. I don't think many people called him that any more, but he didn't smile. "I want a divorce," he said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said.

"I can't live with her any more."

Spontaneously I wanted to say, out of my old-time hero worship, "But I thought you could do anything," but I remembered that he was two years older than I and beat-up looking, to boot, and I had a flicker of low, shameful satisfaction. How often do the freshmen catch up with the juniors?

I said gravely, "What seems to be the trouble?"

It took him the better part of an hour—the trouble. And when I got it, it was incredible. First of all, he had had a mild heart attack. He was still building bridges, but was not shinning up cables a hundred feet in the air any more or going down to bedrock in a caisson. He had been out West somewhere

(Continued on Page 130)

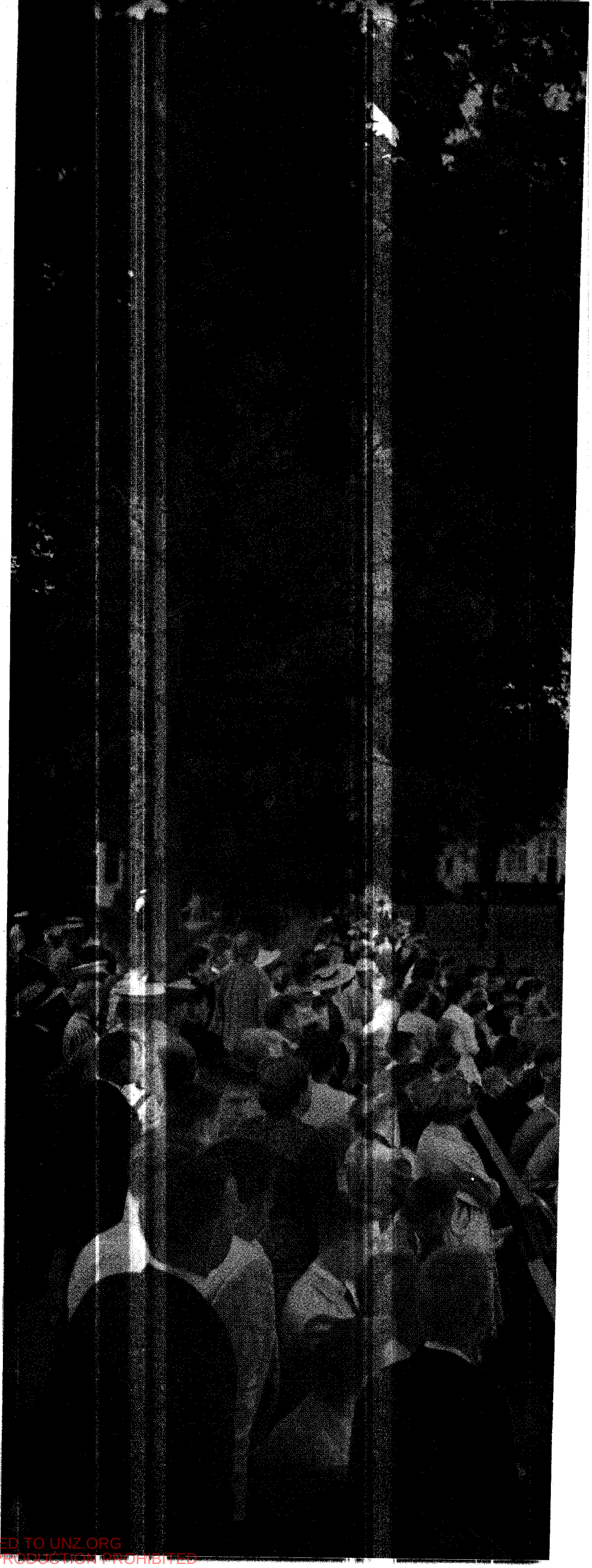
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

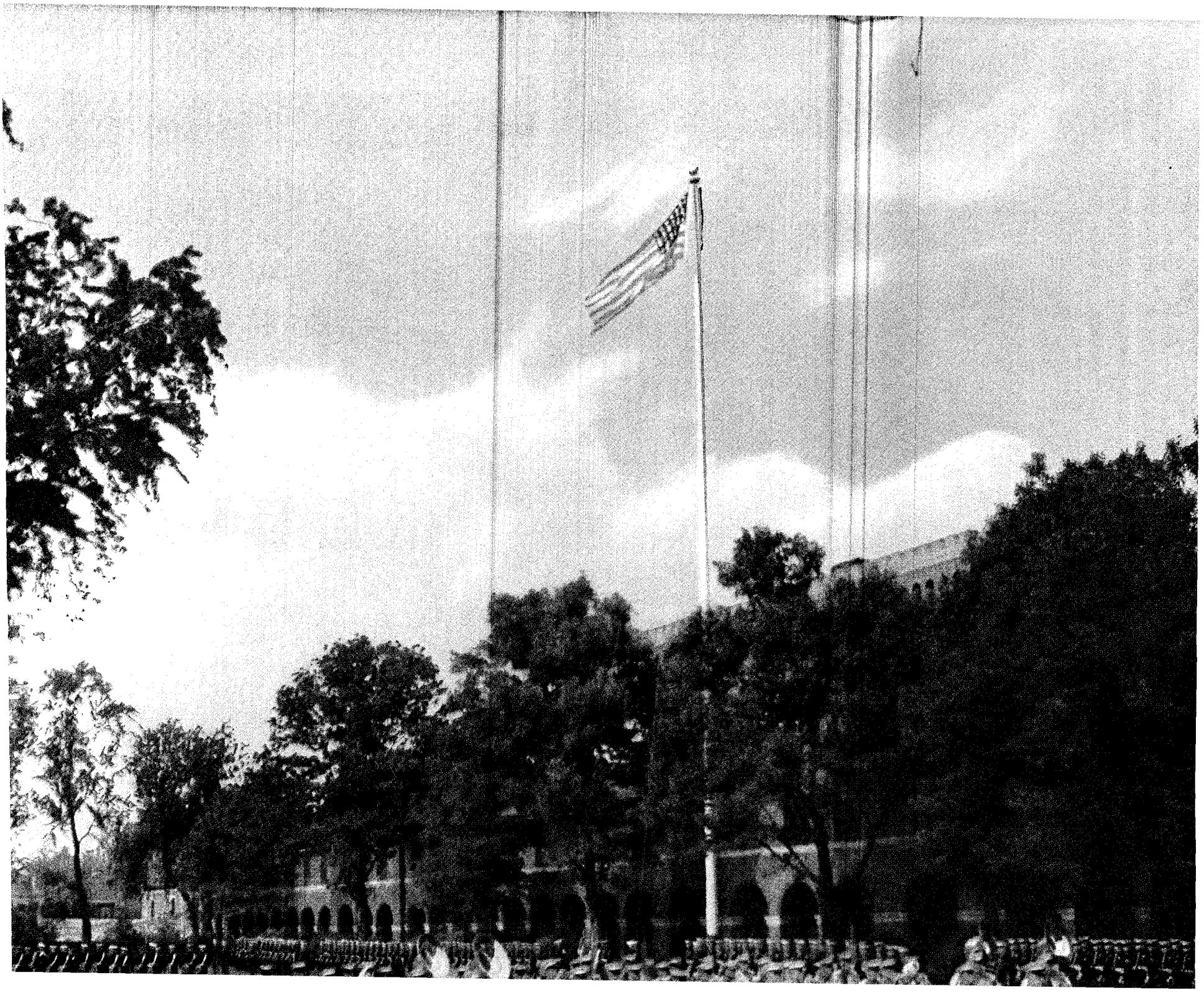
The Face of AMERICA

Sunset Parade

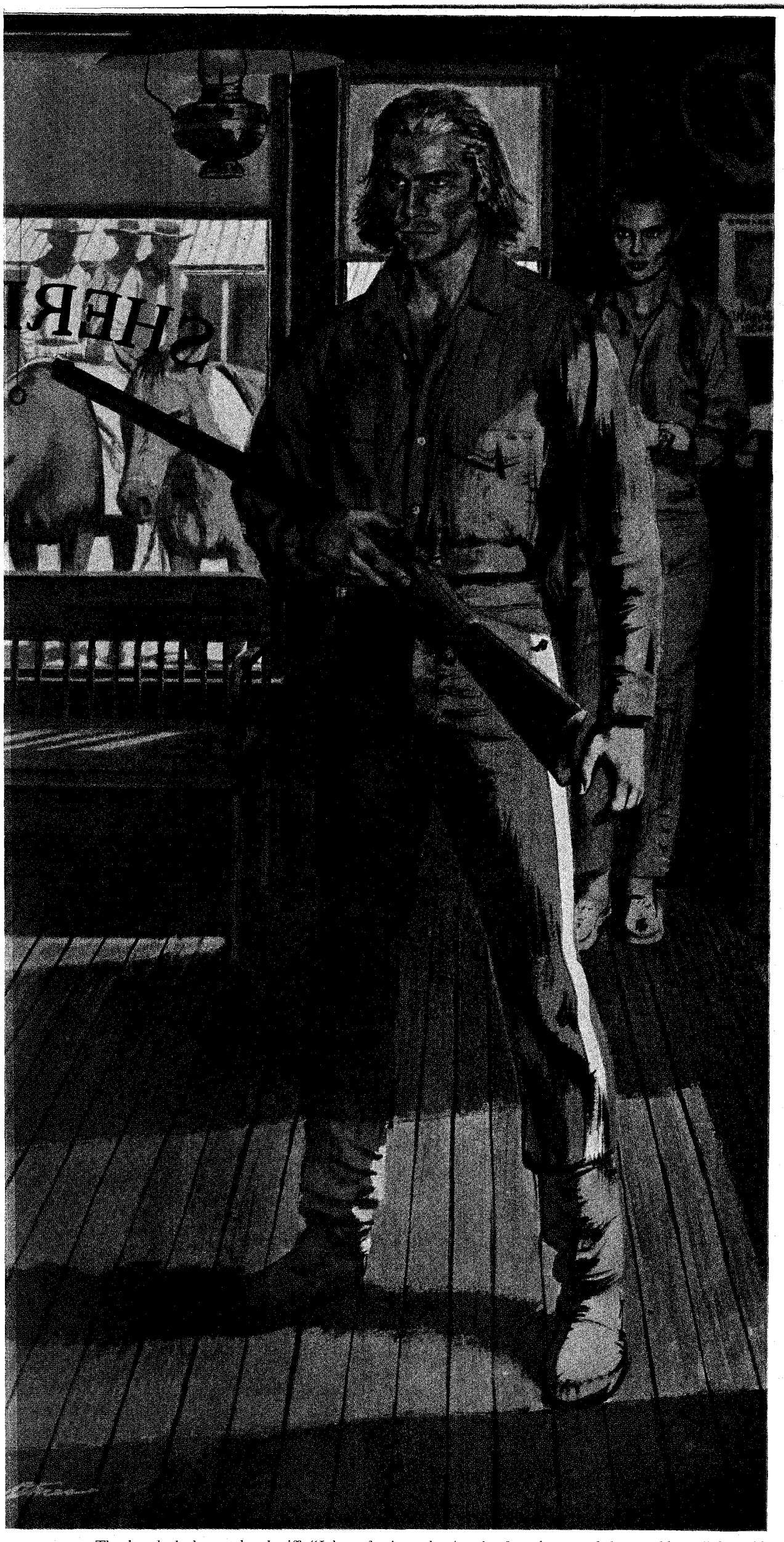
One March morning in 1801, about three weeks after he moved into the White House, President Thomas Jefferson set out on horseback with Lieut. Col. William Ward Burrows, commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, to find a suitable site upon which to build barracks for the marines, who had recently arrived from the old capital at Philadelphia. Here you see the spot Jefferson chose because it "lay near the Navy Yard and within easy marching distance of the Capitol." One hundred and fifty-five years and eighteen commandants later, some marines—but no longer all of them—still inhabit the same quiet quadrangle, and each Friday afternoon from April until November the Marine Band, the Drum and Bugle Corps and the headquarters drill platoons stage a colorful "sunset parade" which lasts for precisely forty minutes. The house at the end of the parade grounds, to the left of the barracks, is the home of the commandant (currently General Randolph McC. Pate). When the British sacked Washington in 1814 they spared this house, which permits the claim that it is the oldest Federal building in the city in continuous use. But, according to Marine Corps legend, Brig. Gen. Archibald Henderson lived there so long he forgot it belonged to the Government and willed it to his son. When Henderson died in 1859 he had been commandant of the corps for thirty-eight years. ❁ Photograph by Larry Keighley



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The boy looked past the sheriff. "I have forgiven the Apache for what my father could not," he said.

No Indian was more feared than the renegade who rode at Geronimo's side.

White Apache

By DAVID MARKSON

The town lay beaten flat in the blazing afternoon heat. Here and there, someone waved to the sheriff from the doubtful comfort of a shaded porch as he walked along the main street toward his office, but only Ben Collier found the energy to speak to him. The lean homesteader was loading gear into his buckboard before the hardware.

"Late chow, Bucky?"

The sheriff smiled broadly, discarding a toothpick.

"Mighty hot," Collier said. "Town almost looks deserted."

The sheriff nodded. "Those cartridge cartons wrapped there, Ben?" he asked casually.

The farmer shrugged. "I reckoned I might stock up."

The sheriff said nothing.

"You expect we'll have trouble down this way?"

"You've been working that spread for two years, Ben. They never bothered you."

"Well, that ruckus up to Big Forks—couple people killed, so I hear."

"Nobody killed. Just a little gunplay was all."

"Seems like enough, in my opinion," Collier said. "Harry Cogwell was just saying over to the saloon, it's high time we got together and ——"

"Apaches are the Army's job," the sheriff interrupted quietly. Then he added, "Drunks started that Big Forks trouble, Ben. White men."

"Well, maybe. Just the same, I've got the wife and two boys to look after. A man can't forget his fam ——" Collier stopped himself abruptly, his face flushing.

The sheriff looked away, conscious of the awkward silence. It was almost a year now since he had lost his only son, yet he could understand Collier's natural embarrassment. For a moment he (Continued on Page 19)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

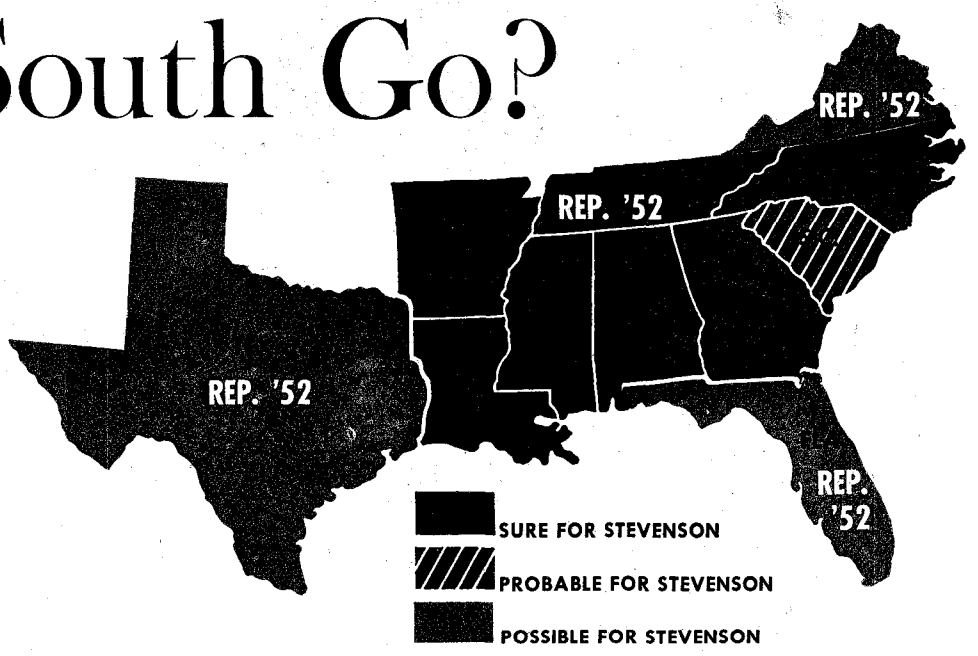
The South isn't "madly for Adlai." But Dixie politicians have decided that for them the only practical course is to support the Democratic ticket.

Back of Southern opposition to Ike lies the conviction that as far as civil rights are concerned, any Democrat is preferable to a Republican.

How Will the South Go?

Four years ago Ike cracked the Solid South and took four states away from Adlai. Can he do as well this time? A Post editor in Atlanta reports.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN



THE POST AND THE CAMPAIGN

Next Week:	The Case for the Democrats, by Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House of Representatives
Next Week's Cover:	A portrait of Adlai Stevenson, by Norman Rockwell
October 13th Issue:	The Case for the Republicans, by Congressman Joe Martin, Minority Leader of the House of Representatives
October 13th Cover:	The President, by Norman Rockwell
October 20th:	Who Will Take California?, by the noted political expert, Samuel Lubell
October 27th:	The Key State of Michigan, by Samuel Lubell

The day after the Democratic convention ended at Chicago, Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr., came home to North Carolina to enlighten the electorate on what had happened there.

"We have," said Senator Sam jovially to his neighbors at Morganton, "been feudin' and fussin' and fightin' in a most co-operative fashion."

Today all the political signs and portents that wink and glimmer in the Dixie skies indicate that there will be a great deal of feudin' and fussin' among Democrats, Republicans and angry States' Righters between now and November sixth. Despite this, however, it seems extremely likely that at least seven, probably eight, and possibly all eleven of the deep-South states will go down the line for Stevenson and Kefauver in a most co-operative fashion.

As this is written, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, North Carolina and Tennessee seem to be snugly dwelling again in "the house of their fathers," in the stump speaker's ringing, antique phrase. South (Continued on Page 117)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Barry displays samples from her "high-class rummage sale"—a $400 Alençon lace gown priced at $70, and a $225 Mainbocher original offered for $50. For an average price of $40, customers can buy gowns from some of the most exclusive *couturiers* of Europe and the U.S. (*see below*).

She Sells Glamour Secondhand

At Florence Barry's bargain shop, the ladies buy the hand-me-downs of the most expensively dressed women in café society and the entertainment world.

By Hartzell Spence

Florence Barry, a shy woman whose chief business asset is an honest face, has developed in New York an unlikely success in the highly competitive garment industry. She sells at secondhand the high-priced, high-styled clothes of celebrities and other women of fashion. This year she will gross $100,000 and net about $15,000 in an enterprise which she began merely to keep herself busy.

Mrs. Barry strongly resembles Queen Mother Elizabeth of Britain in appearance. She has a round Highland Scottish face, dark, snapping eyes, and solemn black bangs. She has capitalized on the fact that there are many women who pay from $125 to $1500 for a dress or suit, wear it once, or a few times at most, and then discard it. Mrs. Barry disposes of such garments at bargain prices to women who have always dreamed of owning a Paris original or an American exclusive, but who never could afford one.

The shop in which these transactions take place is called Encore. It is a shabby second-floor loft above a beauty parlor at 1132 Madison Avenue, just off 84th Street, and looks like a thrift shop. The walls of the single room are drably pink and blue, the floor cover is a worn linoleum, the ceiling is white-painted tin. Gas- pipe clothes racks are illuminated by harsh neon.

In gossipy intimacy the customers try on dresses without even the privacy of closed dressing booths. Strangers discuss their fashion idiosyncrasies with one another. All four clerks and Mrs. Barry will interrupt their work any time to spend a sentimental hour finding exactly the right sixteen-dollar gown for a pretty teen-ager's first ball. Shoppers expect a good story with their purchases, like browsers in an antique shop; they are excited that they can buy a dress once worn by a celebrity. The names of former owners are not revealed, however, without their permission. Occasionally a woman who has consigned a garment for resale will drop by to inquire whether a favorite frock has "found a good home."

Mrs. Barry has become engulfed in a business despite her best efforts to keep it a high-

Photographs by Hans Knopf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class rummage sale. Her original ambition was to relieve her idleness. Middle-aged, childless and an apartment dweller, she needed an outside interest. In 1952 she served in the New York thrift shop of her alma mater, Mount Holyoke College. This experience suggested to her a swap shop where women of fashion might dispose of their expensive clothes while sipping a cup of coffee and exchanging the latest upper East Side gossip.

There seemed little hope of profit, for Mrs. Barry is the antithesis of a successful sales personality. She is timid, introverted and impractical. Born Florence Morris, in Pictou, Nova Scotia, she is descended of a Scottish-royalist family named Gordon, which had been driven from Gordonsville, Virginia, during the Revolution. When she was six, her mother died, and she was sent to live with a bachelor uncle, the late William Scott MacDonald, on Staten Island, New York.

"Uncle Mac," a naval architect, was a stern Victorian. He imposed a six P.M. curfew to prevent his niece from having dates or dancing while she attended high school. Then, in an attempt to compensate for his severity, he gave her a fur coat and a convertible. She grew up emotionally retarded, unworldly, unschooled in anything practical, terrified of all men, and of Uncle Mac in particular. When she left for Mount Holyoke in 1927, she was resolved never again to live in the MacDonald house.

So, at her college graduation in 1931, Florence went to work in the book division of a Hartford, Connecticut, department store. After a year, she (Continued on Page 148)

To buy or not to buy? Actress Francesca Fontaine considers a Dior coat-and-dress ensemble ($700 new; now $100).

Bargain hunters at work. After sixty days on the rack, items are marked down to from $5 to $10.

Business is brisk at times: One customer's suit was sold while she was trying on a dress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...e police car's searchlight found
...m framed against the fence like spiders
...a wall. "All right, Slattery," the
... yelled, "break it up!"

The Outcasts

Would they ever be permitted to live—and love—like other people?

By William Fay

When Slattery, who hadn't once in three months' time attempted to violate the rigid conditions of his parole, first saw the girl, she was sitting on a tall stool at the bar in Carlo's place. She was hatless and she was wearing a nice summer dress. She turned around then and she looked his way, keeping her eyes on him for an unnecessary while, before she raised them to the big clock on the wall. It seemed to Slattery that everything stirred around inside of him.

He would have told you it was the sweet summer night, with the soft wind coming off the river, that had filled him with such restless longing. There had been the music coming out of a jukebox that made him think of happier, less cautious times. These several things, together with his loneliness, had caused him to walk into Carlo's, where he had not been since he had got out of jail.

He descended the three linoleum-covered steps to the level of the bar, the soda fountain, the sixteen wooden booths. It wasn't a fancy place, a bad place or an exclusive kind of a place. Everybody went to Carlo's. It was a great big neighborhood place. You didn't even mind the *pizza* oven, now that there was air-conditioning. Slattery, a little apprehensive, gazed around. He didn't know what kind of welcome he'd receive.

"Hello, Georgie," someone said. There were these two fellows he remembered from the Rutherford B. Hayes High School, senior class, six years before, as well as from around the neighborhood for a few years after that. "Hey, Slats," the other one greeted him with nervous, obviously self-conscious deference. "Long time no see," and then this one shut up, as though the trite, too applicable phrase had embarrassed him. You didn't say "Long time no see" to a guy that's been away for a reason that was no mystery to anyone.

"It's all right," Slattery said.

It hurt very much, but he didn't like anyone to be uncomfortable because of him. He made out as though he were trying to memorize the whole one hundred selections on the jukebox. He was twenty-four years old and powerfully made. He'd been tough all his life, both through physical endowment and the shockproof veneer that growing up in this part of town had imposed. He stood now with his hands resting on the plastic dome of the big jukebox. That's when the girl at the bar turned around, looking at him in that funny way, her eyes holding to his face before she raised them to the clock.

"Who is she?" Slattery said.

"Who, Slats? Which one?"

They knew very well the one he was asking about. "Come off it," he said. "Relax and be natural. I only asked you who she was."

"That's Rose Bruno, Slats. She don't come in here often."

"Bruno?" he said.

"She lives with her mother, the Napoli Apartments. Dominic Bruno's sister."

It made her the wrong kind of girl for him, according to the book. He could imagine the parole board, splitting its halo like a china plate. Nor was he inclined to argue, with nine full months remaining of his probationary time. Dominic Bruno was a name that people knew. He was a personality, a card, a laugh-a-minute hoodlum and a bum—doing five to ten years up at Ossining, New York, for burglary. Paradoxically he was a great man with the wrong lads in the neighborhood—this same Dominic, with a reputation for smartness hardly supported by his clumsy, profitless sins. He had also been the frequent companion of the man whom Slattery had killed.

"Well, so long, Georgie," one of his temporary companions said.

"We'll see you, Slats," the other one said.

The Rutherford B. Hayes High School alumni took their courteous and prudent leave of him. *They're afraid of me*, he realized, and this was the ghost of his waking hours—that people should fear his company, as though the one worst moment of his life remained the only yardstick they could apply. He fed the jukebox a dime and kept his hands on top of the gleaming machine. *So I'll get along*, he determined; *I'll make new friends.*

Most of the crowd seemed very young to him—about the same age he had been when he had come to Carlo's place most frequently. He didn't know too many of their faces, yet it was apparent they knew him, and had elected to know him in silence—all these nice, respectable and uninvolved ones who, in another and a safer time, might gladly have welcomed him. The core of his loneliness was evident enough: *I don't belong with the lily whites and I don't belong with the bums.* Carlo, watching him from behind the register, and unable to ignore his glance, smiled frugally, but did not come over to say hello. Slattery walked to the bar and took his place incautiously close to Rose Bruno.

"Yes, sir?" the bartender said. Carlo's license permitted only the sale of wines and beer. The smell of *pizza* was strong.

"I'll have a beer," said Slattery.

He put a dollar on the bar. He was wearing his best slacks and (Continued on Page 140)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

"You look all dressed up," Julie said. "Like the parole board said you could go out with girls."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magic With Eyeglasses

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

Remarkable new lenses make it possible for tens of thousands of the "legally blind" to see for the first time.

At Brooklyn's Industrial Home for the Blind, I had a chat recently with a young man who was leaving for the South to work with visually handicapped people. During our conversation I noticed that he had an excellent vocabulary. So it was astonishing to discover that only now, at the age of twenty-eight, he is learning to read.

He has been practically blind since birth. To be exact, he is "legally blind"—his visual acuity fits the definition, "20/200 (10 per cent vision) or less in the better eye with the best possible correction." Far worse than 20/200, he must approach within one or two feet of the test chart to identify the giant E which normal eyes identify at 200 feet.

Unable to read, he had won his education and his vocabulary by fingering the raised dots of Braille texts and listening to recordings—"talking books." Now, through modern eyeglass magic, he is reading visually for the first time in his life. Since he has never seen words in print before, he must stick to third- and fourth-grade readers until the characters become familiar.

More than 450 "legally blind" persons can tell similar stories. Many of them, after enduring semidarkness for fifteen or twenty years, are now able to read newspaper type for the first time in their lives. At the Industrial Home for the Blind, where the new technique originated, it is known simply as the Optical Aids Service. Widely adopted, it could change the lives of nearly 250,000 persons, a majority of the legally blind in this country. (Of the estimated 320,000 blind Americans, about 75 per cent have some residual vision.) No drugs are involved, no surgery—nothing but eyeglasses.

"After three operations in childhood," writes an elated patient, "the doctors told my mother that I would never see again. I heard about these lenses through our I.H.B. paper, The Reporter, so I thought I would take a chance on them. To my surprise, they worked. And here I am typing this letter to you with ease and comfort."

Optical expert Peter Salmon, legally blind from birth, can read a menu with the glasses he's wearing. The ones in his hands are for distance reading and close work.

Another patient writes: "I have been through the mill in four different cities to no avail, and I swore never to go through these hours of testing again. However, I'm glad I did come to the I.H.B. because I am now able, with my new glasses, to look up my own phone numbers and dictionary words for the first time."

And a third says: "Although I have not read ink print for over twelve years, I can now read very fine print without hesitation, seeing three to five words at a time. These glasses are strictly for reading, but I can see a great deal else with them—flowers, people's faces, distances of a block or two, house numbers. This spring I'm really living it up, making up for lost time."

There are scores of similar testimonials from people who have been at least partially rehabilitated by the Optical Aids programs in Brooklyn, and at Lighthouse No. 1 of the New York Association for the Blind, in Manhattan. On a smaller scale, the same help is being given by the Maryland Workshop for the Blind, in Baltimore; Chicago's Lighthouse for the Blind; the State

(Continued on Page 149)

Nine-year-old Carol Whelan (shown with her mother) had such poor eyesight that she could study reading only by touch, with Braille texts.

Now, with near-vision glasses fitted at the Industrial Home for the Blind, in Brooklyn, New York, Carol can learn to read with her eyes—provided she holds the page close enough.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"After I close the store, I would like to take you to the Blue Star," said Joe, "if you will go with me."

The Lonely Heart

Success would mean nothing to Joe until he found someone to share it.

By ARTHUR CAVANAUGH

The way Joe started business in the neighborhood was by buying Mr. Friedman's delicatessen store on Eighth Avenue around the corner from West 12th Street. It wasn't much of a buy. Squeezed in between Nick Papas' shoe repair and the Superior Secondhand Furniture Mart, it was so narrow—about six feet wide at the most—that inside you had to press up against the counter to let anyone pass. The window was a jumble of old beer signs, dummy bottles of Marv-O celery tonic and bunches of tattered red and green crepe paper undoubtedly left over from a forgotten Christmas display. In the center was a rough piece of cardboard with the word SANWICHES printed on it in wobbly letters, not even spelled right.

If you did happen to venture in, except for a fifty-watt bulb over the cash register the store was invariably dark, the ceiling sloped so low you were always unconsciously ducking your head, the floor tilted and slanted like the deck of a rolling ship, and if that wasn't enough to dampen your spirits, a glance at the food on sale did the trick immediately. Stale loaves of bread, dust-coated boxes of crackers, leathery sandwiches, pans of potato salad and coleslaw dried up from having been around so long—suddenly, you weren't very hungry and you understood why the place wasn't alive with customers. The truth of the matter is, it was usually, almost perpetually, deserted. Long ago, I guess, the entire neighborhood had taken to going up the street to Wimple's to trade, bypassing Friedman's completely, leaving it empty and forlorn in the yellow fifty-watt light that barely flickered beyond the door. My wife, Lil, says I'm the worst soft touch she's ever known—perhaps that's why I used to be one of the lone, stray customers. At any rate, I was, and when Joe took over from Mr. Friedman, I kept going back. It seemed to me that poor Joe didn't stand a Chinaman's chance of survival. As it turned out, I couldn't have been more wrong.

It was a Sunday night, the beginning of February, a few days after Mr. Friedman had sold out to him. The minute I stepped in the door, I was greeted (Continued on Page 94)

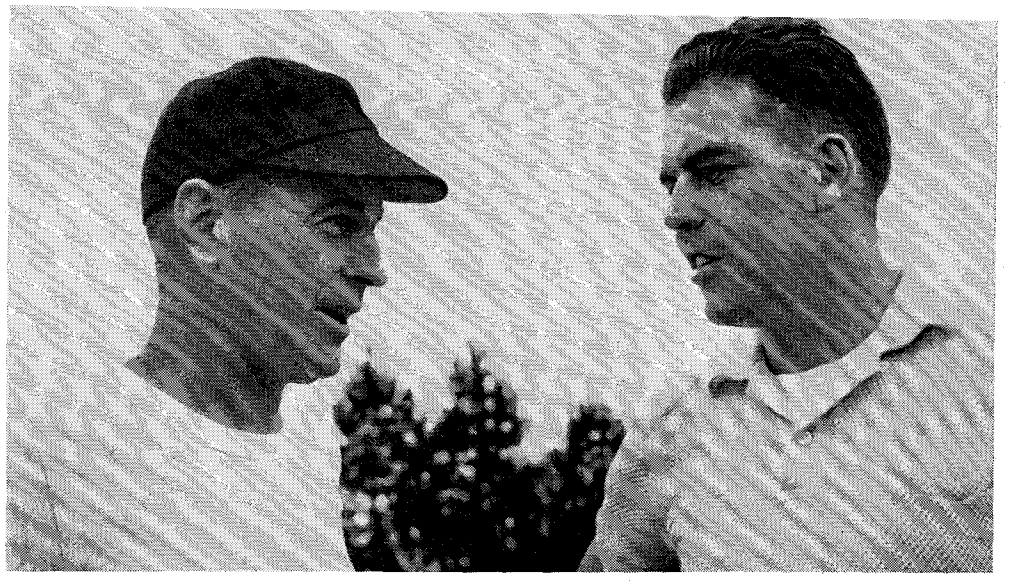
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OTTO GRAHAM'S FABULOUS PASSING RECORD

In his ten years with the Cleveland Browns, Otto Graham gained more yards by forward passing than any other man in professional-football history, including the great Sammy Baugh, who had sixteen seasons with the Washington Redskins.

With Graham leading the attack, the Browns were league champions or runners-up every year. They took four straight championships in the old All-America Conference, then went on to win National Football League titles in 1950, 1954 and 1955.

	Passes	Completions	Touchdown Passes	Total Yards Gained
1946	174	95	17	1834
1947	269	163	25	2753
1948	333	173	25	2713
1949	285	161	19	2785
1950	253	137	14	1943
1951	265	147	17	2205
1952	364	181	20	2816
1953	258	167	11	2722
1954	240	142	11	2092
1955	185	98	15	1721
TOTALS	2626	1464	174	23,584



Cleveland's dynamic coach Paul Brown (left) and his greatest star. Graham says, "As a T-formation quarterback, I had the best job in the business. You do the least work and make the most money."

I'm Through With Football

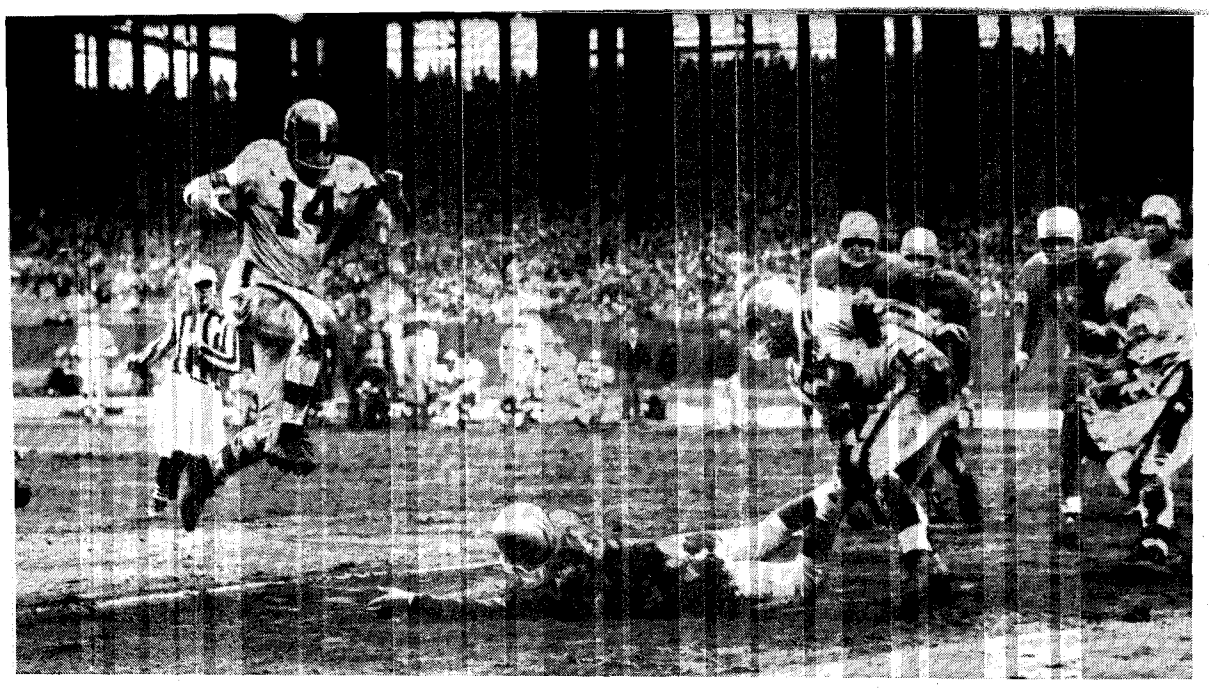
By OTTO GRAHAM, as told to Harry T. Paxton

PART ONE

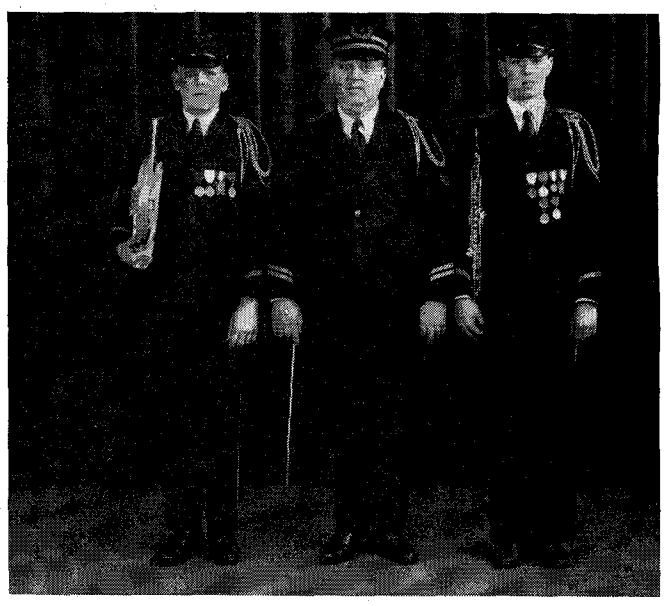
The Cleveland Browns' great passer tells the inside story of his ten years as a pro, and reveals why he's quitting with two or three good years left.

Agile Otto (#14) vs. Washington. The pros are too tough defensively to allow a straight running attack, says Graham. "You need a good passing offense to loosen them up."

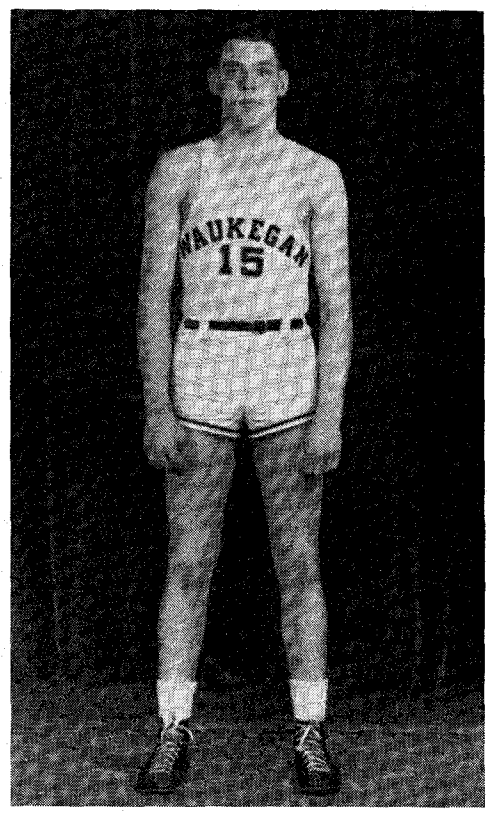
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Graham could do no wrong in the 1954 National Football League championship game, in which he galloped to three touchdowns (as above) and fired three TD passes. The Browns smothered the dazed Detroit Lions, 56–10.



Otto (left), his father and brother Eugene as members of the Waukegan, Illinois, H.S. band of 1935. Graham, Senior, was bandmaster.



In high school, Otto was better in basketball (All-State first team) than he was in football.

When he was a naval air cadet in 1945, Otto was signed by the brand-new Cleveland Browns.

I've never been so relaxed on the day of a football game as I was for our opener against the Washington Redskins last year. Somehow it didn't seem like anything to get excited about. I hadn't even expected to be there. After all, I'd announced my retirement when we won the National Football League championship the year before. I was to do the same thing all over again, of course, after we repeated as champions in 1955.

I meant it both times, although a lot of people still don't believe me. The only difference was that, the first time, I was persuaded to leave a small loophole. I agreed that if Paul Brown should suddenly get in a jam where he was down to one quarterback in 1955—if somebody broke a leg, say—then I'd come back and fill in.

The Browns had George Ratterman, a fine veteran who had been my alternate, and Bobby Freeman, a promising rookie. They didn't break any bones, but in August of 1955 a Federal judge in Cleveland ruled that Freeman couldn't play for the Browns because of a contract he'd signed with a Canadian team. So I wound up returning in time for the last two exhibition games, and I found myself back in the starting line-up in Cleveland on opening day.

As I said, I wasn't at all worried. I was feeling strictly no pain and no strain. Maybe you remember what happened. Eddie LeBaron had a great day at quarterback for Washington. As for me, let us put it politely and say that I have played better football than I did that day. George Ratterman finally came in and threw a couple of touchdown passes for us in the second half, but the Redskins beat us, 27–17.

After it was over, Paul Brown wasn't very happy about my performance. I certainly wasn't happy about it. I knew I'd cost the team the ball game, even though everybody else said, "Well, he just got back a couple of weeks ago. He's still rusty. He hasn't had long enough to sharpen up his passing."

It was nice of them to put it that way, instead of saying, "The bum should have stayed retired. He stunk the joint out." That would have been more accurate. In my own heart, I knew that the true explanation for my poor showing wasn't that I was rusty or out of shape. It was my attitude that was to blame.

I'd gone into that game with the idea that I was doing a favor for my old boss. It was just a day's work to me. You don't win football games with that attitude, not with competition as tough as it is in the pro league nowadays. I don't mean that I was loafing. I was doing my best. But your best is better when you really get yourself up for a game.

Right then and there I realized something I never should have forgotten. You have to pay the price every doggone ball game if you want to win. You have to have that desire. The next Sunday we played in San Francisco. I was up for this one. My passing and running helped us wallop the Forty Niners, 38–3. But I paid the price that day, and I kept on paying it for the rest of the season.

Before getting into what I mean by paying the price, I want to make it clear that I'm not feeling sorry for myself or asking you to feel sorry for me. My ten years with the Browns were very rewarding and satisfying. I owe almost everything to football.

I've often said that as a T-formation quarterback, I had the best job in the business. You do the least work, get the most credit and make the most money. I used to kid the fellows, "I'm not a contact football player, I'm a contract football player. I don't have to run into people. They pay me to throw the football."

Actually, I wasn't in top condition my last four or five seasons. I didn't have to be. I could handle my assignments all right at 208 or 210 pounds, compared to my best playing weight of 195 when I started in with the Browns. A T quarterback doesn't take the pounding that other players do. He seldom gets knocked down or even bumped. He doesn't run very much. Although I'm thirty-four years old now, I'm sure that physically I could have played another two or three years.

What wears you out at quarterback isn't the physical strain. It's the mental pressure that goes with being the key man. As the years went on I found that the pressure kept getting worse instead of better. That's the main reason why I'm now retired for keeps.

So much depends on the quarterback in this modern T-formation game that if he isn't playing well his team has very little chance to win. The whole offense bogs down. And his mistakes are so much more costly than anyone else's. If a lineman misses a block, it can cost you two or three yards, whereas if the quarterback messes up, it can cost you the ball; it can even cost you a touchdown.

(Continued on Page 101)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With berths for more than a hundred large cargo ships, Genoa's harbor is the busiest in Italy. Docked at right: the Cristoforo Colombo, sister ship of the Andrea Doria.

CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 24

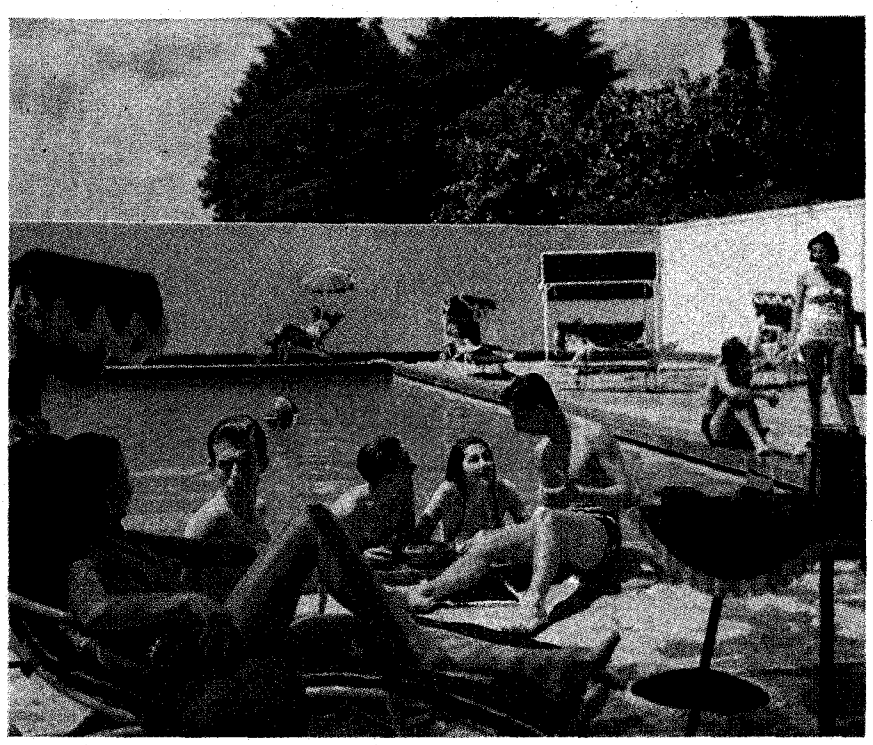
GENOA

La Superba is what Italians call this beautiful city, home port of the ill-starred liner, Andrea Doria.

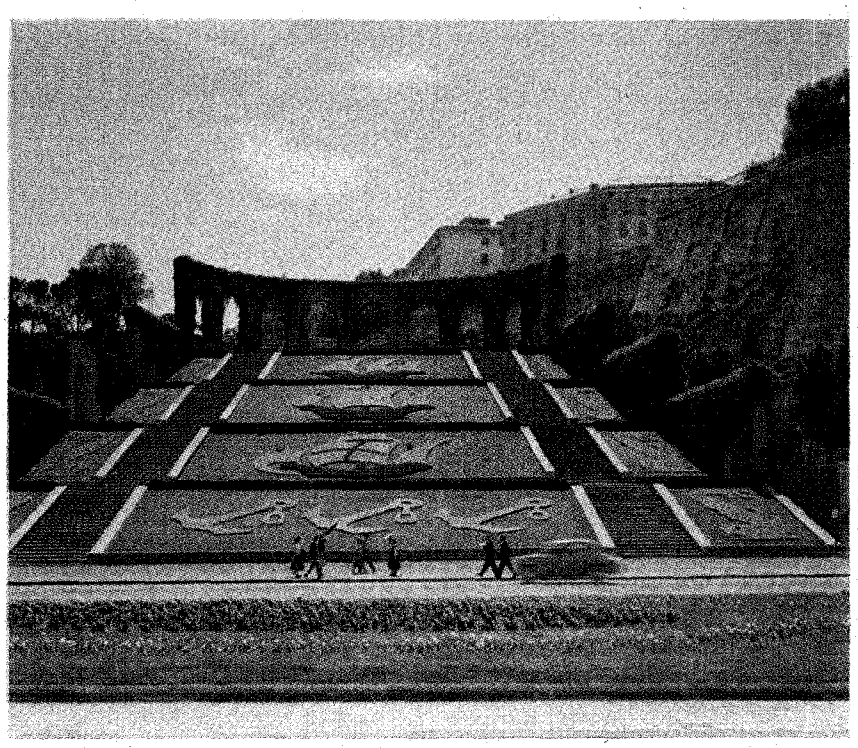
By Leigh White

GENOA

This home town of Christopher Columbus is still paying for her failure to appreciate in his lifetime the man who has been honored ever since as her greatest native son. In 1950–51, hoping to make up once again for the fact that he had to go to Spain in order to finance his voyages, the Genoese devoted themselves to a year-long celebration of the 500th anniversary of Columbus' birth. The celebration was such a success that the mayor of Genoa was bombarded with all sorts of unexpectedly expensive requests. Columbus, Ohio, for example, wanted a statue of Columbus to put in front of her city hall. The Dominican Republic, for its part, wanted a lamp to burn eternally over Columbus' tomb



Members of the city's smart set cool off in the Marchese Quartara's pool. In Genoa's "Southern California" climate, sunbathing is a popular sport the year around.



A floral monument to Columbus' ships—the Niña, Pinta, and Santa María—lies at one end of the Piazza della Vittoria. This hillside garden is illuminated at night.

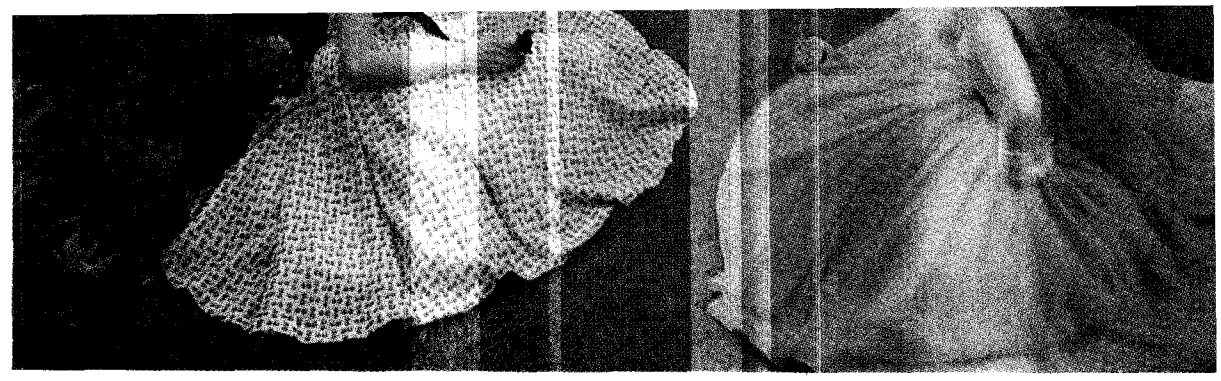
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Porta Soprana towers and Columbus' home (right).

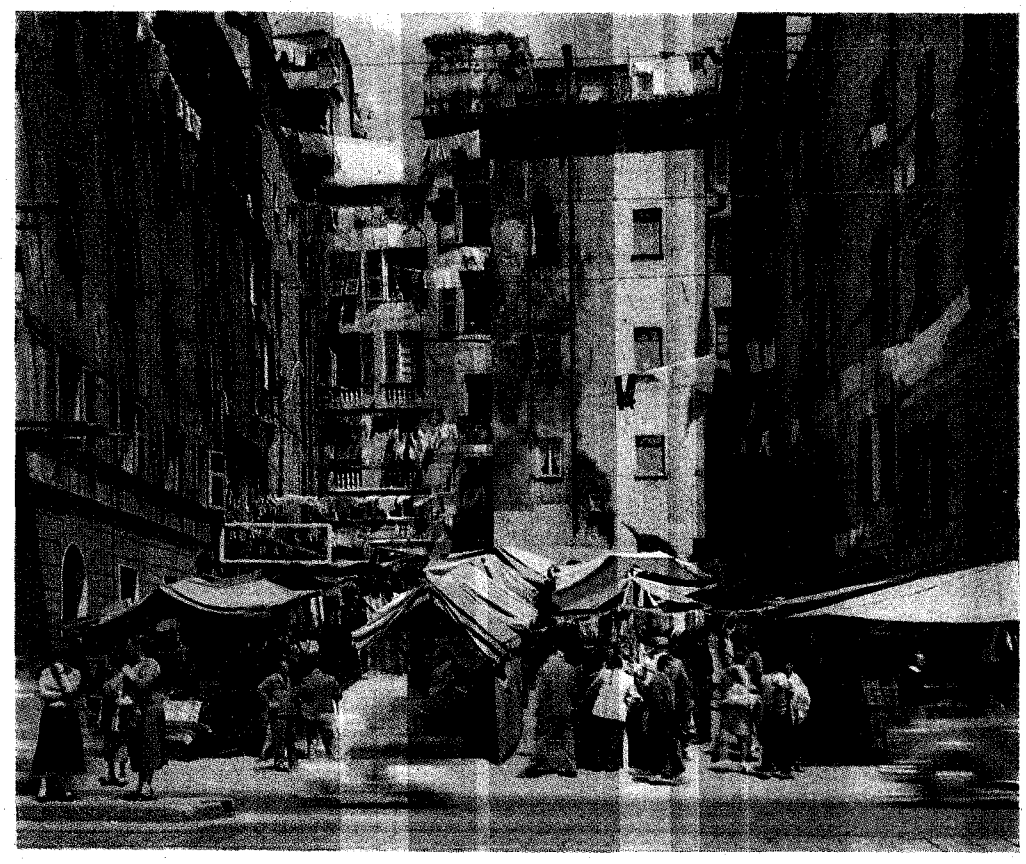
in the new memorial lighthouse erected in his honor in Ciudad Trujillo.

The mayor of Genoa, Vittorio Pertusio, looks more like a retired movie star than the accomplished Christian Democratic politician that he is. It was embarrassing, he admits, to be asked to present a statue to only one of the seventeen towns and cities named for Columbus in the United States. It was even more embarrassing, though, to be asked to present a lamp to only one of the five cities today claiming to possess Columbus' bones.

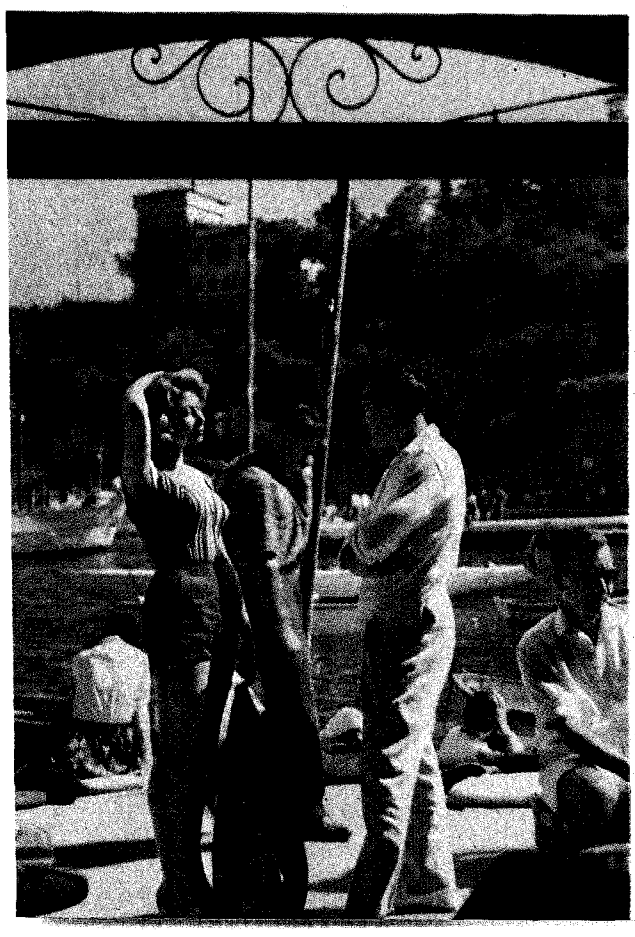
According to the Spaniards, Columbus' remains are in the cathedral in Seville. According to the Cubans, they are in Havana; and, according to the (Continued on Page 54)



Cocktails at the Camelis', one of the city's wealthiest families. Genoese women are proud of their charm, sure of their elegance, and symbols of their husbands' prosperity.



The bargaining is loud and uninhibited in St. Elena's market, which stands on the via Gramsci—named after Antonio Gramsci, founder of the Italian Communist Party.



At Portofino, a resort sixteen miles from Genoa, young Italians gather to sail on the Gulf of Rappallo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By ALISTAIR MacLEAN

They struck at the enemy's weakest side—

and found themselves in a trap.

"There are one thousand two hundred British soldiers on the island of Kheros," said Jensen impassively. "How does it feel to hold a thousand lives in your hands, Captain Mallory?"

Kheros—the death trap. The Germans had taken most of the islands in the Aegean, and in a few days they would launch a full-scale assault on British-held Kheros. To attempt to evacuate Kheros would be suicidal, until someone silenced the big guns which were trained on the approaches to the island. These guns were positioned on the Axis-held fortress of Navarone, off the coast of Turkey.

Capt. James Jensen had picked Keith Mallory for the job of destroying the guns. Mallory was a skilled saboteur who spoke fluent German and Greek. He also was one of the few alpinists skilled enough to lead a party up Navarone's sheerest cliffs—the only vulnerable point in the island's defenses.

Mallory had four hand-picked men on his team. Cpl. Dusty Miller, an American, was the demolitions expert. Navy Lt. Andy Stevens was an expert ship's navigator. Petty Officer Casey Brown was the radio operator. The party's most skilled fighter was the Greek, Andrea, a long-time lieutenant of Mallory's.

Approaching the island in an ancient sailing vessel, the party was challenged by a Nazi patrol boat, which Miller destroyed with a homemade bomb. Now the party's own craft was being pounded to death by battering shocks of wind and sea. Mallory had almost given up hope of reaching shore safely when he sighted a looming mass in the darkness ahead. They were at the cliffs of Navarone!

II

Monday, 11:30 P.M.
to Tuesday, 4:00 A.M.

With a hoarse, wordless cry of warning, reckless of his own safety, Mallory flung himself aft, dived full length through the swirling waters for the engine-room hatchway.

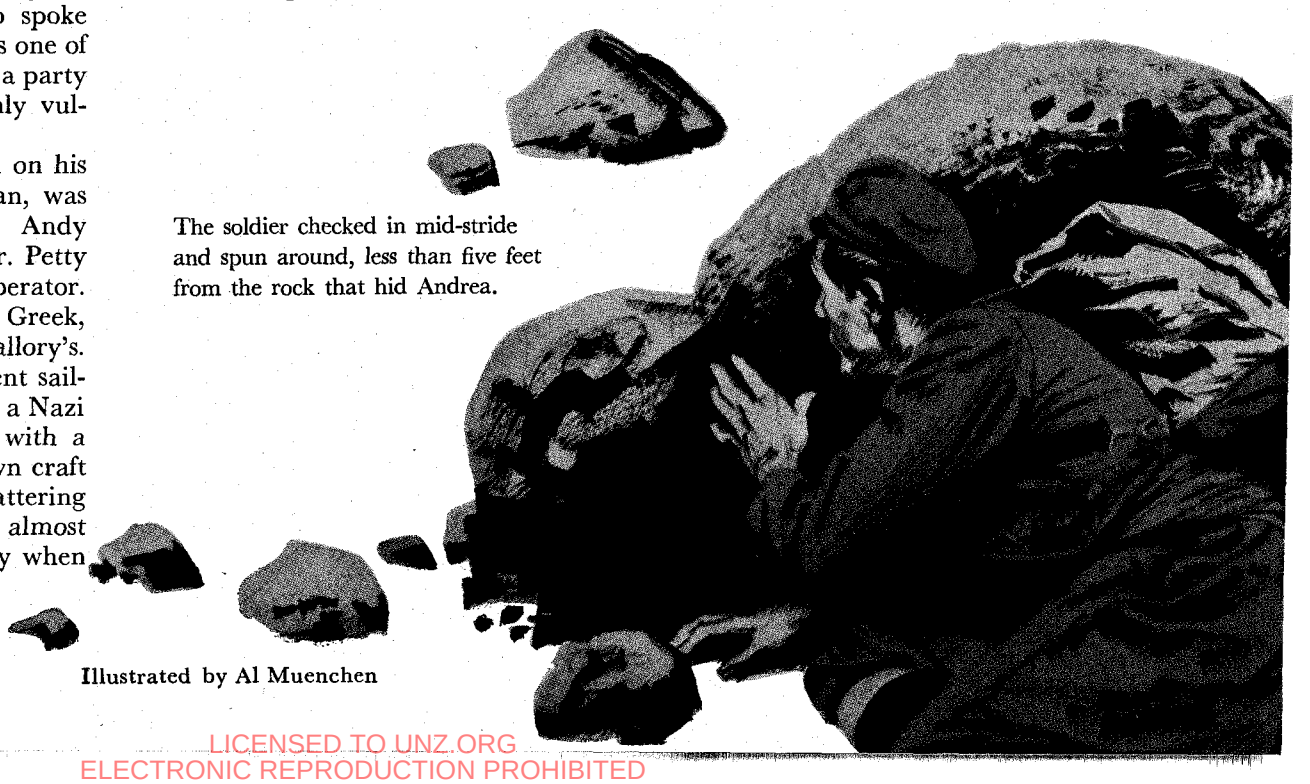
"Full astern!" he shouted. The startled white smudge that was Casey Brown's face twisted up to him. "For God's sake, man, full astern! We're heading for the cliffs!"

He scrambled to his feet, reached the wheelhouse in two strides, hand pawing frantically for the flare pocket.

"The cliffs, Stevens! We're almost on them! Miller's still down below!"

He flicked a glance at Stevens, caught the slow nod of the set, blood-masked face, followed the line of sight of the expressionless eyes, saw the phosphorescent line ahead, irregular but almost continuous, blooming and fading, as the seas smashed against and fell back from cliffs still indistinct in the darkness. Desperately his hands fumbled with the flare.

And then, abruptly, it was gone, hissing and sputtering along the near-horizontal trajectory of its flight. It smashed against the rock face, fell back onto a ledge about a dozen feet above the water and lay there smoking and intermittently burning in the driving rain.



The soldier checked in mid-stride and spun around, less than five feet from the rock that hid Andrea.

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The light was feeble, but it was enough. The cliffs were barely fifty yards away, black and wetly shining in the fitful radiance of the flare—a flare that illuminated a circle of less than five yards in radius, and left the cliff below the ledge shrouded in the treacherous dark. And straight ahead, twenty, maybe fifteen yards from the shore, stretched the evil length of a reef, gap-toothed and needle-pointed, vanishing at either end into the outer darkness.

"Can you take her through?" he yelled at Stevens.

"God knows! I'll try!"

Grasping spikes, mallet and a wire-cored rope, Mallory was back on deck in seconds. He stood rooted in an almost intolerable tension as he saw the towering, jagged rock bearing down upon them, fine on the starboard bow, a rock that reached halfway up the wheelhouse. It struck the boat with a crash that sent him to his knees, rasped and grated along half the length of the buckled, splintered gunwales; and then the caïque had rolled over to port and she was through, Stevens frantically spinning the wheel and shouting for full astern.

Mallory's breath escaped in a long, heavy sigh of relief, and he hurriedly looped the coil of rope round his neck and under his left shoulder and stuck spikes and hammer in his belt. The caïque was slewing heavily round now, port side to, plunging and corkscrewing violently as she began to fall broadside into the troughs of the waves. She was still in the grip of the sea and her own momentum, and the distance was closing with frightening speed.

"The ledge?" Andrea's vast, reassuring hand was on his shoulder.

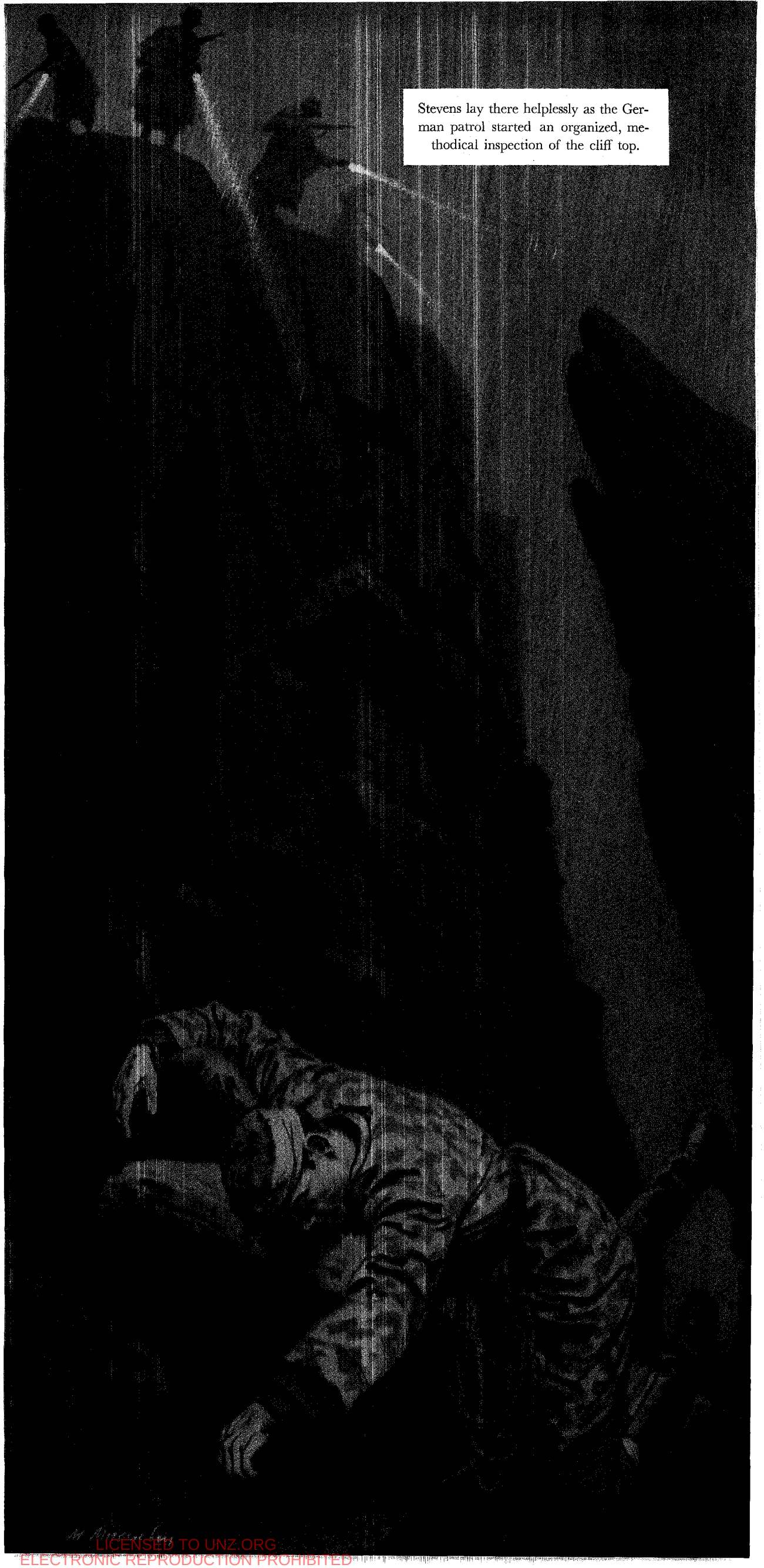
Mallory nodded, knees bent in readiness, feet braced on the plunging, slippery deck.

"Jump for it!" Andrea boomed. "Then keep your legs stiff!"

There was no time for any more. The caïque was swinging in, broadside to, teetering on the crest of a wave. Mallory flung himself upwards, fingers scrabbling on the wet rock of the cliff, then hooking over the rim of the ledge. For an instant he hung there at the length of his arms, unable to move, wincing as he heard the foremast crash against the ledge and snap in two; then his fingers left the ledge without their own volition, and he was almost halfway over, propelled by one gigantic heave from below.

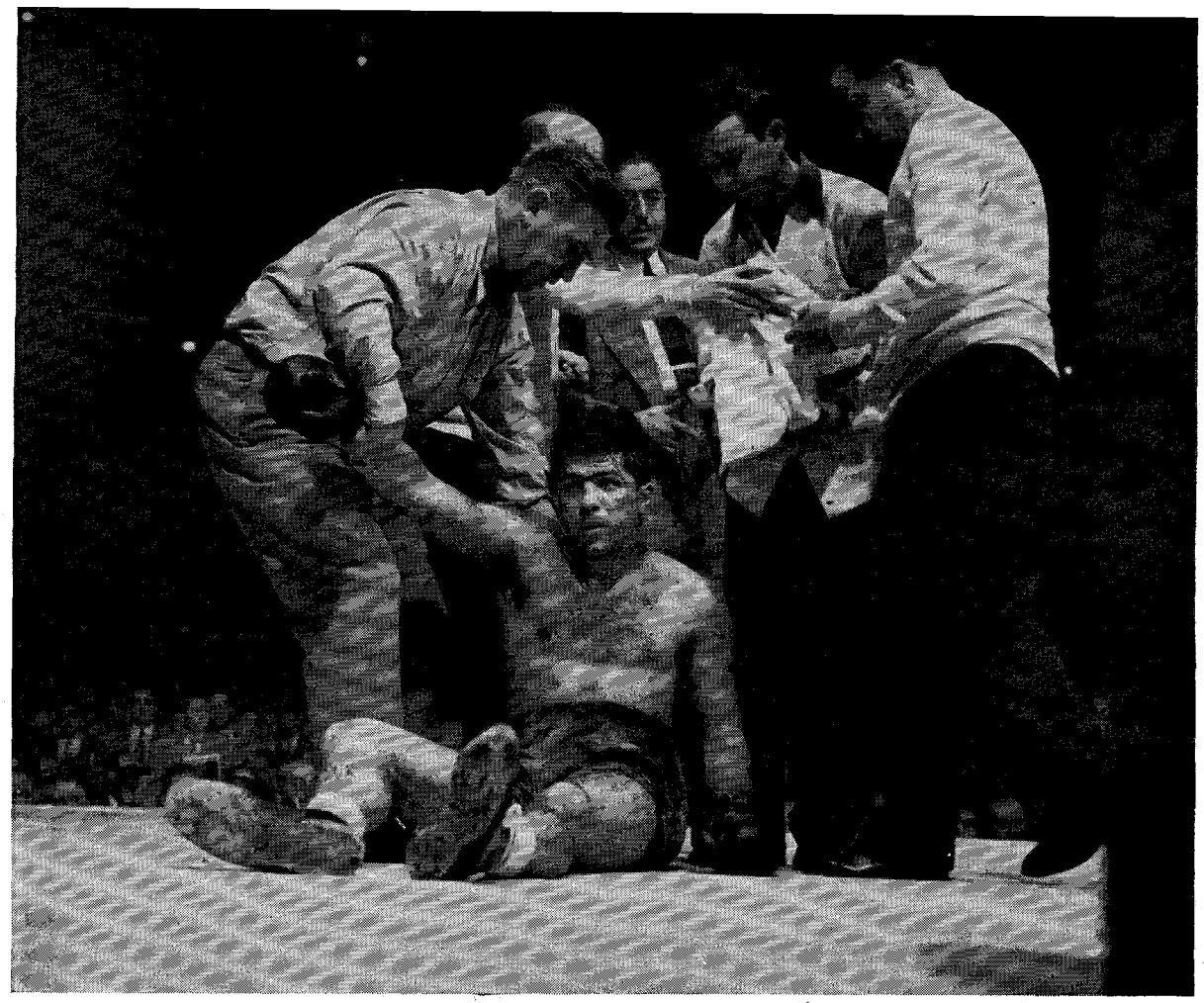
He was not up yet. He was held only by the buckle of his belt, caught on the edge of the rock, a buckle now dragged up to his breastbone by the weight of his body. But he did not paw frantically for a handhold or wriggle his body or flail his legs in the air—and any of these actions would have sent him crashing down again. At last, and once again, he was a man utterly at home in his own element. The greatest rock-climber of his time, men called him, and this was what he had been born for.

Slowly, methodically, he felt the surface of the ledge, and almost at once he discovered a crack running back from the face. It would have been better had it been parallel to the face—and more than the width of a matchstick. But it was enough for Mallory. With infinite care he eased the hammer and a couple of spikes from his belt, worked a spike into the crack to obtain a minimal purchase, slid the other in some inches nearer, hooked his left wrist round the first, held the second spike with the fingers (Continued on Page 123)



Stevens lay there helplessly as the German patrol started an organized, methodical inspection of the cliff top.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Right: After being floored by Rocky Marciano in 1949 Carmine Vingo went into a coma and was on the hospital critical list for two weeks. Below: Rocky prayed for his opponent—and gave him $2500 to help cover his medical bills. Vingo recovered, but was through as a boxer.

I Fought All the Way **Part Three**

The Worst Experience of My Life

Rocky tells how he slugged his way up the ladder under the stern guidance of Al Weill, and almost killed a man on the way . . .

© 1956 The Curtis Publishing Company.

By Rocky Marciano

as told to Al Hirshberg and Milton Gross

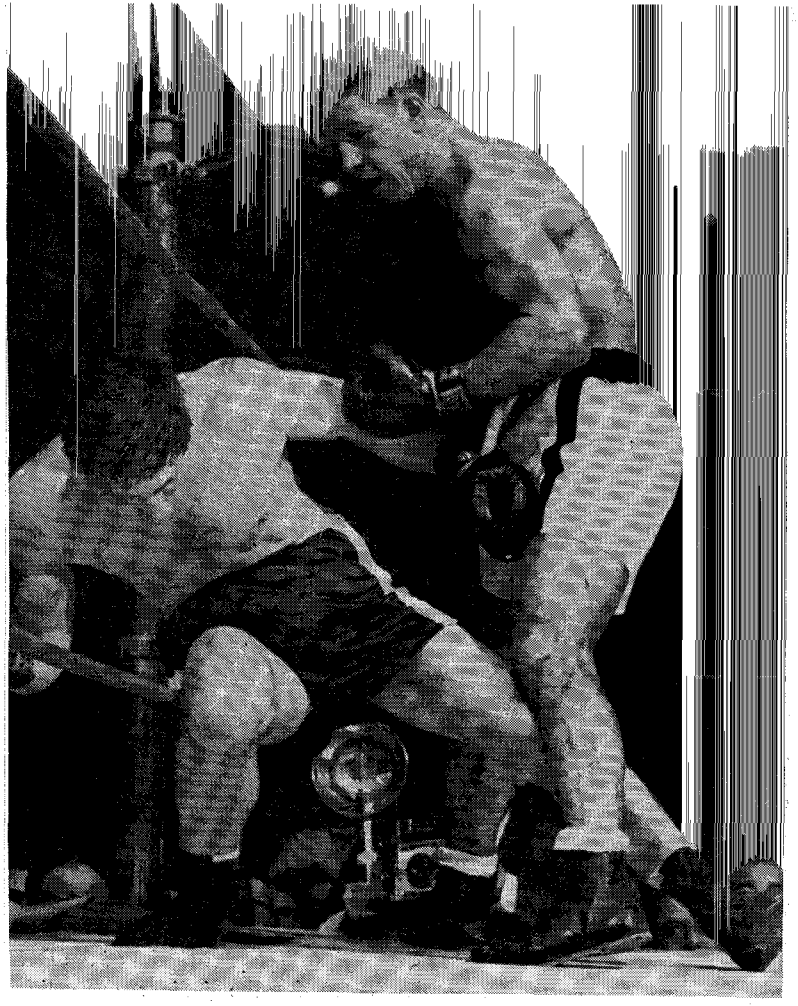
I didn't grow up with the idea of being a fighter. I didn't even get started as an amateur until I was in the Army in 1945, and it was 1948 before I finally made up my mind to turn pro.

A guy named Eddie Boland saw me win the heavyweight division of the New England Olympic boxing tryouts in Boston that spring—I hurt my hand, so I couldn't go on to the National Olympic tryouts. Anyway, Boland told my friend, Allie Colombo, who has been with me right along in boxing, that if I wanted to fight professional, he could help me get a good manager in New York.

People like Joe Monte, the old Brockton fighter, also told us we should get a New York manager. So one day Allie went to Boston to see Boland. He came back that night and said, "Rock, this guy Boland thinks you got a chance to make good. He knows Al Weill, Joe Vella, Charley Johnston—managers like that. Now, he thinks Weill would be the best of the lot. Weill's a tough guy, a hard guy to get along with, but the best. He can do the most for you. That's what Boland said. He's writing Weill a letter. I'll write him too."

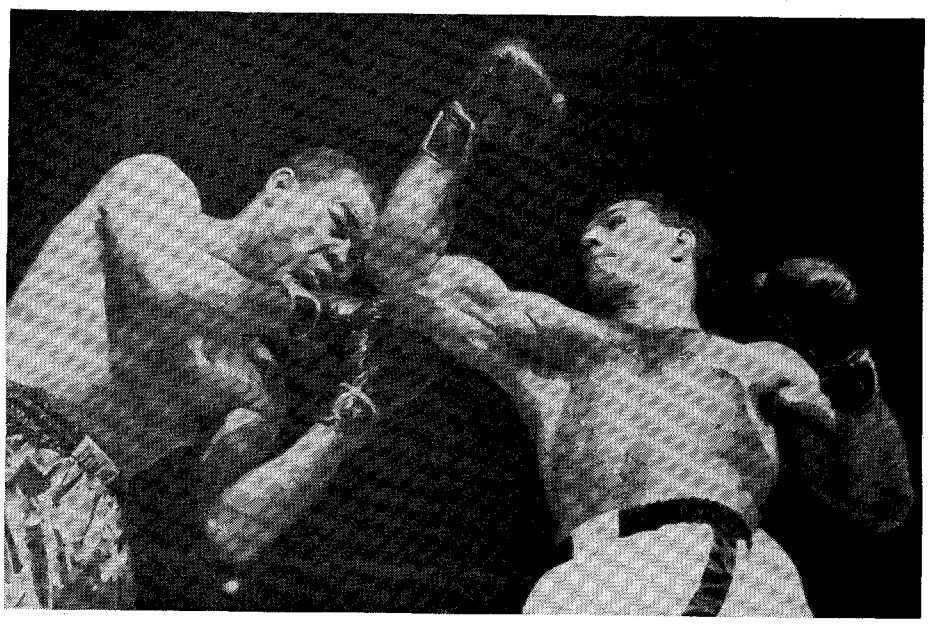
Rocky admits manager Al Weill (above) was a tough guy to work for, but says, "He handled me perfect."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Three months after the Vingo fight, Marciano met unbeaten Roland LaStarza in a make-or-break bout. LaStarza weathered this storm, but Rocky went on to win a hairline split decision.

In 1951, Rocky moved a step closer to a shot at the title when he sent ex-heavyweight champion Joe Louis back into retirement with an eighth-round knockout.



Weill was a real big-shot New York manager. He handled Marty Servo, Joey Archibald and Lou Ambers, and they all won world's championships.

Allie got Weill's address out of the Ring Record Book, and here's the letter he wrote, as Allie remembers it:

Dear Mr. Weill: I'm writing in behalf of a young heavyweight fighter who I think has the potential to become the world's heavyweight champion. He is five feet eleven and weighs about 190, and he just finished competing in the Golden Gloves, where he was robbed in a fight with Coley Wallace, who I'm sure you've heard of.

Rocco Marchegiano is his name and I have known him all my life. He has been a football star and a good athlete. He's very strong and durable with plenty of determination.

I'm sure with the proper handling he can win the title. If you are interested please let me hear from you.

About a week or so after Allie wrote this letter to Weill, we were playing a ball game for the Ward Two Memorial Club at Edgar's Playground when Allie's sister came running out of the house yelling, "Hey, Allie, there's a long-distance call for you—somebody named Al Weill! He's in New York or Washington or some place! Hurry up!"

So Allie, who was the catcher that day, ran all the way home with his shin guards and chest protector still on, and we held up the ball game. When he came back he acted like nothing unusual happened. He put his mask back on and we started the game again.

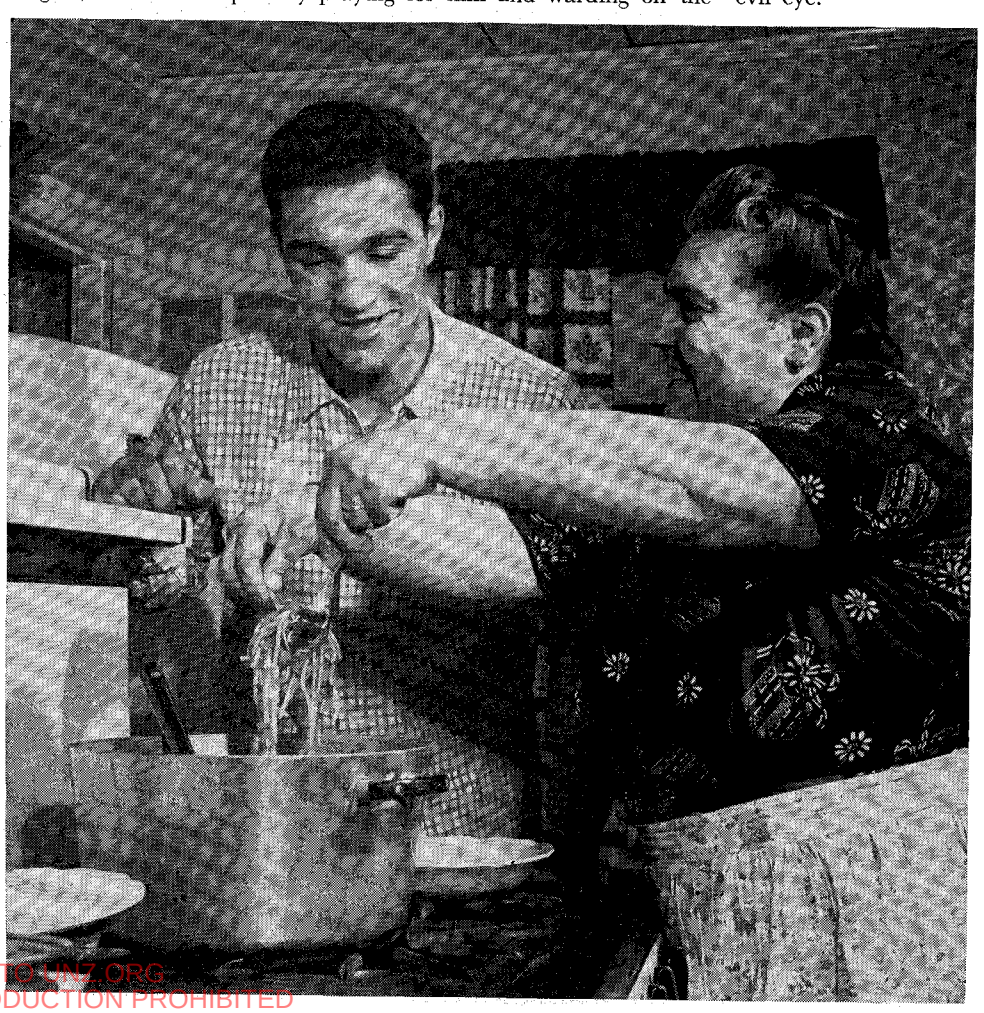
When the inning was over, he says to me on the bench, "Hey, Rock, that was Weill calling from Washington. He wants to see us the first chance we get to go into New York. When you want to go, Rock?"

"Tell you what," I says. "We win this game, we play Plymouth in the next series. Let's beat Plymouth and

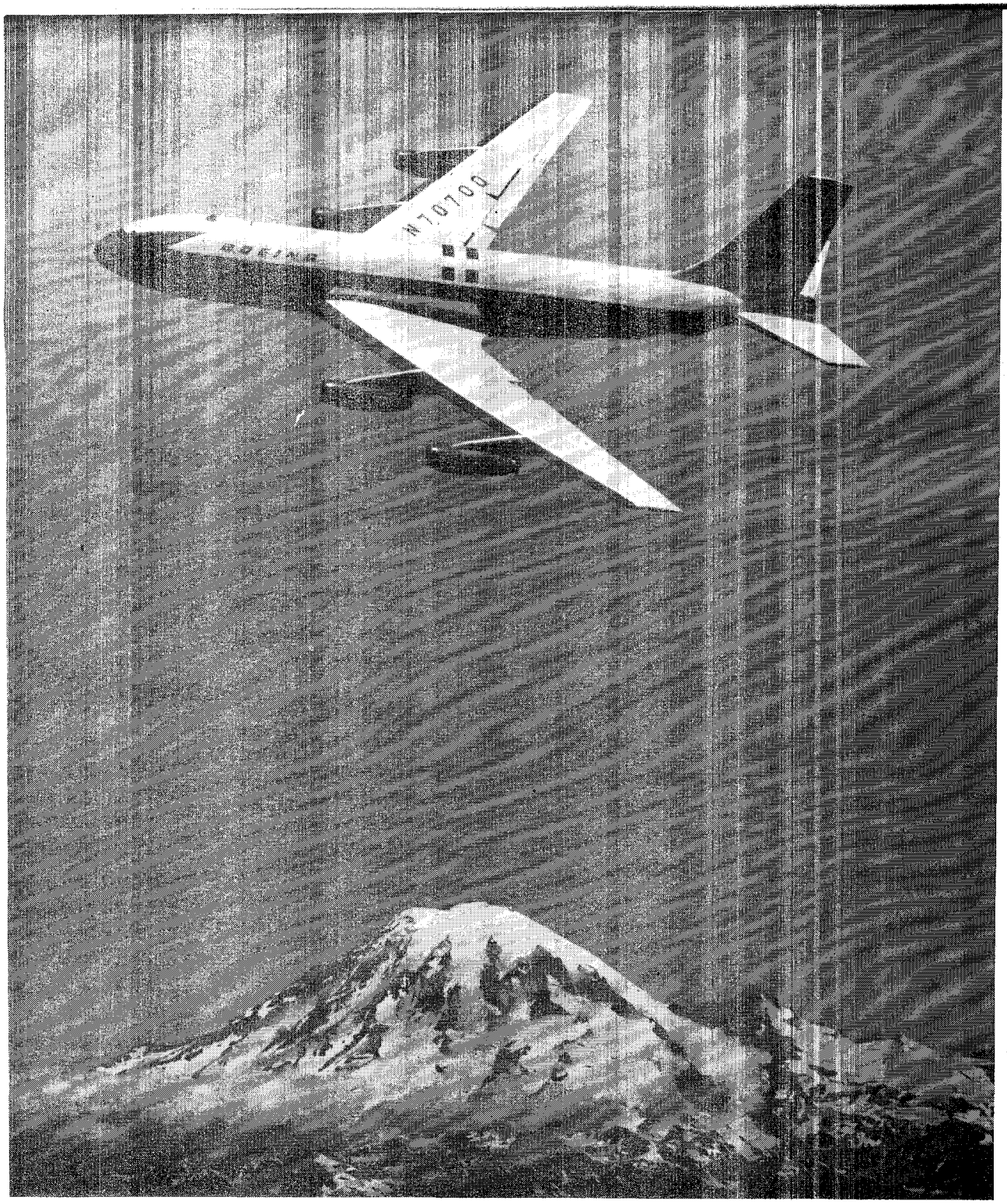
(Continued on Page 68)

Rocky and Barbara. They waited three years for Weill to okay their marriage. "Wives hurt fighters," said Rocky's manager. "When you're ready to get married, I'll tell you."

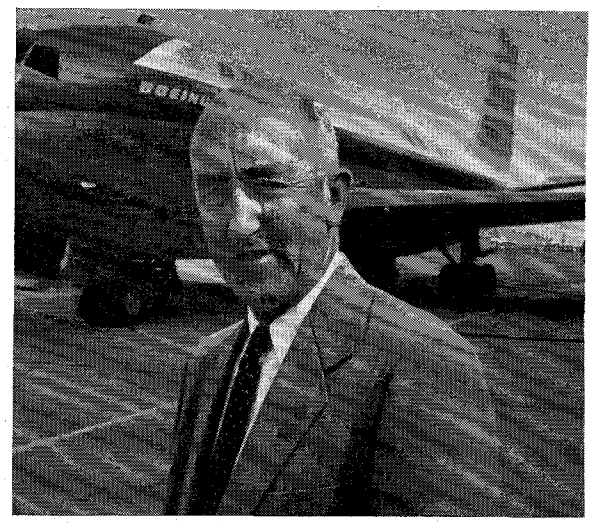
Mamma Marciano whips up her specialty. She would never go to any of her son's fights, but did her part by praying for him and warding off the "evil eye."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New jetliners like the Boeing 707, shown on a test flight over Mt. Rainier, will whisk passengers into the stratosphere at nearly 600 mph, and fly them to the ends of the earth in half the time it takes today.



Boeing's President William Allen bet his company's fu ture on the jet age in a multimillion-dollar gambl

President Donald Douglas displays a model of the DC- Douglas Aircraft's entry in the jetliner competitio

A preview of the jet revolution in air travel – which will allow us passengers to fly faster, cheaper and more comfortably than ever . . .

By PHILIP GUSTAFSON

L.A. to New York in Four Hours

Harry (Cubby) Mayer, nine years old, of Erie, Pennsylvania, has fifty dollars in his savings account earmarked for something pretty special. This fifty, plus all Harry can save between now and December, 1958, will be spent on a trip to Europe aboard the first American jetliner to cross the Atlantic. Cubby's father, Frank Mayer, will make up the difference. He signed up for the first flight on October 18, 1955, five days after Pan American World Airways ordered $350,000,000 worth of new jet-propelled airliners and started the age of jet travel on its way. Mr. Mayer thought it might be a good way to get Cubby to save his money; he also figured it would make the two of them pioneers in the jet age.

Cubby and his father are only two of the hundreds of people already signed up to fly on the jet airliners. Pan American, which will be the first airline to start flying long-range jets, has enough reservations to fill its first plane. Many of them are aviation fans, like Alfred Popper, retired Brooklyn cap manufacturer and his wife; they've flown half a million miles since 1939, but this will be their first flight across the Atlantic. But most of them are just families planning new thrills in vacations. Like Dr. and Mrs. Cyril Levin, Staten Island, New York, and their three children, John, twelve; Elizabeth, nine; and Barbara, five. They're all booked up for a round trip to California starting on American Airlines' first jet flight from New York to Los Angeles on June 15, 1959.

"We couldn't ride in the first prairie schooner or the first auto," says Mrs. Levin, "but we can ride in the first transcontinental jetliner."

American's first transcontinental jet flight is all sold out and space is going fast on the first flights of other airlines. These long-range leisure-time plans show that Americans are prepared to accept jet flight as part of their everyday lives. For them, the jet age has arrived.

It has also arrived with thundering reality for forty-eight airlines, which have ordered nearly two billion dollars' worth of turbine-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On tourist flights, with six-abreast seating, the DC-8 will carry 144 passengers. One company has announced that it aims to fly passengers across the Atlantic in jets for $100.

A Douglas girl employee helps engineers test an escape hatch designed for the DC-8. Airlines have already placed orders totaling hundreds of millions of dollars for passenger jet planes to be delivered starting in 1958.

powered equipment. Sixteen of them have put their blue chips on the Douglas DC-8 and the Boeing 707, giant long-range airliners powered with huge jet engines that hurl them through the air like skyrockets. Two have ordered the new Convair 880, a hot little medium-range jet said to be as fast as the big boys. Two have signed up for enlarged and improved models of the pioneering de Havilland jet Comets for medium-range operations. Thirty airlines have invested in middle-range planes powered with turbine engines that turn conventional propellers, like the sleek British-made Viscount, already familiar to United States airline passengers, and the upcoming Lockheed Electra, America's main entry in this field.

But it will be the two big turbo-jetliners, the DC-8 and the 707, that will change the travel habits of the world, whisking passengers into the stratosphere at close to 600 miles an hour and flying them to the ends of the earth in half the time it takes today. It was the coming of these two dramatic new giants that precipitated the age of jet travel in America, and set off the greatest sales competition the makers of commercial planes have ever seen.

One aircraft manufacturer has called it the "biggest gamble in the world." Gamble or not, hardheaded bankers and insurance men are backing the new jet program for hundreds of millions of dollars. Airline pilots and operations officers are rewriting all the operations manuals for the change-over to jets. The nation's whole airport and traffic system faces remodeling for their coming. A revolution in air travel is in progress.

"Nobody has any idea what this thing will accomplish," says Donald Douglas, president of the Douglas Aircraft Company, maker of the DC-8. "We're about to get a new kind of transportation that will change the face of the earth. Businesses will pick up and move to the balmiest climates and towns will spring up in places where nobody ever thought they could grow."

Huge machine tools at the Boeing Airplane Company, in Seattle, Washington, and the Douglas Aircraft Company, in Santa Monica, California, are turning out the first parts of the planes. At both companies, teams of decorators and designers are working overtime to produce cabin interiors to airline customers' specifications. The Douglas Company designed its own interior for the DC-8. Boeing employed Walter Dorwin Teague to do one for the 707. Raymond Loewy is designing the cabins of United's DC-8's; Henry Dreyfuss has a contract on the Lockheed Electra, and most of the country's other leading designers seem to be involved in one way or another.

The airlines have been busy too. Pilots are taking jet (Continued on Page 87)

Russia's jetliner, the TU-104, created a sensation when the Reds unveiled it this spring. However, the TU-104 is smaller and has less range than the new U. S. jetliners.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

"Now, Boswell—about these coffee breaks."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Mamma Tackles the Photographic Salon

"May I be of assistance, madam?"

"Well, little Albert here was two years old yesterday, and I thought it might be nice to have ——"

"To have a glowing growing record of those precious, never-to-be-recaptured baby days! Of course, madam! Now, here ——"

"Well, that isn't quite what ——"

"Wait, madam! Three beautiful studio portraits taken each and every week till Baby is five, two a week till he's ten, one a week till he's forty, plus a gorgeous hand-tooled Abalone Shell Photograph Album, personally presented to you by our salon manager after you've made your tiny down payment of ——"

"Yes, but that sounds like more than I—you see, it's for Albert's grandma. She wants a new picture of him, so I just thought maybe ——"

"You've put your finger on it, madam! Gifts! Gifts for every occasion! Can you think of a more cherished gift than Baby's own picture?"

"Well, I—we gave out a lot of them last Christmas, you know, family and friends and all, and I guess it was all right, though we did get this funny look from the Johnsons, they gave us this cute cocktail tray and maybe they thought it was sort of chintzy, just giving them a pict—that is, it's only grandma I was ——"

"What you want is a panel, madam! Sixteen adorable poses, Baby clapping his little hands, waving his little puppy dog, your choice of Platinum Tint finish, Gold Touch or Nature Blush, with each and every one beautifully mounted in a gorgeous hand-tooled Abalone Shell panel ——"

"Yes, but—really, all I want is a nice picture for grandma, maybe two prints, so we could keep one ——"

"One, madam! Madam, did you ever stop to think that Baby will never again look exactly as he does at this moment?"

"My, I hope you're right. He gets this silly look on his face every time he gets near a photograph place, and ——"

"Say, he does, doesn't he? Funny thing, our kid was exactly the same way, his age. Now, I tell you what my wife did. Ever take any snapshots at home? Well, we do a nice job of enlarging down here, if I do say so myself, and you just take that old box camera and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"Then Campanella flied out and Hodges came on and showed how he shaves."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Confession of a Slob

If I eat my spinach and sleep eight hours,
Do calisthenics and take cold showers,
Shun nicotine and the tempting grape,
And think pure thoughts, I can stay in shape,
Alert, good-tempered, strong and resilient,
Courageous, quick and mentally brilliant.

How glad I am that I lack the vigor
And fortitude to pursue such rigor,
And flabby, crabby and often sappy,
I lie here spineless, relaxed, and happy!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Wish I Could Think of That One That . . .

"Heard any good jokes lately, Elmer?"

"Gee, Homer, I sure can't think of any. As a matter of fact, I was hoping that you might have some to tell me."

"I can't think of any either. You know, when I worked at Crestmont and Company, I used to hear them all the time; somebody in the shipping room was always popping up with some joke; but, any more, I just don't seem to ——"

"I don't hear too many, any more. Georgie Hinshaw used to have a million of them, but when he moved to Idaho to live, I ——"

"Georgie could sure tell them, couldn't he? I mean, one right after another, all evening long. Bang, bang, bang!"

"And all of them good too."

"Oh, I guess I can't truthfully say that I never hear a joke; I do, from time to time, but my main trouble seems to be remembering them. When it comes to remembering jokes, I have a memory about so long."

"Me too. I'll be a monkey's uncle if I can remember jokes."

"You know, if a person were smart, he'd get himself a little book or something, and he'd jot down the jokes he hears."

"I had a friend once who did that—you know what I mean, just jotted down the key words. Bet he had himself a collection of about seven or eight hundred jokes."

"You know, come to think of it, Hank Leslie told me a joke just the other day that you'd more than likely get a good chuckle out of. I wish I could remember the thing. It had something to do with a farmer in Kansas who bought a new car, but I can't seem to remember the punch line."

"Was it the one about the farmer whose car suddenly conked out and ——"

"No; I remember that one. Matter of fact, I think I told it to you a long time ago. No; the one that Hank told me had to do with—well, a straw hat entered into it, but I can't recall in what way."

"Wonder who thinks up all the jokes that go the rounds."

"Makes you wonder, doesn't it? People with idle minds, I suppose."

"I suppose. But, you know, if all these people who make up jokes would expend that energy in some constructive channel, it certainly would ——"

"It'd be a better world, that's a cinch. Say, I think I just remembered the puncher for that joke that Hank Leslie told me. I'm not certain I can tell it just exactly right, but —— Well, anyway, there was this Kansas farmer, see? He decided that he'd buy himself a new car. So, he did and, a short time later, as he was driving back toward his farm ——"

VERNON H. KURTZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not too short...not too long!

When buying a car on time the terms should not be so short that payments may become a burden or so long that they cause unnecessary expense. Your General Motors Dealer who uses the GMAC Thrift-Guard Plan can arrange terms to fit your needs...at reasonable cost ...with considerate assistance if your circumstances change. Enjoy the convenience of financing where you buy.

WISE CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can. Remember, the longer you pay, the more you pay.

The Plan that has helped Millions buy cars "on-time"

ASK YOUR DEALER in CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC new cars, and used cars of all makes; also FRIGIDAIRE • DELCO APPLIANCES

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

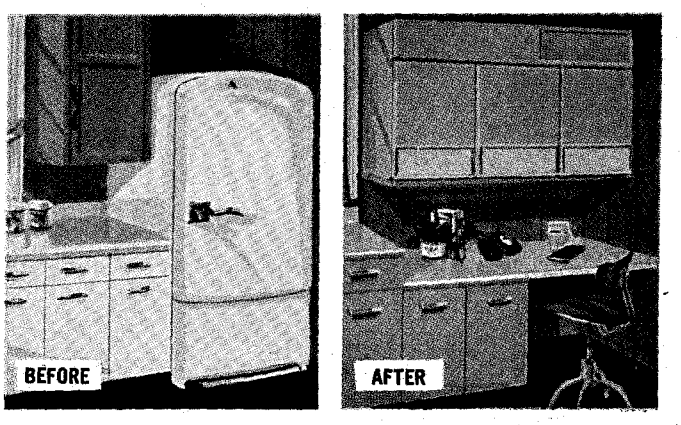
New G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer puts all foods at your eye level!

This big, new 11-cubic-foot General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer is *the most convenient of all refrigerators,* because it puts all foods within easy reach.

You just reach right out and pick the foods you want. There's no need to bend or stoop for foods because everything is at eye level and can be seen at a glance. Even in the true, zero-degree freezer, shelves are easily accessible.

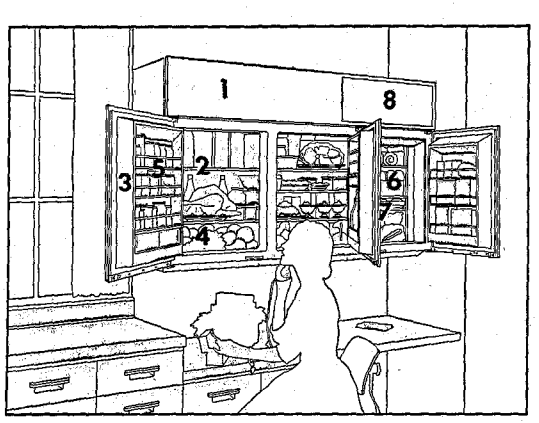
Hangs on your wall like a picture! It's so easy to install! There's little or no remodeling necessary. Cabinet is hung on a sturdy "picture hook" mounting bracket which is fastened securely to the wall. Can be hung at any height to suit yourself.

See this luxurious new General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most General Electric dealers are offering. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Let your General Electric dealer *show you how easily you can transform your kitchen with little or no remodeling.* The simple addition of General Electric's magnificent Wall Refrigerator will add new beauty, new freshness and a new personality to your kitchen. Above at right the old cabinets and refrigerator have been taken out. On the wall—at eye level—is the new G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer. Underneath is a charming and practical desk unit.

New G-E Wall Refrigerator comes in these Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White.



So much room for all your foods

1. 11 cubic feet of space. **2.** Big automatic-defrost refrigerator section. **3.** Permanent General Electric Alnico Magnetic Doors provide sure seal . . . close silently. **4.** Separate vegetable and fruit compartments. **5.** Adjustable door shelves for small jars and cans. **6.** 2-cubic-foot true zero-degree food freezer holds up to 70 pounds or 83 packages. **7.** New-style Mini-Cube® ice trays. **8.** Dependable and whisper-quiet sealed-in General Electric refrigeration system. **9.** Complete unit is 64 inches long, 39½ inches high, 17⅞ inches deep.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

Guthrie Balfour meant to frighten the man who had an affair with his wife. Instead, he killed him.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason glared impatiently at Ted Balfour. "Come clean!" he blazed. "I'm trying to keep you from the gas chamber for first-degree murder. As your attorney, I have to know the facts."

Ted had originally been convicted of the hit-and-run killing of Jackson Eagan. Following Ted's trial, Mason received a call from Mexico from Guthrie Balfour, Ted's uncle. Guthrie insisted Ted had been framed, and asked Mason to confer with his wife, Dorla, and discuss how they could clear Ted.

Mason had looked in on Ted's trial at the confidential request of Marilyn Keith. Marilyn was private secretary to Addison Balfour, who ruled the Balfour family's industrial empire. According to Ted's testimony, he had attended a party the night of the accident. One of his drinks had been loaded. Later, Ted revived enough to realize he was in his car. A young woman was driving but that was all Ted recalled about the evening.

The case took a new twist when the police discovered a bullet in the victim's head. Ted Balfour was accused of running over Eagan's body to cover up a first-degree murder.

Mason visited Ted's room before the police got to it. He found a .22 automatic which was possibly the murder weapon. Perry left the gun, but took a tape recording machine he found in Ted's closet.

The lawyer tried to hold up Ted's retrial on a technicality. He maintained that Ted could not be tried twice for the same crime, the killing of Jackson Eagan. During a court recess Mason had a chance to see Ted. At first, Ted was reluctant to talk, but then he loosened up. He couldn't explain the tape recorder in his room. He then repeated the story of how he was drugged, adding, "I haven't told anyone else, but Marilyn Keith was driving the car."

V

"Did you talk with her?"

"I asked her what had happened, and she told me to keep quiet and I'd be all right."

"Then what?"

"I remember being terribly weak. I put my head over on her shoulder and passed out."

"Then what?" (Continued on Page 78)

In the struggle, the gun went off and the man grappling with Guthrie Balfour fell to the floor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presenting Th

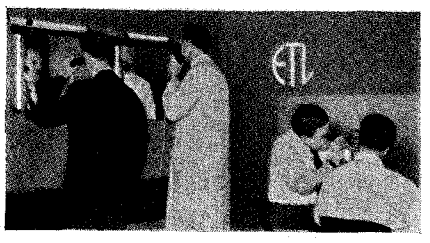
Sunbeam Golden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sensational ALL NEW

glide SHAVEMASTER

Shaves CLOSER and SMOOTHER than Blades or other Electric Shavers

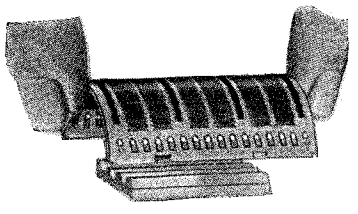


View of one of many tests conducted by America's leading independent Testing Laboratory. There were sixteen hundred eighty shaves with six different shaving instruments over months of comparative testing.

*By Actual Test** in actual independent tests conducted by ETL (Electrical Testing Laboratory)

More men chose the new SHAVEMASTER than all other brands combined. The new SHAVEMASTER was selected over a leading safety razor by well over 2 to 1

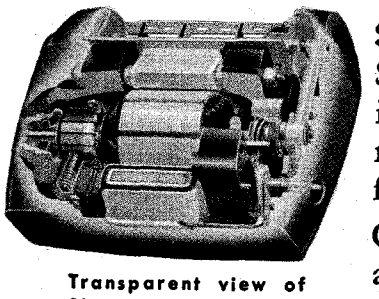
Now! An entirely new Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER—*closer, smoother, more comfortable* than any other kind of shaver. This marvelous new Sunbeam Shavemaster has the amazing big Golden Glide head, lightning fast double-action cutter, and a new, faster armature type REAL motor—exclusive features that make the new Sunbeam the finest shaving instrument available—*by actual test.*



See how the big, smooth golden glide head completely covers the "washboard type" head of ordinary clipper type shavers. Another reason why the SHAVEMASTER is so much faster and smoother.

The amazing New Golden Glide head shaves your whiskers super-close with new comfort and smoothness. The big, round head glides gently over your face pressing the skin mounds flat and allowing your whiskers to pop into the closely spaced holes. Each hole is scientifically tapered inward around its circumference so there is nothing between the cutting blade and the base of each whisker. You get the closest shave possible with amazing speed and comfort.

You shave with a gentle massaging motion that tones up your skin. The SHAVEMASTER'S big, continuous golden head lets you shave in a gentle, circular motion that gives your face a healthy, youthful glow.



Transparent view of Shavemaster showing powerful, 16-bar armature, self-starting REAL MOTOR

Super-Fast, Powerful Motor. The Sunbeam Golden Glide Shavemaster is the only electric shaver with a real 16-bar armature motor now faster than ever before.

On sale wherever Electric Shavers are sold. Ask your dealer for a 14-Day Free Home Trial.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.
Canada: Toronto 18

Make this simple test—FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

1. Shave one side of your face with any shaver you wish...

2. Then shave the other side with the new Sunbeam Golden Glide Shavemaster.

3. You can actually feel how much closer Shavemaster shaves

Look for the Mark of Quality

Sunbeam

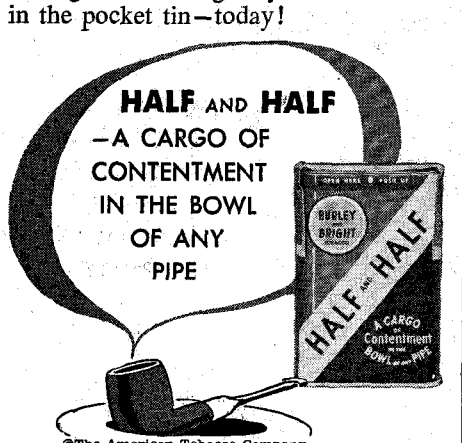
*The statements made in this advertisement regarding the choice of shavers in the independer tests are substantiated by Electrical Testing Laboratories. In these tests, all major electric shavers a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relax—and be content

ONLY **HALF** AND **HALF** GIVES YOU SUCH COMPLETE CONTENTMENT

Relax—and be content. Enjoy the pleasure of a bowlful of aromatic **HALF** AND **HALF**. Each puff of this matchless tobacco brings you *deep-down* satisfaction . . . helps you feel at ease. Even the aroma carries contentment. Contentment for you and everybody near you. Enjoy a wonderful feeling of well-being. Buy **HALF** AND **HALF** in the pocket tin—today!



©The American Tobacco Company

Genoa (Continued from Page 41)

Dominicans, in Ciudad Trujillo. Unfortunately, the citizens of both Genoa and neighboring Pavia like to believe that their cities possess Columbus' remains, or at least a considerable portion of them.

It took some doing for Mayor Pertusio to satisfy Columbus, Ohio, and Ciudad Trujillo without hurting the feelings of the other towns, cities and countries involved. But he was equal to the occasion. Having survived Columbus' 500th birthday celebration, when for a whole year, the Genoese and Pavian versions of Columbus' remains were displayed in the same exposition, he could survive almost anything.

Last Columbus Day a gigantic statue of Columbus was ceremoniously unveiled in Columbus, Ohio. At the same time, a magnificent silver lamp was presented to Ciudad Trujillo, together with a certificate entitling that city to a perpetual supply of free olive oil with which to keep it burning. The statue of Columbus was transported as far as New York in guess which ship—the Cristoforo Colombo.

Inasmuch as Genoa's municipal council is nearly always broke, the statue and the lamp had to be paid for in large part by means of private subscriptions. The magnitude of Mayor Pertusio's effort can be fully appreciated only if you remember that the Genoese are notoriously reluctant to contribute to any cause, even that of the Church. Ever since the end of the second World War, for example, the municipal council has been trying to raise enough money to complete the rebuilding of Genoa's opera house, which was gutted by incendiary bombs. The opera's scaffolded shell today stands undisturbed at the north end of the Piazza De Ferrari, Genoa's main square—named, incidentally, for a public-spirited railroad magnate who ended up a Papal duke.

"What Genoa needs these days," one of her citizens remarked, "is fewer magnates and more public spirit—or maybe just more tourists."

The Genoese have only recently discovered that tourists are good for business, and the tourists have only recently discovered that Genoa is something more than just a jumping-off place for Rome and Milan. The Genoese may lack public spirit, and their opera may be a ruin, but as Balzac, Dickens, Nietzsche and other foreign residents discovered long ago, there are few cities in Italy with a better climate and more pleasant surroundings.

American tourists, unless they travel by air, usually find time to stop off in Genoa long enough to pay their respects to the shade of Christopher Columbus. In so doing, they inevitably make the following discoveries: The fountain in the Piazza Colombo has nothing to do with Columbus. His monument is in the Piazza Acquaverde. His house—or what is now said to have been his house—is in the Piazza Dante. And the floral reproductions of the Niña, Pinta and Santa María—an impressive sight, especially when illuminated at night—are in a hillside garden at the south end of the Piazza della Vittoria, a tremendous square named in honor of the Allied victory in the first World War.

What bothers the Genoese is that so few of our tourists find time to discover anything else—Genoa's medieval churches, for example, or her many palaces with their rich collections of art. Those tourists who have an extra hour or two usually overlook the churches and palaces. Instead they like to visit the Staglieno Cemetery, a vast modern necropolis noted for its extravagant monuments, many of which depict, in tortured stone, the circumstances attending the death of the departed—an automobile accident, a drowning at sea or some act of heroism in time of war. Most of our tourists are in such a hurry to push on to Rome or Milan, or to one or another of the seaside resorts of the two Italian rivieras, that they seldom even spend the night in Genoa, except on shipboard, which accounts in part for Genoa's lack of night life.

Far from being the gay and sinful city that she is sometimes thought to be, this city is so sedate that most Genoese are in bed by ten o'clock at night. Even the ribaldry of the water-front honky-tonks is restrained. And no wonder. On top of the Church of St. Ambrose, on the main street leading up from the port, is a large electric sign that reads: DIO TI VEDE—GOD IS WATCHING YOU.

The Genoese are not the friendliest people in Italy, but they are among the most sincere. If one of them ever goes out of his way to be of help, you can be reasonably certain that he likes you. And if you do business with a Genoese, with or without a written contract, you can depend on him to keep his side of the bargain and to expect you to keep yours.

This is why the United States Navy's 6th Fleet prefers Genoa to some of its other Mediterranean ports of call. Genoa is not a clean city, but she is cleaner than most Mediterranean ports, and sailors, seamen and tourists are less likely to be cheated here than they are in Naples, for example. Besides, if you like swimming, fishing, boating or any other water sport, the Eastern Riviera is only a few miles out of town. It begins in Nervi, as a matter of fact, which is still within the city limits.

Greater Genoa, a conglomeration of lesser communities strung out along the coast, has been described as "twenty-one miles of solid traffic." She is that—and a lot of other things besides. All hills, tunnels and viaducts, with a couple of skyscrapers in the middle and some fortresses up above, Genoa is at once medieval and modern, bucolic and industrial, conservative and revolutionary. The Piazza Dante, whose skyscrapers tower over Columbus' tiny house, is so modern and American that you have to take a second look to make sure that you are not in Pittsburgh. As you leave the square on your way to the port, however, you must pass beneath the lofty Gothic towers of the Porta Soprana, one of the gates in the walls that were erected in the twelfth century—too late to prevent the city from being sacked by the Moors, but just in time to prevent it from being sacked by Frederick Barbarossa and his Germans. On the slopes of Genoa's industrial valleys, dairy cattle graze and farmers tend their vineyards, ignoring the smoking factories down below. Genoa's leading newspaper, which speaks for the more solid citizens, is still called "The Nineteenth Century." Yet the busy thoroughfare along the water front is named for Antonio Gramsci, founder of the Italian Communist Party.

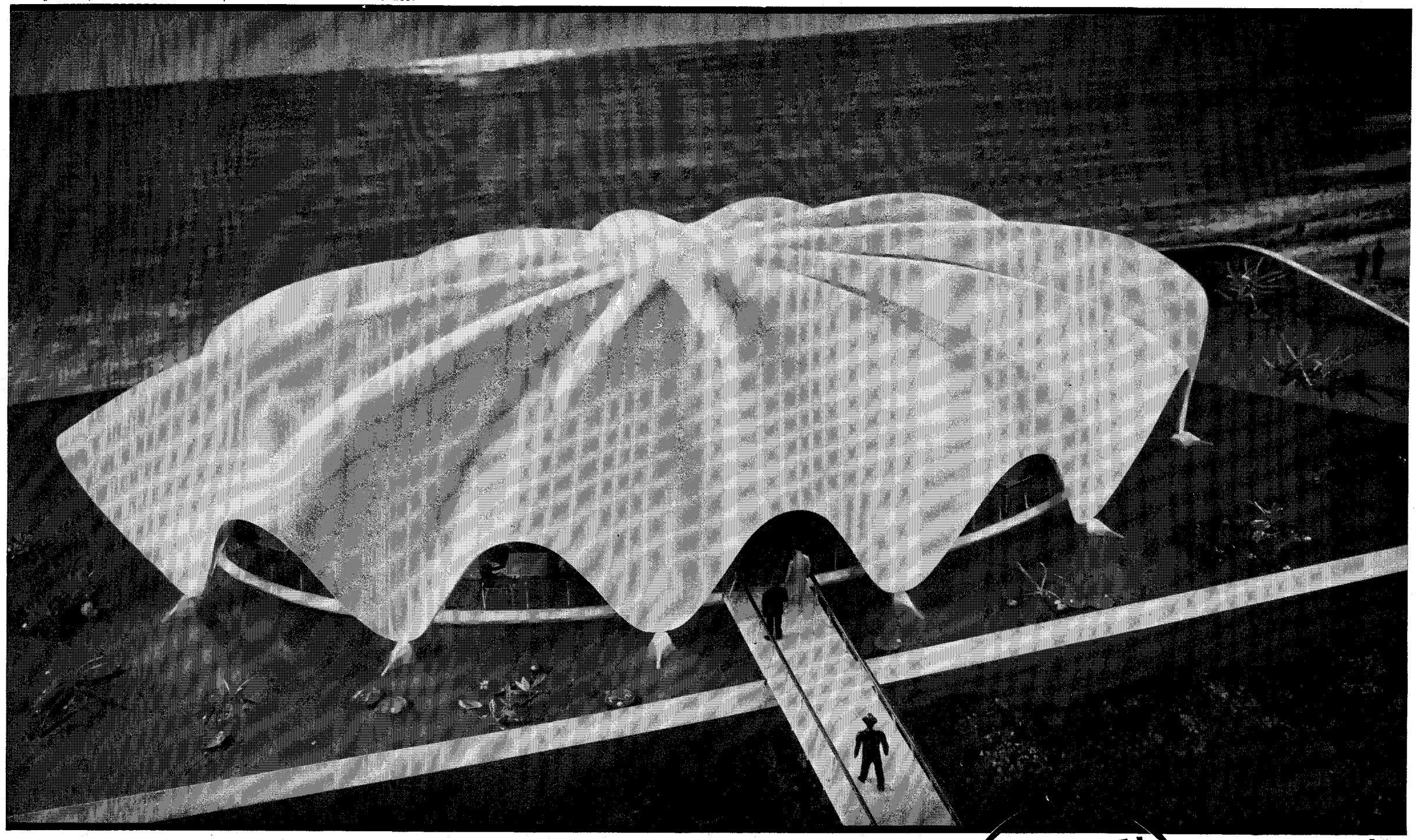
Genoese painter Rocco Borella is one of Italy's most promising artists. His small hillside studio is always crowded with friends and fellow artists.

Genoa, more than most cities, is a prisoner of her geography. The very factors that made her great in the Middle Ages—the mountain barrier protecting her rear, and the precipitous slopes protecting her flanks—today conspire to restrict industrial development. There is no room in which to expand. In fact, Genoa is the only big city in Europe, and perhaps the world, without an airport. One is now being built out into the Mediterranean beyond the Cornigliano iron and steel works. But it will be several years before it is completed—today airplane travelers bound for Genoa must land in either Milan or Turin.

Cut off from the rest of Italy by the Ligurian Apennines, Genoa has always had her back to Europe and her face to the Mediterranean. Before Columbus, when the Mediterranean was still the world's most important body of water, Genoa rivaled Venice as a leading sea power. Today she is but the capital of Liguria, a narrow coastal region about the size of Delaware. Liguria, to be sure, is Italy's third richest region, and Genoa, with more than (*Continued on Page 58*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A design for a portion of a hotel contemplated for construction in Puerto Rico.



Damora

TOMORROW'S BEACH CLUB: A design inspired by nature's forms

"This thin shell of reinforced concrete, perched alongside the beach and housing the supper club of a resort hotel, was conceived in this flowing form as an architectural expression capturing the mood of the sea and its shapes.

Practical and economical, the scalloped shape gives great strength and spanning possibilities. In translating nature's forms into structures, architects rely upon the versatility of one of man's most useful building materials—concrete."

TORO-FERRER *and* CHARLES H. WARNER, JR., *Architects*
PAUL WEIDLINGER *and* MARIO SALVADORI, *Engineers*

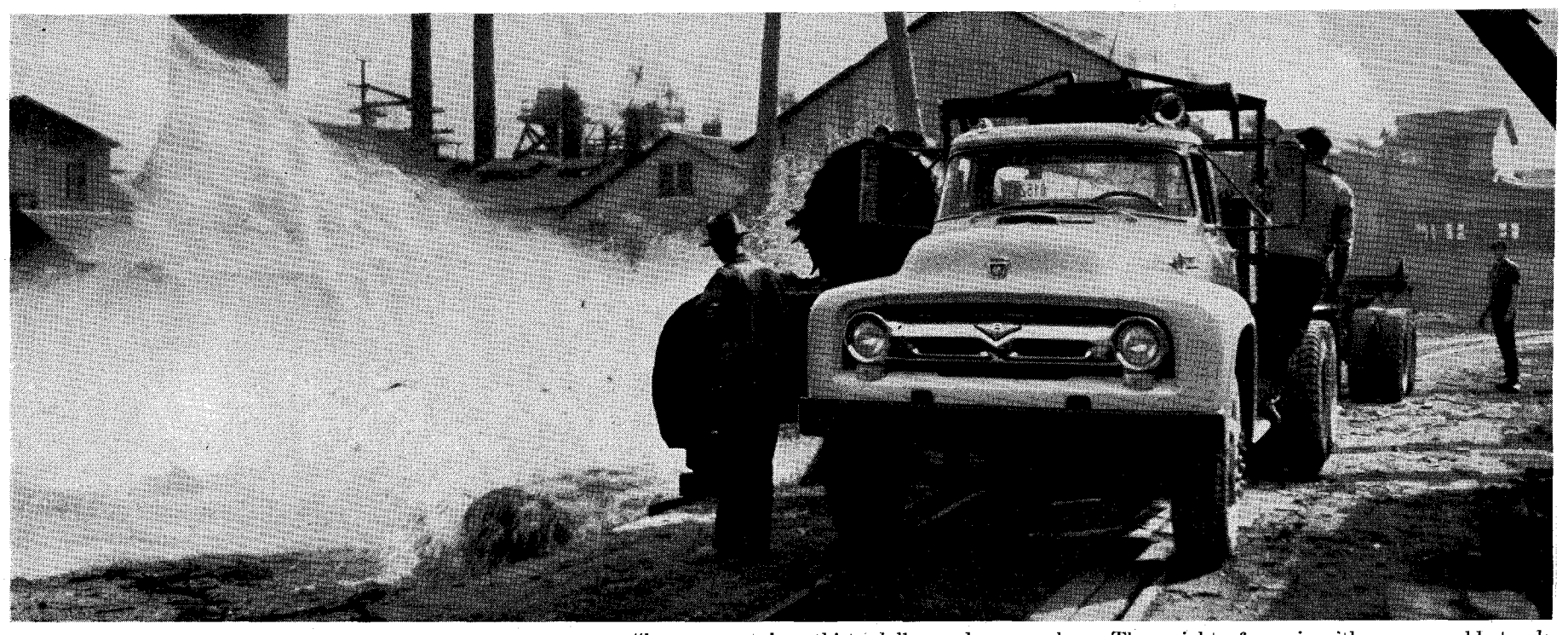
■ When such concrete structures of tomorrow are built, Universal Atlas will supply, as now, a major share of the essential building material—cement. If you'd like to know more about this building method, write to Universal Atlas, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENTS

USS

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I earn as much as thirty dollars a day more because my Ford can carry more payload than similar trucks," says Clarence Landwing. "The weight of my T-800 and trailer is 21,300 pounds. The weight of my rig with a comparable truck would be thousands of pounds more. I carry the difference in board feet, and at $10 per thousand feet, three trips a day—that's $30 a day!"

For big jobs, small jobs, all jobs—

Ford Trucks Cost Less!

Many factors go to make up truck costs, and in every one Ford saves you money.

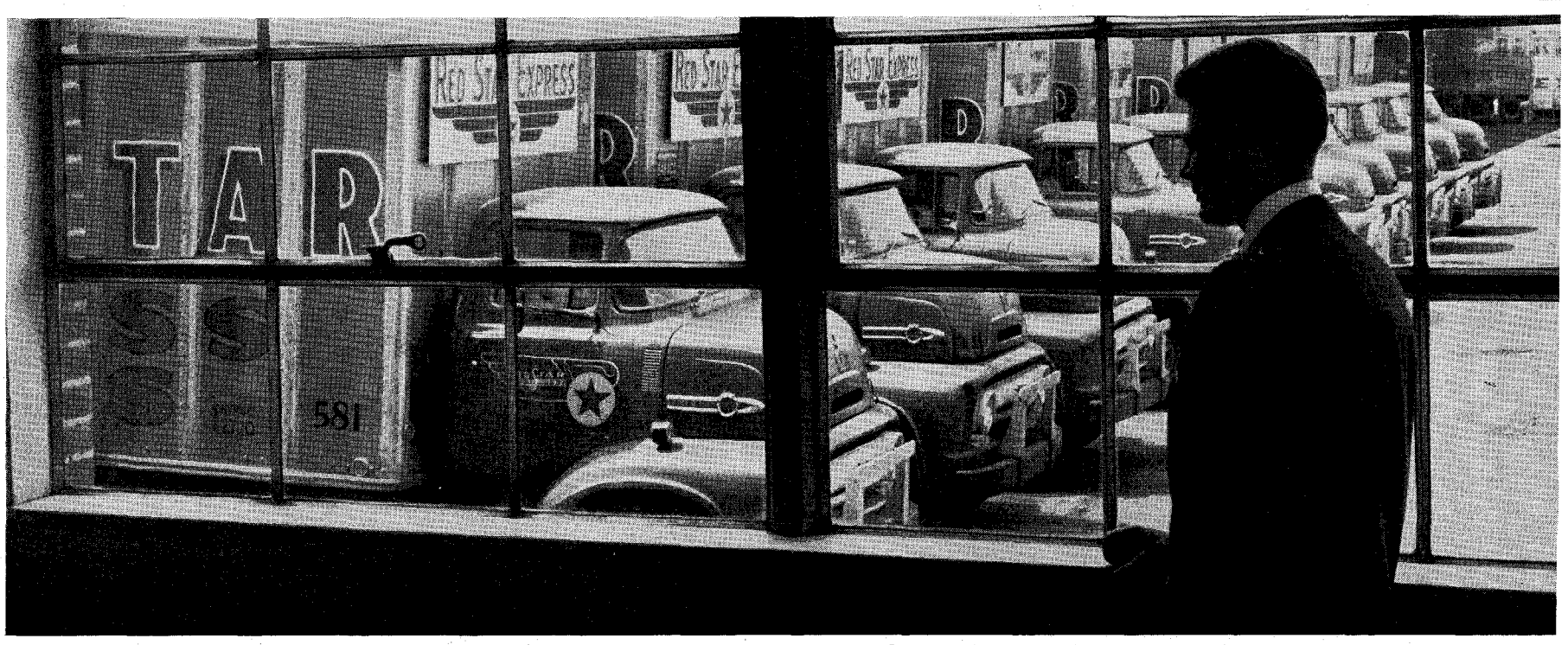
Take initial cost. You'll find many Ford models priced below every other make. Take resale value. There's always a good market for a Ford. That means your original investment holds up better.

Or take operating cost. You get the sure-fire dependability of Ford's rugged chassis coupled with the oil and gas economy of modern, Ford-pioneered Short Stroke engines. And for a clincher, independent insurance experts certify that Ford Trucks last longer.

So add it up. It means more trips, more miles, with savings that can't be matched. If you're thinking of buying a new truck soon, see your Ford Dealer now!

FORD TRUCKS LAST LONGER

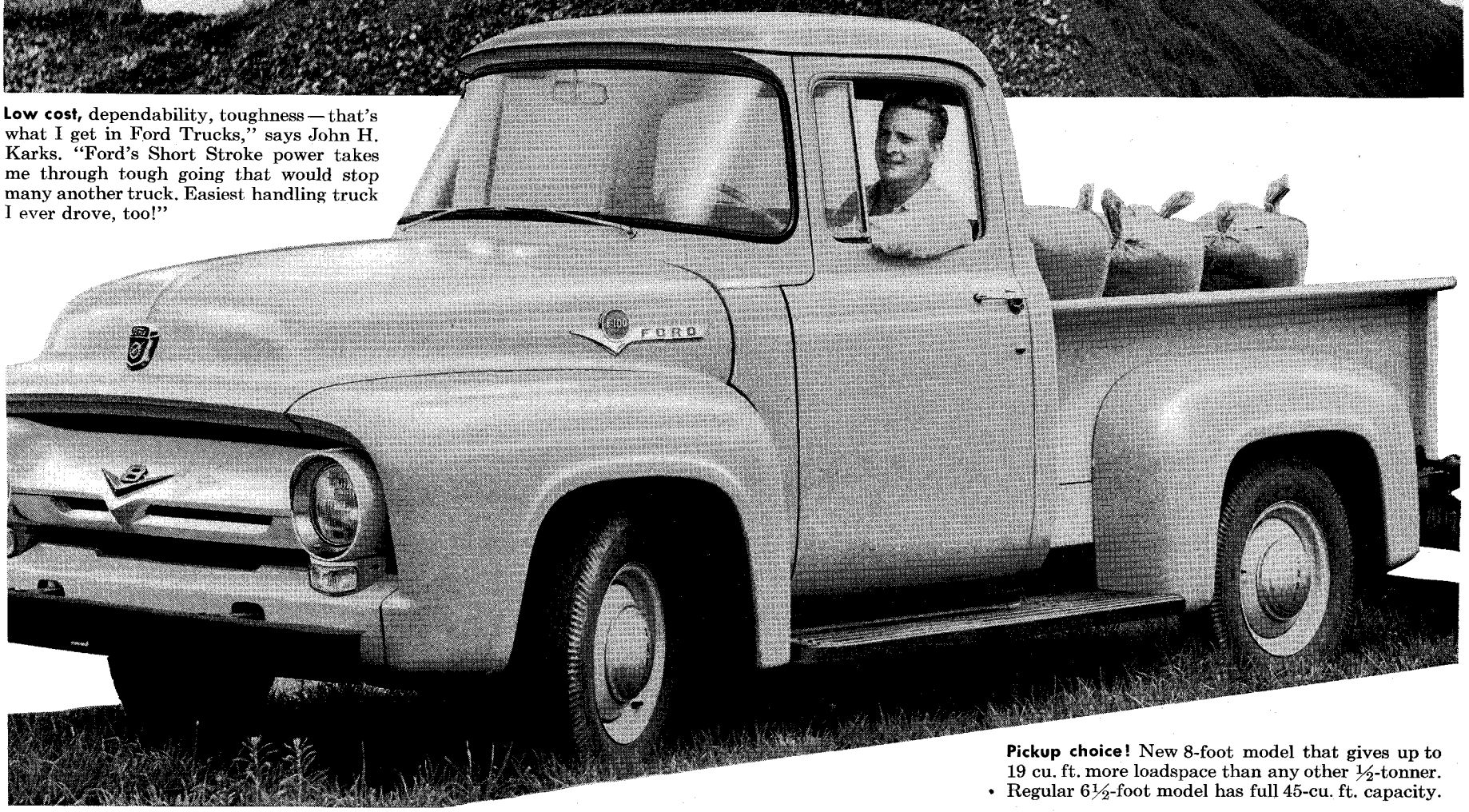
Using latest registration data on 10,502,351 trucks, life insurance experts prove Ford Trucks last longer!



"We need a truck that can take a real beating and keep on going," says John Coleman, whose firm operates 45 Ford Trucks. "That's why we like Fords. And Ford's Short Stroke engine design and rugged chassis mean low operating and maintenance costs with greater payloads."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Low cost, dependability, toughness—that's what I get in Ford Trucks," says John H. Karks. "Ford's Short Stroke power takes me through tough going that would stop many another truck. Easiest handling truck I ever drove, too!"



Pickup choice! New 8-foot model that gives up to 19 cu. ft. more loadspace than any other ½-tonner. • Regular 6½-foot model has full 45-cu. ft. capacity.

"You haven't seen anything till you've seen Manhattan! What it does to a truck is brutal, but our Fords really hold up!" says Charles Sofer. "When you figure low running-and-upkeep costs, high trade-in and low price, we feel that nothing can beat a Ford Truck for value."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More and more ads appearing in magazines in the months to come will carry the **Yellow Pages** emblem like the one shown here.

It will remind you that dealers for the products advertised will be found in the **Yellow Pages** of telephone directories.

Save shopping time. Check the **Yellow Pages.** It's a helpful habit that leads to happy buying!

(*Continued from Page 54*) 700,000 inhabitants, is Italy's fifth largest city. Only Lombardy and Piedmont are richer regions, and only Rome, Milan, Naples and Turin are larger cities. But Genoa, for all her economic importance to Italy, is a city in decline. Her industrial enterprises, wedded as they are to antiquated methods and machinery, have not kept up with those of Milan and Turin. Genoa's population is increasing, but not so rapidly as that of other Italian cities, and only because of an influx of immigrants from the south.

Although they have been Italians for almost 100 years, the Genoese have never ceased to lament the good old days when they were independent. This tendency to bemoan the lost past is known as *la mugogna*—a Genoese version of the blues. If it were not for Genoa's balmy climate, the *mugogna* would be more of a problem than it is. Fortunately, the weather along the Ligurian coast is usually so mild that the Genoese are not very *mugognosi* except when the wind is blowing from the wrong direction—or when the time comes to pay their taxes.

The Genoese enjoy paying their taxes even less than most Italians, which is saying a lot. The Milanese are more inclined to take things as they come. In Milan a successful businessman wears expensive clothing, drives to work in a powerful automobile and pays such taxes as he can't evade. In Genoa he wears the same suit for years, inhabits an office as dingy as the façade of the antique palace in which he lives, and, if he can't walk to work, he drives an automotive midget. He usually has a big car, too, but he uses it only on special occasions. The theory is that he thereby cuts his taxes to the bone. Maybe he does, but the Genoese still pays more taxes per capita than any other Italian except the Milanese.

The wife of the Genoese businessman is different. Trust the *signora* to display the wealth that her hard-working husband tries so hard to conceal. She loves to parade her finery up and down the Via Roma—Genoa's Fifth Avenue. She is said to be so eager to show off her latest rings and bracelets that she never wears more than one glove at a time.

The Genoese have often been compared with the Scots, another seafaring people interested in the making and saving of money. They have been less successful than the Scots, however, in imposing their influence on the greater nationality into which they have been absorbed. It is easy enough for the Scots to get around the English, but it is far more difficult for the Genoese to get around the Italians. Indeed, in recent years, the Southern Italians have been imposing their influence on the Genoese. The tomato pies known as *pizze*, a Neapolitan specialty, are now consumed as commonly in Genoa as the indigenous *ravioli*. On the other hand, the succulent *lasagne* served with *pesto*, a green sauce made of garlic and basil, are almost unknown outside of Liguria.

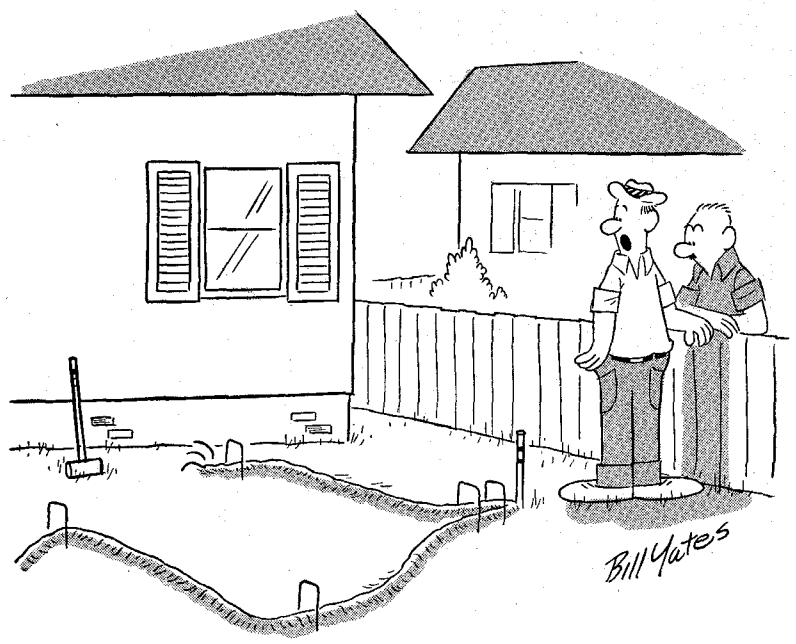
So with the Genoese dialect. Whereas Sicilian and Neapolitan are heard almost as frequently in Genoa these days as in New York or San Francisco, Genoese is dying out even in Genoa itself. One of the most respected Genoese of recent times was the late A. P. Giannini, a son of Ligurian immigrants who founded the Bank of America, now the world's largest bank. During a visit to Genoa shortly before his death, Giannini called at the local branch of his Italian affiliate, the Banca d'America e d'Italia. When he discovered that not one of its officers could speak Genoese, he became so *mugognoso* that he almost turned around and went back to San Francisco.

"It seems to me," he said, "that I'm about the only Genoese left."

One of the easiest ways to appreciate Genoa is to have lunch at the Olimpo Restaurant on top of the thirty-two-story Grattacielo Sud, as the taller of her two skyscrapers is called. The Olimpo is the Genoese equivalent of San Francisco's Top o' the Mark. It is also the most expensive restaurant in town. But don't worry, sight-seers are always welcome, and there is no charge for admission. In the special nonstop elevator that takes you up to the roof, though, is a rather plaintive reminder in several languages. "It would be appreciated," the English version reads, "if visitors to the terrace, if only for a panoramic view, took advantage of our refreshment service."

Once you have had a look around, with or without a drink, you begin to understand what the poet Petrarch meant when he described Genoa in the fourteenth century as "a city in the act of ruling, seated on rough hillsides, superb over men and walls."

Although Genoa has long since ceased to rule, having reluctantly become a part of modern Italy, she is still known to Italians as La Superba. She is especially superb when seen from the terrace of the Olimpo on a clear day. Behind the city the successive (*Continued on Page 60*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's not just an ordinary mole."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL NEWS for you who use TRUCKS in your business, trade or farming

New, Low-Cost, High-Mileage Truck Tire

can't be matched for the money!

Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord

RIB HI-MILER

only $19.95

Size 6.00-16 plus tax and recappable tire—yes, no more than you'd pay for some auto tires! *Other sizes up through 10.00-22 also thriftily low-priced.* Prices may change.

CONVENIENT BUDGET TERMS at most Goodyear dealers'.

Pay as little as $2 WEEKLY for a PAIR!

Why risk trouble with so-called "bargain" tires?

This *real* truck tire—built by the greatest name in the business—is surprisingly low-priced *and keeps on saving you money through better service and longer life!*

BASIC DESIGN of the Rib Hi-Miler is the same as Goodyear builds for America's biggest truckers—the "I'm from Missouri" men who know first costs *and operating costs* from A to Z.

BODY is Goodyear's Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord—record breaker for strength and durability.

SEE this *real* truck tire at your Goodyear dealer's NOW. See why it can't be matched for the money! Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

NO OTHER TRUCK TIRE AT THE PRICE CAN MATCH THESE MONEYSAVING FEATURES:

Proved performance—same basic design now used on America's biggest trucking fleets.

Triple-Tempered 3-T Cord—made only by Goodyear—gives outstanding durability, longer mileage.

More recaps—for still longer service.

Powerful nonskid traction—five husky ribs with hundreds of sharp stopping and starting edges—plus wider, flatter tread for more rubber on the road.

A *truck* tire, through and through—tough rubber compounds, stronger body, huskier shoulders—more *muscle* in every inch of Goodyear's great new RIB HI-MILER!

GOODYEAR

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

We think you'll like "THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"—every Sunday—ABC Radio Network—THE GOODYEAR PLAYHOUSE—every other Sunday—NBC Television Network

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care. Convenient credit terms.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you glad your husband's an engineer?

If he's happy in his work, of course you are. But if the routine of a dull job seems to have killed his zest for life, here's a suggestion.

Engineers and scientists of *all* types find Boeing a *stimulating* place to work. Aides and draftsmen handle routine jobs, freeing men like your husband for creative assignments in the exciting, limitless world of jet-age flight. In addition, your husband, as a Boeing engineer, would take pride in his contribution toward the success of such vital projects as the Boeing B-52, pictured on the opposite page.

And you'd both find family life rewarding in any one of the three modern, progressive communities where Boeing is located. Each offers attractive housing, good schools, convenient shopping centers, and recreational facilities for the whole family. There's job security, too, at Boeing. And a liberal retirement plan.

Boeing is growing so fast there are always opportunities ahead. They could be *your* opportunities, for Boeing promotes from within. Regular merit reviews assure the kind of prompt personal recognition and advancement that keeps a man's enthusiasm alive!

Why not suggest to your husband that he send in the coupon today?

JOHN C. SANDERS, Staff Engineer—Personnel
Boeing Airplane Co., Dept. S-03, Seattle 24, Wash.

F. B. WALLACE, Staff Engineer—Personnel
Boeing Airplane Co., Dept. S-03, Wichita, Kansas

A. J. BERRYMAN, Manager—Administration
Boeing Airplane Co., Dept. S-03, Melbourne, Florida

Mail this coupon to the address above from which you desire further information about the advantages of a career with Boeing.

*Name*_____

*School(s)*_____ *Year(s)*____ *Degree(s)*____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*____ *State*_____

*Telephone number*_____

BOEING

Aviation leadership since 1916

(*Continued from Page 58*) ridges of the gray-green Apennines fade gradually into the purple distance. Before her lies the Mediterranean, deceptively blue and peaceful most of the time, but capable on occasion of black and violent rages. Along the coast, in the direction of Rome, you can see as far as Portofino, on the cape that hides Rapallo, in the center of the Eastern Riviera. In the direction of Marseilles you can see as far as industrial Savona, beyond which the Western Riviera extends all the way to France. Each of the two Italian rivieras has its special charms—the Western, modern hotels and restaurants, gambling casinos and broad sandy beaches; the Eastern, rocky coves, colorful towns and villages, and amusing local customs.

Genoa is in the center of it all. Right below you, as you look over the side of the South Skyscraper, is the busiest port in Italy. Notice the tremendous Lanterna, or Lighthouse, which is even taller than the South Skyscraper, though it was erected on the ruins of a Roman lighthouse more than 400 years ago. With berths for 100 ships, Genoa today handles more tons of dry cargo than any other Mediterranean port.

The Genoese have been erecting tall buildings ever since the sixteenth century. Seven or eight stories was about as high as they could go, however, until the invention of reinforced concrete. The South Skyscraper, which was completed in 1940, rises 393 feet from its foundations. It is no longer the tallest building in Europe, but it is still the tallest reinforced-concrete building in the world. Unlike a steel-frame building, which is flexible enough to bend with the wind, a reinforced-concrete building is theoretically rigid. Hence one of the criticisms of the South Skyscraper—namely, that it might collapse in wind of sufficient force.

It was finally put to the test a couple of winters ago, when a cyclonic storm buffeted Genoa for two days. Although it was not designed to do so, the building swayed without cracking—to the amazement of everyone brave enough to visit the Olimpo during the storm. The specialty that day was not on the menu. It was a glimpse of the tropical fish in the wall aquarium solemnly sloshing from side to side as the skyscraper bent with the wind.

According to an inscription in the Cathedral of St. Lawrence: "Janus, a Trojan prince skilled in Astrology, while navigating to seek a healthy and permanent place in which to live, came to Genoa, already founded by Janus, King of Italy, GREAT GRANDSON OF NOAH, and, perceiving it to be safe by reason of its mountains, endowed the city with his name and power."

Genoa is old, but not that old. Her name is undoubtedly derived from the Latin word *janua*, meaning door or gate, and indeed she was known in Roman times as the Sea Gate of Northwestern Italy. The confusion of the two legendary Januses cited in the cathedral's inscription is perhaps due to a pious effort to ignore Genoa's pre-Christian past. Janus, the original janitor, was a Roman deity whose special responsibility was to act as the protector of doors and gates; he was usually represented as having two faces, presumably to enable him to watch over both sides of a door at the same time. It is not improbable that just as the Genoese today entrust their protection to Saint George, their dragon-killing Christian patron, so they entrusted their protection in Roman times to the two-faced Janus.

If Janus assisted Saint George in taking care of Genoa during the second World War, he must have done so with both faces. For, in spite of the heavy bombings that the city suffered, none of her more important palaces was irreparably damaged. What is today the city hall is the former Palace of Doria Tursi, which is full of historical relics, including what are said to be fragments of Columbus' bones. The White Palace next door contains some of the world's most famous paintings. The Palace of Andrea Doria, now a club for seamen, was once a miniature Versailles.

In some ways the most interesting, and certainly the most typically Genoese, is the Palace of St. George, now headquarters of the local port authority. It consists of two buildings, the older and more graceful of which was built for Guglielmo Boccanegra—William the Blackmouth—in the thirteenth century. Boccanegra was a captain of the people, as the chief executive of the Genoese Republic was called at the time, and his Gothic palace was built to celebrate Genoa's temporary supremacy over Venice. The massive Renaissance palace facing the docks was added in the sixteenth century, by which time the Gothic palace had become the headquarters of the Bank of St. George, the world's first modern bank.

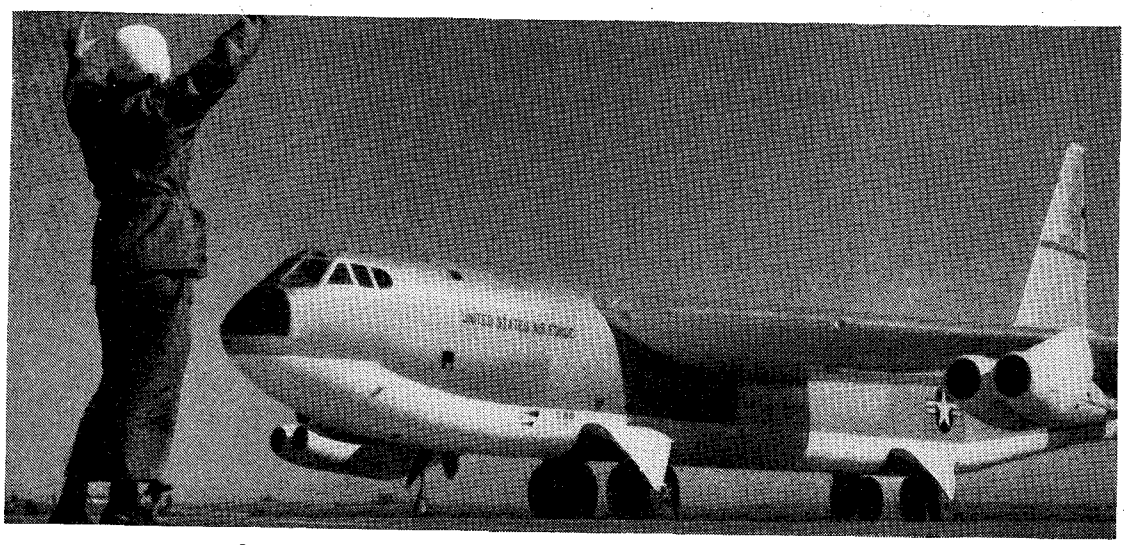
For the better part of four centuries, until it was closed by Napoleon, the Bank of St. George was the financial wonder of the world. Over the years its directors were responsible for so many profitable innovations—banknotes, compound interest, double-entry bookkeeping, checking and savings accounts—that similar banks began to spring up all over Western Europe.

> About the only thing you can do on a shoestring these days is trip.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

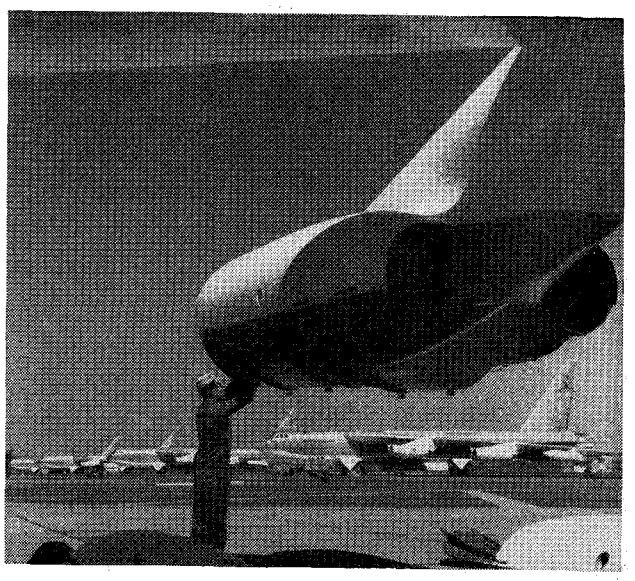
Modern philanthropy may also be said to have originated in Genoa, though with a typically Ligurian twist. In and around the council hall of the Palace of St. George are the statues of the public benefactors who established charitable trust funds to be administered by the bank. To earn the right to a standing statue, a would-be philanthropist had to contribute at least 50,000 Genoese pounds; to win a sitting statue, he had to contribute at least 100,000. Usually he obtained posthumous credit for a much larger sum by delaying the expenditure of his original contribution, a much smaller sum, for fifty or a hundred years. Francesco Vivaldi, for example, contributed only 9000 pounds before his death. Many years later, when a sitting statue was erected in his honor, he was credited with having contributed some 800,000 pounds for relieving the taxes of the poor. It is not for nothing that Vivaldi is locally considered the inventor of compound interest—the bank had been paying 5 per cent, compounded annually, for the use of his money in the meantime.

What the poor of Genoa need today is not tax relief so much as cheap public housing and adequate playgrounds. In the bomb-scarred slums around the port the children of Genoa's maritime workers amuse themselves in the open spaces where houses used to be, throwing bits of rubble at cats and dogs and at tenpins in the form of empty oil containers. In the midst of the slums, surrounded by medieval palaces and churches, is an illegal market known as Shanghai. Here the unemployed gather to buy, sell and barter every form of contraband, from whisky and (*Continued on Page 62*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Strategic Air Command ground crewman directs eight-jet Boeing B-52 bomber into flight-line position at Castle Air Force Base, California.



Two of the eight J57 jet engines that power the B-52. Suspended in pairs, the engines deliver more than 10,000 pounds of thrust each.

B-52 tail towers nearly five stories above ground. Rear tip of fuselage contains armament and fire controls.

America's jet bomber wings go global with B-52s

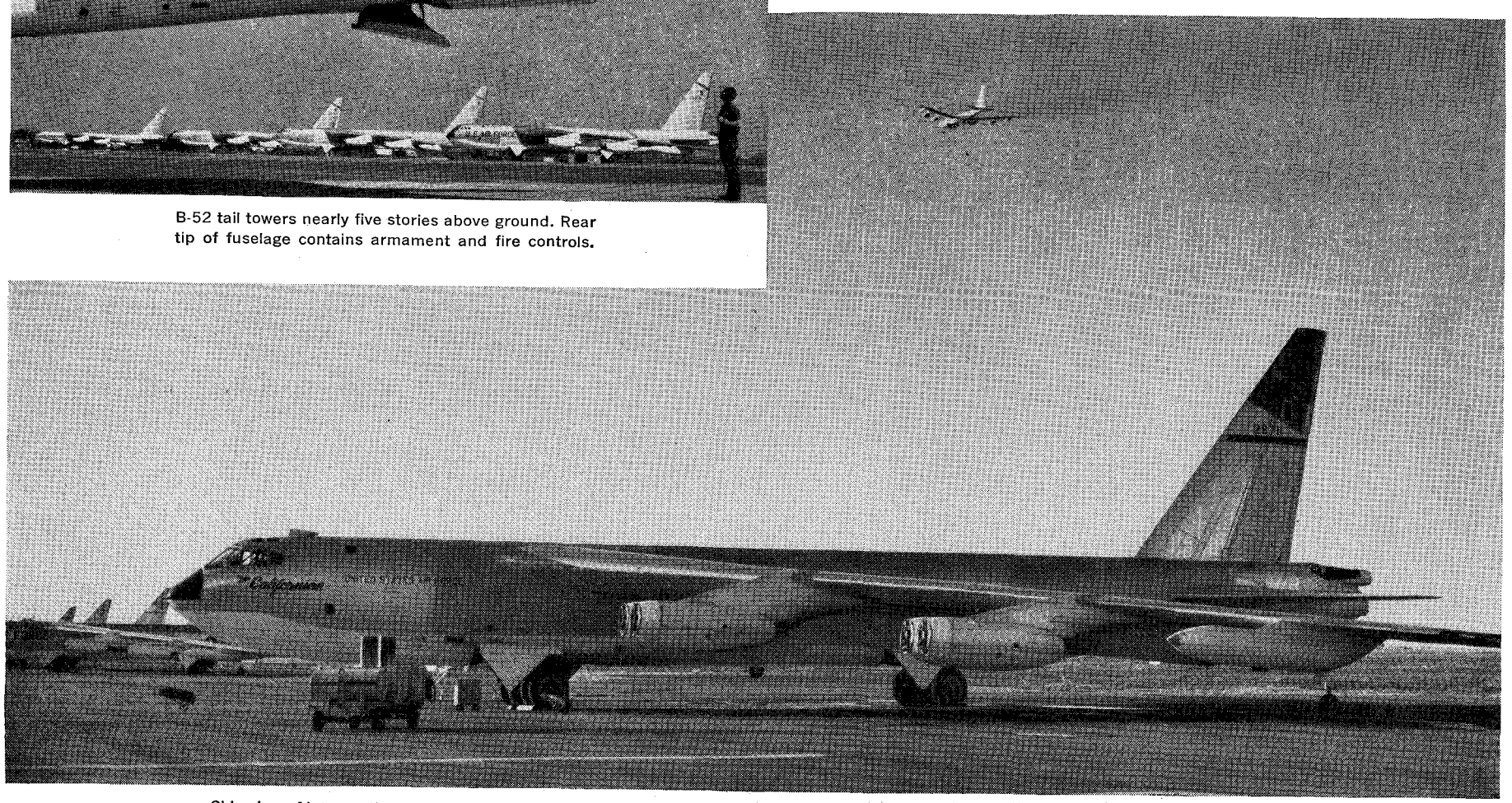
The nation's defense program is taking giant strides forward as wings of the Strategic Air Command continue the transition to Boeing B-52 Stratofortresses.

First SAC unit to complete the switch to global B-52s was the 93rd Heavy Bomb Wing, at Castle Air Force Base, California, where these pictures were taken. Another unit—the 42nd Heavy Bomb Wing at Loring Air Force Base, Maine—is now being equipped with B-52s.

The B-52, built by Boeing in Seattle and Wichita plants, is designed to carry out retaliatory nuclear strikes against any aggressor, anywhere.

Along with Boeing B-47 medium jet bombers, the B-52 heavy jet bombers are kept in combat readiness day and night by dedicated Strategic Air Command crews. Together they constitute the most potent deterrent against aggression now in existence.

BOEING



Side view of intercontinental B-52. This fleet, swept-wing giant is capable of speeds beyond 650 miles an hour, and altitudes above 10 miles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Every seat's on the 50-yard line when you view TV on this wonder tube

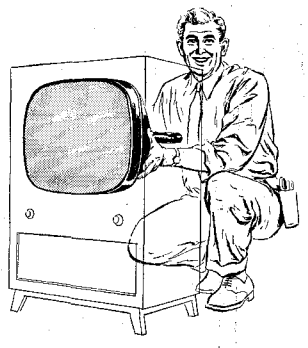
SUPER-ALUMINIZED

RCA Silverama

The replacement Picture Tube that puts new life in your TV set!

You'll join the Silverama cheering section, once you see the difference this modern picture tube can make in your TV enjoyment—bright, clear, sharp pictures instead of gray, dull, dim ones.

RCA engineers have combined "advanced technique" super-aluminizing, a precision electron gun, and special RCA-produced phosphors to make this outstanding TV picture tube. Silverama Picture Tubes cost no more than ordinary, aluminized tubes. There's a size for virtually any and every set—and, they're sold with a full-year's warranty. Ask your service technician—he knows!



CALL YOUR TV SERVICEMAN NOW!

Your neighborhood TV serviceman holds the answer to new TV enjoyment. It's the RCA SILVERAMA Picture Tube for replacement in old TV sets. He knows it is "RCA-engineered" for the finest performance possible.

RCA Picture Tubes

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, HARRISON, N. J.

See Esther Williams' Aqua Spectacle, September 29 on "Saturday Color Carnival" 9-10:30 P.M. EDST

(*Continued from Page 60*) cigarettes to girdles, spark plugs and portable radios.

Genoa's picturesque slums are noted, among other things, for their narrow streets, some of which can accommodate no wheeled vehicle wider than a bicycle. How the inhabitants of these *carrugi*, as they are called, ever get their furniture in and out of their houses is one of the local mysteries. And yet they do, as you can tell by walking through the *carrugi* and looking in the lighted windows at night. In even the poorest houses you occasionally see an American refrigerator, as wide as the street itself, which was probably smuggled off some ship in exchange for the wherewithal to assure the crew of a good time.

Of the medieval towers that were once so typical of the old walled city, only one is still standing. The others were destroyed during the Crusades in the hope of putting a stop to the local feuds between the Guelphs, who were loyal to the Popes, and the Ghibellines, who were loyal to the Holy Roman Emperors. It was the custom of Genoa's leading families in those days to add towers to their palaces, not so much for the view they afforded as for their usefulness in dropping stones or pouring boiling oil on the heads of their enemies in the streets below. The Tower of the Embriaci was left standing as a monument to Guglielmo Embriaco—William the Drunkard—who, after burning his ships at Jaffa to make sure his soldiers stayed on the job, successfully stormed the walls of Jerusalem with engines of his own invention.

During the Middle Ages, when they were not too busy fighting among themselves, the Genoese fought their Italian rivals, the Pisans or the Venetians. Or, for a change of pace, they fought the Moors in Spain or the Saracens in the Holy Land. Embriaco the Crusader was only the first of a long line of captains, generals and admirals who made Genoa powerful and her bankers and merchants rich. Andrea Doria was the last. After the death of Doria in 1560, Genoa's little empire crumbled and she became a puppet of her more powerful neighbors. Under Napoleon, in fact, she became the first "people's democracy"—the Ligurian Democratic Republic.

Her unsuccessful efforts to regain her independence inadvertently produced the two great heroes of modern Italy—Giuseppe Mazzini, the revolutionary dreamer who first conceived of the Italian Republic, and Giuseppe Garibaldi, the romantic man of action who, in unifying Italy under the House of Savoy, made the future republic possible.

Garibaldi, who was born in Nice of Ligurian parents, was a Genoese who was an American before he became an Italian. During his years in exile he worked as a candlemaker in New York. He was naturalized before he returned to Genoa to lead the revolution that in 1860 made Victor Emmanuel II, and not Janus, the first King of Italy.

Genoa prospered in spite of herself until the end of the first World War. She not only became the principal port of Italy, she also became its arsenal. And, for better or worse, her shipyards and factories made it possible for Italy to play the unaccustomed role of a modern world power. Today, with 40 per cent of her shipyards and factories being operated by the government, Genoa is known to Italians as the City of Sick Industries. The handsome new Cornigliano iron and steel works, which is also being operated by the government, is a monument to the Marshall Plan rather than to local capitalist initiative. Unemployment, always a problem in overpopulated Italy, is worse in Genoa than anywhere else in the north. The communists, who claim 80,000 members, are stronger here than in any other large Italian city. Yet Genoa, thanks largely to the postwar shipping boom, is enjoying prosperity of a sort. Every Genoese shipping company, except one, is making more money than at any time since the end of World War II. The exception is the so-called Cooperativa Garibaldi, which operates a dozen freighters and tankers in the name of Genoa's maritime workers, but which is actually a financial milk cow for the Italian Communist Party.

Even in Genoa, though, the communists are in trouble. They haven't retreated as much as they have in some Italian cities, but Mayor Pertusio is confident that they will eventually be defeated. In the meantime the communists are as susceptible as everybody else to the charms of the Italian rivieras, and it is not at all unusual for their labor bosses to take the day off to go fishing along with the bankers and merchants and the unemployed. And why not? The fishing in the Gulf of Genoa is as good as any in the Mediterranean. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Say, isn't that Mr. Dooley, our bookkeeper?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hillbilly Rockefeller

(Continued from Page 25)

heard of him or are vague about who he is or where he came from. It will also turn up a good many race-conscious citizens who know about his opposition to segregation and who wish he would go back to New York and stay there. Rockefeller's position was made clear from the beginning when he appointed a long-time employee, James Hudson, a Negro college graduate, general superintendent—not to be confused with the job of farm manager—of operation. At least one Southern salesman of farm equipment loudly announced he wouldn't deal with a Negro, but he changed his mind when Rockefeller emphasized that any business at the farm would be "done through Mr. Hudson." Some white workers in the area objected to the idea of being bossed by a Negro, but there has never been any shortage of applicants for jobs and, since they have become acquainted with him, one or another of the workers brings Hudson a friendly gift of garden vegetables or a cut of meat every few days. A tactful and efficient man, Hudson has taken it all in his stride and made many friends throughout the county.

The crusading foes of integration, however, have made Rockefeller their favorite whipping boy. The monthly publication of the White Citizens Council has repeatedly denounced "Winsome Winnie" as a "play boy," a "wife beater"—due to charges in his former wife's divorce action—and a "race mixer." It has also charged that, in collaboration with Democratic Gov. Orval Faubus, he has tried to dominate state politics by "buying" 60,000 poll taxes for Negro voters. "Be danged, if Arkansas folk will tolerate . . . a Yankee who takes it upon himself to change our pattern of history," it added recently. "Money don't talk that loud."

The subject of all this talk, meanwhile, has given every indication that he is having the time of his life in Arkansas. Not long ago some 2500 cattle breeders from all over the state were invited to Rockefeller's farm—Winrock—for an inspection tour and barbecue. All of them, plus 600 gate crashers, arrived and there was such a crush that at least one interested visitor couldn't find anybody to answer his questions about the elaborate setup of barns, pens and feed mixers. Finally, he caught up with a big man who looked a little like an oversize Roy Rogers with khaki pants tucked into high cowboy boots, a shirt soaked with perspiration, a wide-brimmed straw hat and a harried expression on his face.

"Hey, Mac," he said, "do you work here?"

The big man stopped, mopped his sweaty brow, smiled in a pleased way and nodded his head. "Never worked so hard in my life," he answered, sticking out his hand. "My name's Win Rockefeller."

Rockefeller is extremely proud of Winrock Farm—don't call it a ranch!—and he has every intention of turning a profit on it, beginning in 1958. Incidentally, if he doesn't make money that year, the Federal Government will clip him for a large sum in income taxes on the ground that he has been putting his money into a hobby rather than a business enterprise. But there is a great deal more than money-making behind his pride of ownership.

"This is my show!" he remarked in a tone of real satisfaction during a recent tour around the farm in his air-conditioned automobile. "It doesn't have anything to do with any Rockefeller family project. This is all on my own."

The utter truth of this statement was illustrated not long ago by the first—and so far the only—sale of Winrock stock. Winthrop's older brother, Nelson, owns a stock farm in Venezuela. When he recently decided to purchase half a dozen new bulls, he instructed his farm manager to come to this country and make a thorough survey of breeding farms in the Southern states in an effort to find animals that would do well in South America. After a long trip through half a dozen states, the manager called him up one day and said, "Maybe I'm on the wrong track. Everybody says that outside the King Ranch, your brother's got the best herd in the country."

Nelson expressed a high degree of skepticism, but, after further inquiry, he approached Winthrop with a proposal to buy—until he heard the asking price. Then he screamed that Winthrop was trying to rob him, threatened to break off negotiations, and finally settled down to some hard and prolonged bargaining. "In the end," a friend said later, "Nelson came through with ten thousand dollars for the bulls he needed—but he's still complaining that he was robbed."

The quiet satisfaction that Winthrop got out of this incident might be of great interest to any psychologist who undertakes to answer a tantalizing question: Why did Rockefeller move to Arkansas in the first place?

Various persons, including Rockefeller himself, have offered various reasons, but no real explanation is possible without taking into consideration the background of the forty-four-year-old oil millionaire, who once dug ditches in Texas, who entered the Army as a private and who today is as likely as not to wear cowboy boots on his occasional visits to a New York night club. Winthrop is one of five brothers who are individualistic and often keenly competitive with one another, but who are, at the same time, held together by a powerful pattern of family unity. Since childhood, Winthrop has fitted into this pattern less comfortably than any of the others.

"It seems cruel to me," his mother once wrote to her older sons, "that you big boys should make Winthrop the goat all the time . . . for love and kind treatment he will do anything." In time, Winthrop outgrew the "big boys"—he stands six feet, three inches and weighs a solid 225 pounds—but adjustment to the pattern continued difficult. He was an indifferent student at Yale and finally quit to become a roughneck laborer in the Texas oil fields in the 1930's. He still likes to say casually that he is the only one in the family who ever made a living with his hands.

By 1940 he was back in New York, working at the Chase National Bank and then at Socony-Vacuum Company, where his salary of eighty-eight dollars a week hardly covered his tips at the fashionable restaurants and night clubs he frequented. He served in the Pacific during the war, was wounded in a suicide-bomber attack on the 77th Division's headquarters ship, and was discharged with the rank of lieutenant colonel. He went back to Socony-Vacuum, where his advanced ideas on labor relations were dubiously received by company officials, although most of his proposals later became standard operating procedure. He still didn't fit into the pattern and eventually he quit his job.

When he arrived in Arkansas in 1953 he was in a jam. Broadway columnists frequently called him the "black sheep" of the Rockefeller family. His marriage in 1948 to Mrs. Barbara Sears, a blonde divorcee known as Bobo, had been brief

"Good Morning" Surprise With Karo® Syrup
WAKE UP, MOM! YOUR FAVORITE CHILDREN ARE BRINGING YOU YOUR FAVORITE BREAKFAST IN BED, KARO 'N WAFFLES, WOW!
WE ALREADY HAD OUR KARO SYRUP ON CEREAL!
SMART TWINS
YOU LITTLE DEARS--- KARO SYRUP SURELY IS THE BIG FAVORITE AROUND THIS HOUSE
..AND POP'S IN THE KITCHEN
LOVE THAT KARO IN MY FORMULA!
BOY! WHEN THIS FAMILY STARTS POURING ON THE KARO--IT TAKES A SHORT ORDER COOK IN A TRUCKER'S DINER TO KEEP 'EM SUPPLIED IN FOOD!
OH, BOY! MAYBE HE'LL SPILL SOME KARO FOR ME!
STAN-RANDALL
SAY, MOM! LET'S KEEP ALL THREE KINDS OF KARO SYRUP AROUND---
BLUE LABEL-DARK 'N RICH
RED LABEL-LIGHT 'N MILD
GREEN LABEL-THE GREAT MAPLE-Y WAFFLE SYRUP!
Karo
SYRUP
Produced by Corn Products Refining Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and disastrous, and a long wrangle had started over custody of their son, Winthrop Paul, and a $5,000,000 divorce settlement. At that time, if you had asked why he moved to Arkansas, the answer might well have been that he was discouraged, maladjusted and aware of the fact that a divorce can be granted in Arkansas after only ninety days' residence. The facts are, however, that the divorce was granted elsewhere and that, almost by chance, Rockefeller decided that he had reached the turning point in his career.

One of Rockefeller's close friends in the Army was Frank Newell, a Little Rock insurance man who has been prominent in Democratic Party affairs. From time to time, Rockefeller had urged Newell to give up Arkansas and move to New York, suggesting various enticing jobs.

"Hell, I like Arkansas," Newell usually replied. "A better idea would be for you to give up New York and move to Little Rock."

When Rockefeller finally did just that—possibly without regarding the move as permanent—he was looking for investments that would establish himself as a resident of the state, and Newell wisely took him to Petit Jean Mountain, some sixty miles from Little Rock, where the 650-acre Hudson farm was for sale. There was a stone house on the farm, but not much else. The most direct road was unpaved and impassable in bad weather, when the mail had to be delivered on horseback. A couple of hundred persons lived on the mountaintop, which is six by four miles and commands a breath-taking view of broad valleys and distant hills adjacent to the Ozarks.

Dr. T. W. Hardison, who has been doctoring the people and writing about the wonders of the mountain for many years, told Rockefeller the two legends of how Petit Jean got its name. One is that the sweetheart of a French explorer disguised herself as a boy—Petit Jean—and sailed on her lover's ship to America and up the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers to the mountain, where she fell ill and died.

The other legend is that Petit Jean was the son of Jean LaCaze, a royalist who fled to Arkansas with his family during the French Revolution. His family eventually died in a cabin on the mountain and, left alone, LaCaze went mad and for many years roamed the woods, living on berries and wild game.

All this made Petit Jean an interesting as well as a beautiful spot, but Rockefeller probably was more deeply influenced by other factors. Arkansas was a long way from New York, where he had been dissatisfied and unhappy. He had always enjoyed the friendly, open atmosphere of the Southwest. The rugged, isolated land on Petit Jean Mountain, which he had liked from the beginning, represented a challenge to do something constructive. Arkansas was wide open for progress; any kind, from "do-gooder" projects to hard-fisted business enterprises, would make a big impression.

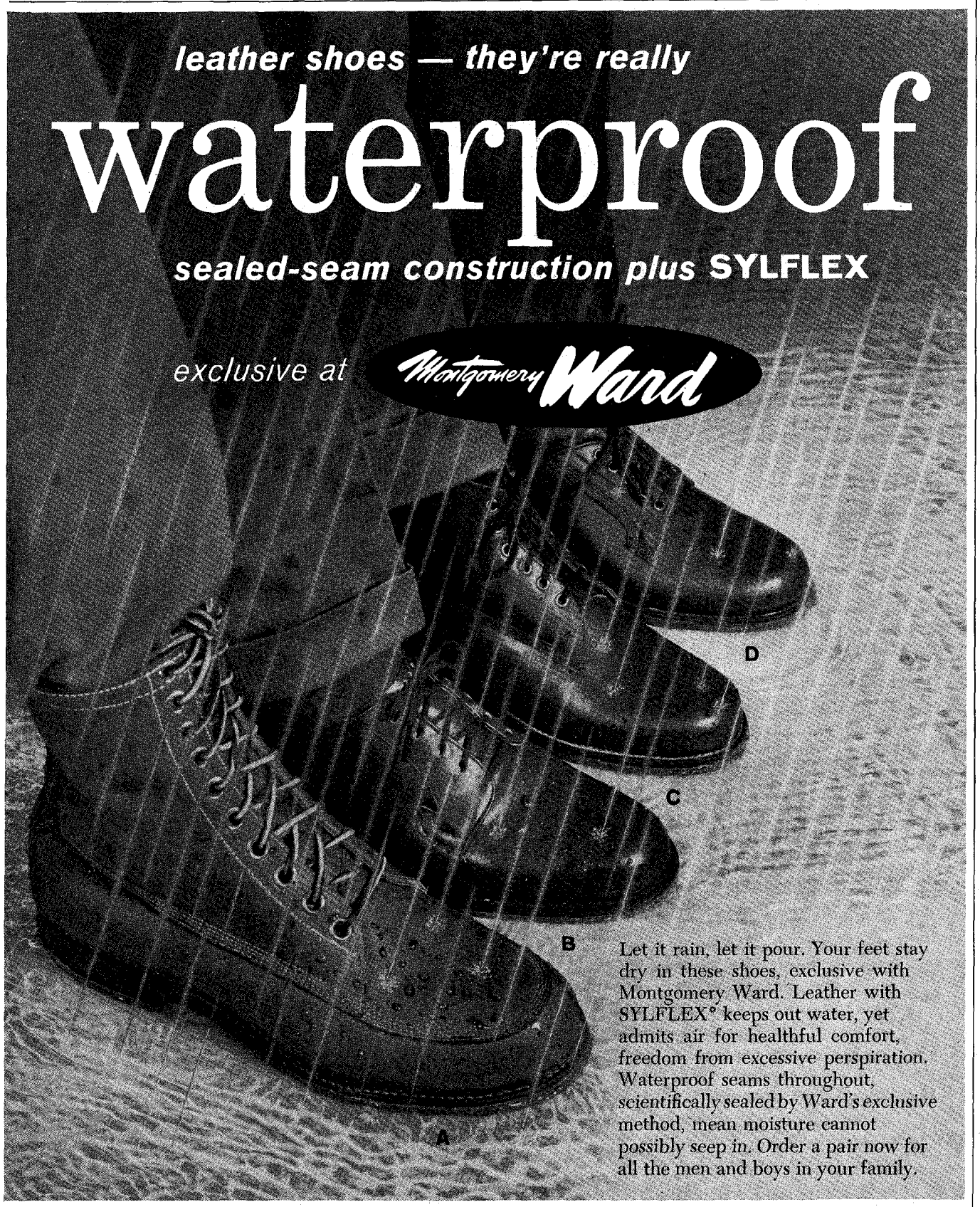
"What you do here," Rockefeller remarked later, "shows up in a hurry. You can see the results."

The pattern of the Rockefeller brothers' affairs has always been a remarkable mixture of idealistic do-gooder ventures and smart business practices. In 1953, after a long struggle, it may well have seemed to Winthrop that he had finally arrived at the right place at the right time; that he could do a great many things that would show up quickly and impressively in Arkansas. He bought the Hudson farm for $75,000 and picked up some additional land at twenty-five dollars an acre.

The summer of 1953 was nothing to encourage a farmer on Petit Jean Mountain. Crops were ruined by drought. Dust was ankle deep on the roads and in the fields. "There wasn't enough water up here to take a bath in," one farmer recalled. Rockefeller wanted water not only for the bathtub but for the Santa Gertrudis cattle, a rugged, heavy, cherry-red breed, that he was buying from the King Ranch in Texas. He moved into the stone house, called in a squad of experts, hired about 150 workmen and started tearing apart a large section of the mountaintop. Two reservoirs—Lake Abby, named for his mother, and Lake Lucy, named for a prim New England aunt, who said she "had never expected to be immortalized in Arkansas"—were built to store 170 acre-feet of water for irrigation of 200 acres of pasture. A big pump was installed to boost another 243 acre-feet about 300 yards up the cliff from the Petit Jean River, if needed in time of prolonged drought.

Some 350,000 tons of rock were shifted for fill or retaining walls, and another 50,000 tons were crushed for roads. Three huge barns, two 300-ton silos, cattle pens with high iron fences, horse stables, a fully equipped garage and machine shop with underground storage for 3000 gallons of gasoline, a firehouse complete with a bright red engine, a laundry and a big locker room with shower facilities for workmen were built around the air-conditioned offices and reception room. Rockefeller did much of the designing—especially the ingenious arrangement of cattle pens with high iron-pipe fences—with an eye to maximum efficiency in handling cattle and supplies.

The locker room, he said later, was "a special success. One Sunday I noticed a crowd there and discovered that some of


leather shoes — they're really
waterproof
sealed-seam construction plus SYLFLEX
exclusive at Montgomery Ward
D
C
B
A
Let it rain, let it pour. Your feet stay dry in these shoes, exclusive with Montgomery Ward. Leather with SYLFLEX* keeps out water, yet admits air for healthful comfort, freedom from excessive perspiration. Waterproof seams throughout, scientifically sealed by Ward's exclusive method, mean moisture cannot possibly seep in. Order a pair now for all the men and boys in your family.

greatest shoe advance in 70 years—keeps water out—lets leather "breathe"

A-Brown Sportsmen's Boot
#7128: 8" high. $19.98
#7620: 10" high. $22.98
Sizes 7-12 C; 6-12 D, E

B-Men's Dress Oxfords
#6187: Black Calf
#6188: Brown Calf
Sizes 7-12 D. $13.95

C-Boys' Brown 6" Hi-Shoes
#7782: Sizes 2½ to 6 D
#7783: Jr. sizes 10-2 D
$7.98 a pair

D-Boys' Brown Oxfords
#7784: Sizes 2½ to 6 D
#7785: Jr. sizes 10-2 D
$7.98 a pair

Available in 566 Ward Retail Stores, 350 Catalogue Stores and 9 Mail Order Houses through the United States

For the one nearest you write Montgomery Ward, Chicago

*T. M. Dow Corning Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the workmen had come back with their entire families for weekend showers. Some of the kids had never seen a shower before. It all worked out fine."

On one occasion during the busy construction period, Winthrop's brother, Laurance, stopped by en route to the West Coast for a short visit. He noted that some earth was being moved around and remarked to Winthrop that he was seriously considering buying a bulldozer for work on a place he was developing, but didn't know just which kind would be most suitable. "O.K., Bill," Winthrop said, using the family nickname for his brother. "Come with me. We've got half a dozen different kinds and you can watch them work." After a quick inspection of a small fleet of mechanical monsters that moved earth, knocked down trees and pushed around tons of rock, Laurance retreated to the shady terrace, muttering that he'd had no idea the life of a simple farmer could be so complicated.

At a time when work was progressing well, Rockefeller asked his architect, Ed Cromwell, to drop by one day and figure out how they could add another bathroom to the house. When Cromwell arrived, they got to talking about what could be done, and ended up by tearing the house down to its foundations and constructing a modern seven-room fieldstone-and-glass home. A couple of dozen big shade trees were planted at strategic spots, most of them with lightning rods attached to their trunks to guard against occasional violent thunderstorms.

Some time later, when a dinner on the lawn was arranged for sixty-five persons in honor of British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins, a steady rain threatened to create a major crisis because there was no room large enough to hold all the guests. The rain happily ended in time for dinner, but Rockefeller was so upset that he promptly started an addition to the house with a dining room seating sixty persons.

"There were various times over three years," Cromwell said later, "when we thought we were finished up at Winrock, but then Win would get to talking on the terrace late in the afternoon and we would find we had another six months' work laid out."

Rockefeller liked to take an active part in the planning, but there was only one occasion when a real difference of opinion arose. Cromwell wanted to retain a stone column that had been part of the old house. Rockefeller objected. Cromwell argued the point. Rockefeller didn't say much, but late that night he got a sledge hammer and went outside and knocked down the column.

Today there are a score of buildings on Winrock Farm, including handsome homes for the general superintendent and for G. W. Adkisson, Jr., a successful stock raiser who has a farm not far away, but has now become Rockefeller's farm manager. There is a duplex-apartment building for some members of the staff—which numbers around forty—a small playhouse for Winthrop Paul, who lives with his father part of each year, and quarters for the hostler and a few hands. There is also a big boathouse and swimming dock on Lake Abby, where various youth groups from surrounding towns often come for picnics. The farm itself has now been expanded to 2400 acres, about half of which is in the valley below Petit Jean Mountain and a considerable part of which is steep and useless mountainside.

A few visitors and tourists from all over the nation come to Winrock every day, and on some Sundays the crowd may be as large as 3000. They visit Winrock Grass Farm, an enterprise established by Rockefeller, George M. Reynolds, a former newspaper publisher, and others, which produces the very expensive zoysia grasses that will thrive on lawns in hot dry climates. They gaze at the herd, including Rock, a $31,000 bull, feeding in broad pastures of Bermuda, Bahia and Sudan grass that, in dry periods, are sprinkled at the rate of 2000 gallons of water a minute. They wander through the barns—fan-cooled in summer and heated in winter—to inspect the laboratory, the show barn that can be turned into an auditorium by laying down a sectional wooden floor, and the special maternity ward where cows are installed at calving time.

And most of them end up by writing in the big guest book: "Very pretty!" "Arkansas appreciates you." "We need more Rockefellers." "Too good for a cow." "Real cool." "I wish I could live as good as the cows." "Too much for one man." "Save your money, boy—the South will rise again."

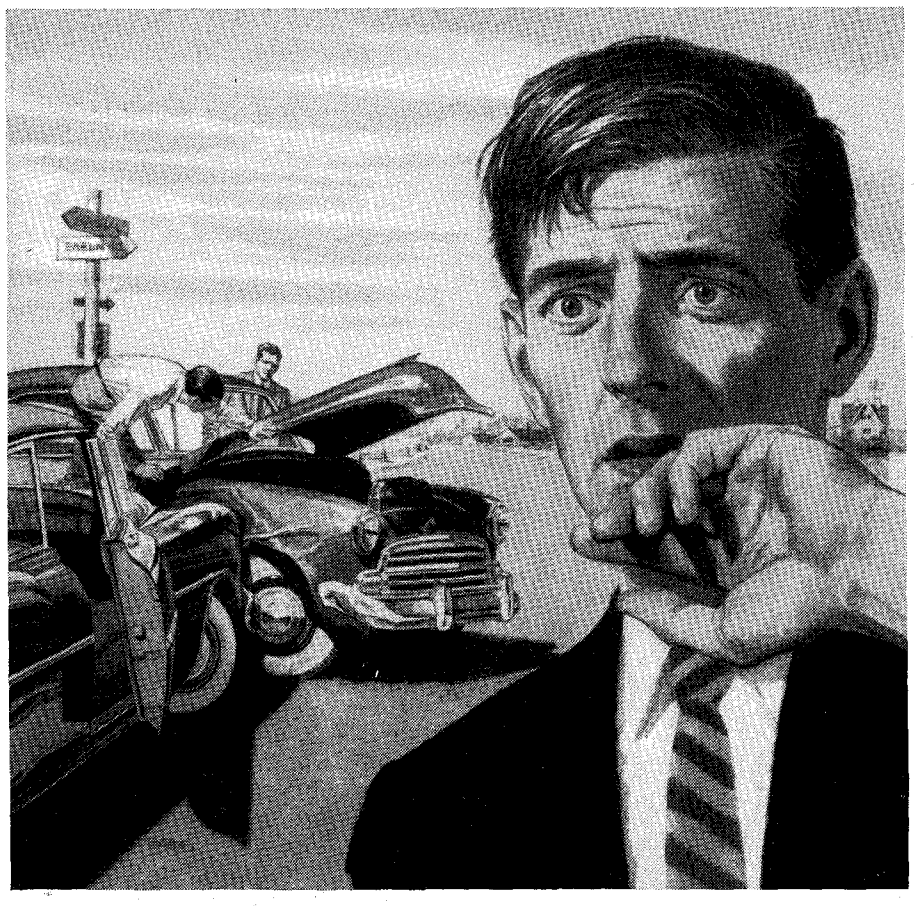
Many of the visitors, however, are small farmers or breeders looking for ideas or methods that will benefit their own farms. "I've brought lots of them here and I've talked to many others," said James F. Irving, Jr., the Government's conservation expert in Conway County, "and I think nearly every one of them has gained something by seeing what has been accomplished at Winrock. They know this country and they are quick to see what can be adapted to their own needs. Just for example, more than a dozen farmers in Conway County alone put in sprinkler-irrigation systems in the last year, after seeing how successful it was at Winrock. The soil-conservation methods, the platforms for easy loading, the apparatus for weighing and mixing feeds, and the grasses in the pastures are all tested and successful farming practices. In one way or another, these practices have been adopted by many of the farmers who visited here."

Winrock Farm, however, is only a part of Rockefeller's "show" in Arkansas. In a little more than three years, his philanthropic contributions to the state's educational, civic, health, conservation and cultural organizations have totaled more than $627,000 and he has promised assistance—perhaps as much as $2,500,000 in five years—in the establishment of a model school system at Morrilton, a town of 6000 population. The Morrilton plan

An Ungodly Appetite

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

On climbing a mountain,
what did I see
Besides the blue and far
country?
I saw myself, a god, up there,
The king of earth and upper
air,
The saint for whom men
sweat and toil,
Deity of seed and soil,
Recipient of platitudes;
So reveled I, in changing
moods.
Until, at dusk, truth and
defeat:
What god would need come
down to eat?



I still can't believe it!

(Based on Company File #8AP41765)

I hadn't been going fast.

When the light changed, I could have stopped easily—if something hadn't suddenly snapped in my brakes. *They wouldn't hold!*

Cars had already started across the intersection. And I hit one of them broadside.

The police arrested me. *Criminal negligence. Failure to observe a traffic signal. Operating a defective vehicle.*

I was held in $10,000 bail. And actually locked up. But the police first let me call my Hartford Agent.

It was Sunday. But that didn't stop him from going right to work. He notified the nearest Hartford Claim Office. Arranged to meet the claim man at the station house. Then he got my wife and drove her over to see me—a 40-mile trip.

I still find it hard to believe the whole thing happened. And if it hadn't been for those Hartford men, I'd have spent the night in jail. Maybe longer. But they helped me get a bail bond. I was released at 10:30 p.m.

Later a Hartford checkup proved that my brake failure was something I couldn't have prevented. The criminal charges against me were dismissed.

My Hartford Auto Property Damage Insurance paid for the damages to the car I'd hit. Under my Hartford Collision Insurance, I received $401.30 for repairs to my own car.

This same sort of service comes with every Hartford Automobile Policy. People of the same responsible and dependable type are available for you to call upon when you need help.
Why don't you see your Hartford Agent today? Or have your insurance broker tell you about the advantages of being insured with the Hartford.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the

Hartford

Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey . . . ***Hartford 15, Connecticut***
New York Underwriters Insurance Company . . . ***New York 38, New York***
Northwestern Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company . . . ***Minneapolis 2, Minnesota***

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WANT LOW-COST HEATING?

American Blower Unit Heaters!

Do you have need of a heating system for your showroom, store, shop, or restaurant? If so, you can fit these needs exactly with American Blower Venturafin Unit Heaters.

Use them individually or in combination. Quiet operating, these units give dependable, rugged service. Choose from Horizontal and Vertical models for steam or hot water; or Gas-Fired models. Certified ratings. For further information, contact your heating contractor today.

American Blower makes a complete line of air-conditioning and air-handling equipment, and Gyrol® Fluid Drives. For complete data and friendly assistance, call our nearest branch office. American Blower Corporation, Detroit 32, Mich. In Canada, look for Canadian Sirocco products.

AMERICAN BLOWER

Division of American-Standard

is typical of Rockefeller's efforts to assist his adopted state. The consolidated school, with some 1400 students, had an inadequate budget of about $95,000 a year and badly needed new and modern buildings. Rockefeller might easily have won praise by giving the town a new school building or two and then forgotten about the whole problem, but he didn't. Instead, he proposed that there should be a property reassessment and an increase in taxes that would boost the school budget to about $225,000 a year. Then, he said, he would finance the construction of new buildings and, especially, the improvement of the educational system for five years, after which the district must assume the burden of carrying it on as a pilot project that may demonstrate how schools can be "enriched" elsewhere in the state.

Rockefeller emphasized that policy must remain entirely in the hands of local authorities, but he made it clear that he had no intention of building two school systems. Since this could only mean integration in the long run, there were protests and indignant letters to the newspapers demanding that the town refuse the offer of tainted Yankee money. But this opposition was neither very strong nor very long-lived. There were only a dozen opposition votes in a district-wide poll, and protests ended after several other communities indicated they would be happy to get such an offer. Following a mass meeting, Morrilton officials accepted the proposal and work has been started on erecting the first new school.

Rockefeller also has contributed to the state's colleges, including $100,000 to four Negro institutions, and has established the Rockwin Fund, which granted eleven college scholarships last year and which he hopes, with the aid of donations by others, will assist an increasing number of students in future years. He has financed a University of Arkansas research project to study conservation of underground water and, as chairman of the State Medical Center Advisory Committee, has contributed funds to increase the salaries of several able professors who were about to leave the university medical school for better jobs.

In the eyes of businessmen all over the state, however, Rockefeller's biggest contribution to Arkansas has been in connection with his appointment by Governor Faubus as chairman of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission. Some cities—Pine Bluff, for example—had been making an active and successful bid for industrial development in recent years, but, generally speaking, the state had lagged behind and the annual appropriation for AIDC at present is only $127,464. Rockefeller put up additional money to hire two experienced professional development men, W. P. Rock and William R. Ewald, Jr., from the East, and then made scores of speeches all over the state to persuade businessmen to contribute around $100,000 a year for a national advertising campaign and other expenses.

Overflow crowds have heard most of Rockefeller's speeches as he toured from town to town in his $100,000 twin-engine private plane and, while he is no spellbinder, there has been a generally good response to his direct appeal for the state to make the most of its great natural resources. Faubus, who was up for re-election this year, once remarked that he usually tried to show up where the AIDC chairman was speaking, because he could be assured of getting in a plug for himself before a bigger crowd than he could otherwise attract.

Rockefeller's emphasis in his speeches has been that no miracles can be expected in getting new industry into the state, but that a general co-operative effort must be made to create an atmosphere that will attract industrialists. The AIDC has been at work on problems of taxes, labor, distribution and power, he points out, but industrial development also requires better city planning, good shopping centers and improved educational, health, cultural and recreational facilities for management and workers. "For the first time," one old-time newspaper editor said, "we are getting good research and good planning, and a solid foundation for industrial development is being laid. Newspapers, radio and television stations all over the state are co-operating. We're even getting culture—a symphony has been organized in Little Rock and they're now talking about opera and theatricals."

Comments along this general theme, some of them foolishly optimistic about what a Rockefeller can or will do for the state, are commonplace, but they reflect a generally high degree of confidence that Arkansas is due to take some long strides forward in the next few years. "With the help of such men as Mr. Rockefeller," said the Pine Bluff Commercial, "Arkansas can make a big jump in the list of improvements that should have been made long ago. . . . He's spending his own money to make his adopted state stand up on its own feet and say to the rest of the nation: 'You've looked down your noses at us long enough.' Mr. Rockefeller won't be alone in this new effort." The Newport Independent speculated that "maybe we will even 'out-Texas' Texas.... A man with the money and business acumen of Rockefeller isn't going to move, practically lock, stock and barrel, someplace unless there is money in it."

Whether Rockefeller's busy public life means that he is interested in getting into politics eventually is a question that probably will be decided by the trend of events. "I've always been interested in public service," he said recently, "and when I moved here I naturally wanted to participate in public affairs." Nobody is likely to contend that a Republican normally can get far running for office in Arkansas, where the vital county offices are almost entirely in the hands of the Democratic Party. But his friends believe that if Rockefeller's multitudinous affairs develop favorably in the next decade, he might stand a chance as an independent candidate for governor. Such an idea might well appeal to Rockefeller, whose maternal grandfather was United States Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, a potent politician in his day.

Meanwhile, acquaintances who were skeptical that Rockefeller would remain permanently in Arkansas are about ready to admit they were wrong. He travels a great deal, usually in his private plane, but such excursions are largely for business reasons and he has recently been spending most of his time on top of Petit Jean Mountain. "He won't even leave that mountaintop to come to his office in Little Rock unless it is absolutely necessary," his secretary, Thelma Irby, said. "I have to load up all the papers and drive up there a couple of times a week."

This stay-at-home tendency has been even stronger since his marriage this year to Mrs. Jeanette Edris, a wealthy, thrice-divorced native of Washington state, who has two teen-age children now enrolled in the Morrilton public schools. Life is highly informal at Winrock Farm, there are usually plenty of guests, Broadway is only five hours away by plane and—so far, at least—the new Mrs. Rockefeller has appeared to enjoy country life as much as her husband.

Farmer Rockefeller (left) and guests. Winrock Farm was parched, drought-ridden land when Rockefeller moved here in 1953. "There wasn't enough water up here to take a bath in," one farmer recalls.

Time, of course, can change all things, but right now the enthusiasm of Rockefeller for Arkansas, and vice versa, is at a high level and gives strong indications of being permanent. Last winter, for example, Little Rock Republican leaders were wondering how to go about getting together a few hundred party members for a "Salute to Eisenhower" dinner. Then somebody asked Rockefeller to be chairman.

He agreed and invited his brother, Nelson, a former White House staff member, to make the principal speech. Brother Laurance happened to be going to Mexico at that time and he agreed to stop off and attend the dinner. By the time the soup was served on the big night there were 1100 persons in the banquet hall and the dinner raised $55,000 for the Republican Party campaign chest.

"It was the big event of the year," a Democratic leader said later. "A lot of lifelong Democrats were mysteriously there, I guess, and if they'd had another Rockefeller or two at the speakers' table, they would have had to shift the dinner to the coliseum." THE END

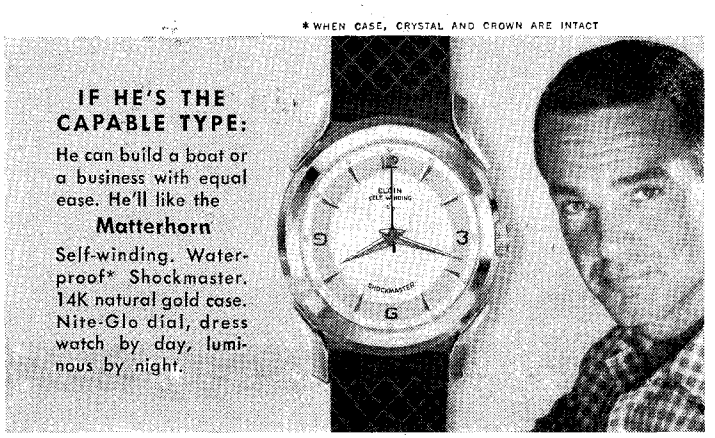
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Personality-Styled" ELGIN WATCHES

...STYLED TO THE WEARER'S WAY OF LIFE

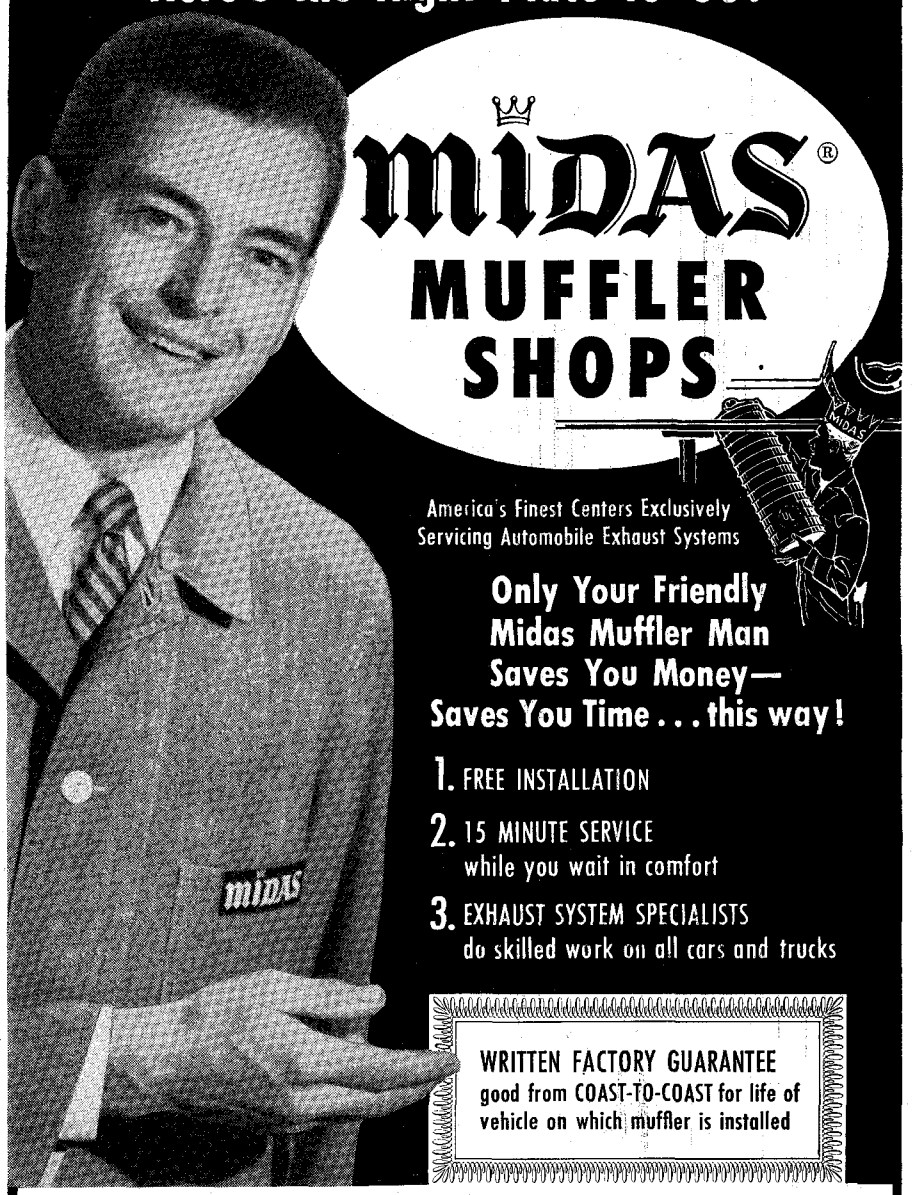
It's a new concept of watch design: "Personality-Styled" watches, designed with a specific type of man or woman in mind. Now you can be sure a Christmas gift of an Elgin Watch will match the taste and suit the activity of the wearer. All Elgin Watches have the guaranteed DuraPower Mainspring, "the heart that never breaks". Choose an Elgin Watch today. A small down payment will hold it until Christmas. Lord and Lady Elgin Watches are priced from **$75**—other Elgin Watches from **$33.75.**

ELGIN -the newest ideas in fine watch design


*WHEN CASE, CRYSTAL AND CROWN ARE INTACT
IF HE'S THE
CAPABLE TYPE:
He can build a boat or a business with equal ease. He'll like the
Matterhorn
Self-winding. Waterproof* Shockmaster. 14K natural gold case. Nite-Glo dial, dress watch by day, luminous by night.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Your Car Needs a New Muffler Here's the Right Place to Go!



MIDAS® MUFFLER SHOPS

America's Finest Centers Exclusively Servicing Automobile Exhaust Systems

Only Your Friendly Midas Muffler Man Saves You Money— Saves You Time . . . this way!

1. FREE INSTALLATION
2. 15 MINUTE SERVICE while you wait in comfort
3. EXHAUST SYSTEM SPECIALISTS do skilled work on all cars and trucks

WRITTEN FACTORY GUARANTEE good from COAST-TO-COAST for life of vehicle on which muffler is installed

PLAY SAFE! DRIVE OVER FOR A FREE MUFFLER CHECKUP TODAY AT THE MIDAS MUFFLER SHOP NEAREST YOU!

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, 2401 Fifth Avenue N.
MOBILE, ALABAMA, 1905 St. Stephens Road
MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, 9 Molton Street
FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA, 2212 S. Andrews
MIAMI, FLORIDA, 499 N. W. 79th
ORLANDO, FLORIDA, 1220 W. Robinson
PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, 1800 W. Cervantes
SARASOTA, FLORIDA, 2070 Ringling Blvd.
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA, 2733 So. Dixie Hwy.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, 877 Street N.W.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA, 292 Memorial Drive, S.E.
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA, 705 Reynolds
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, 315-13th Street
MACON, GEORGIA, 656 Broadway
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, Montgomery & Duffy Streets
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 6050 Broadway
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 27 E. 111th Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 4417 S. Kedzie Avenue
PEORIA, ILLINOIS, 405 S. Jefferson
HAMMOND, INDIANA, 6031 Calumet Avenue
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, 322 E. Market Street
LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA, 339 S. Buchanan
LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA, 110 W. Mill Street
MARRERO, JEFFERSON PARISH, LA., 4801-4th Street
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, 2530 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, 844 Howard Street
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, 1700 Tulane Avenue
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA, 1024 Texas Avenue
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 5617 Harford Road
WHEATON, MARYLAND, 2652 Kensington-Wheaton Road
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, 432 Highland Avenue
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, 1143 Main Street
FLINT, MICHIGAN, 3009 S. Saginaw
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, 726-30 South Division Ave.
LANSING, MICHIGAN, 120 W. Ionia
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, 2107 Henry Street
JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, 1305 Gallatin, Box 8008
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, 1905 Truman Road
OMAHA, NEBRASKA, 1501 Davenport Street
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, 975 Raymond Blvd.
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, 213-215 Tijeras, N.W.
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK, 46-48 State Street
BUFFALO, NEW YORK, 1450 Michigan Avenue
NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK, 501 Main Street
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, 1205 Erie Blvd. East
UTICA, NEW YORK, 1205 Oriskany Street, West
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, 916 N. Graham Street
AKRON, OHIO, 111 S. Case
CINCINNATI, OHIO, 3062 Markbreit Avenue
CINCINNATI, OHIO, 3719 Spring Grove Avenue
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 865 Cleveland Avenue
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 3151 N. High Street
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 3254 E. Main Street
COLUMBUS, OHIO, 163 S. Sandusky
STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, 933 Market Street
TOLEDO, OHIO, 1401 Cherry Street
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA, 315 North Walker
TULSA OKLAHOMA, 3811 E. 11th Street
ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA, 105 Walnut Street
CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA, 2039 Meeting Street
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, 1100 Devine Street
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, 2309 McCallie Avenue
FORT WORTH, TEXAS, 201 Commerce Street
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, 3930 E. Commerce Street
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, 108 W. 15th Street
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, 1251 North 4th Street

CHOICE FRANCHISES STILL AVAILABLE. WRITE TODAY FOR INFORMATION

©1956, MIDAS, INC.

MIDAS® Inc. 1023 S. State Street, Chicago 5, Illinois

I Fought All the Way

(Continued from Page 45)

then we'll go see Weill." I was more worried about the ball game than about Weill. So we waited a few days until after the Plymouth game, which we lost, and then Allie called Weill and made a date for five days later.

We hitched a ride in a truck that was going out of Brockton at eight o'clock one night and was due into New York at three the next morning.

We were in two trucks—Allie in one and me in the other. The driver with me—a guy named Bill O'Malley—was a frustrated fighter. He tells me the trucks leave Brockton every other night for New York and come back on the same schedule, and any time we want a ride we can have one.

At three o'clock in the morning the drivers let us off in Yonkers, New York. We took a subway to Manhattan, got off at Times Square and walked up to Al Weill's building, 1585 Broadway. We walked up and down Broadway until 10:30 in the morning, when "The King" arrived with his big cigar. We followed him up to his office a couple minutes later, and Allie asked one of the guys there, "Is Al Weill in?"

"Yeah, he's on the phone," the guy says. "You got to wait a minute."

"Will you tell him that Marchegiano from Brockton is waiting for him?" Allie says.

It looked like Weill was on that phone for half an hour. Finally the guy comes out and says, "O.K., go ahead in."

Weill was sitting by the window with his hat on, chewing on his cigar, and Colombo says, "I'm Al Colombo, the fellow that wrote you."

"Oh, yah," says Weill, "from Brockton."

I sat directly across from him, so that he could look at me, and Weill says, "Who told you you could fight?"

"He won all the fights he's been in," Allie says, giving me a little the best of it.

"How many amateur fights you had?"

"About twelve," says Allie.

"Can you punch?"

"Oh, ho," says Allie.

"Yah, with just the right hand?" Weill asks.

"No, with both hands," Allie says. "He can punch with both hands."

"How old are you? How much do you weigh?"

"Twenty-three," says Allie. "One ninety."

"Ah—I suppose you want to go right to work today."

"Sure," Allie says.

Weill picked up the phone and called a number. Then we hear him say, "Charley, I'm bringing down a new kid, a heavyweight. Get somebody ready for him. I want to see him work a couple of rounds. . . . What, you got nobody there? Is Godoy around? . . . Well, tell Godoy to wait a few minutes. I want to see the kid work. . . . O.K. We'll be down."

I'm going to fight Arturo Godoy already.

Weill takes me and Allie downstairs, and we get into a cab and ride to the C.Y.O. gymnasium on 17th Street. We go up to the second floor, and here's this little tiny guy. It turns out to be Charley Goldman. He's a fight trainer and teacher.

Godoy was still there, but I didn't box with him. They had a guy named Wade Chancey, a kid with about eleven or twelve fights, ready for me practically when I got there. And I remember getting in the ring with no warm-up or nothing, and Goldman says, "Do what you know you can do it."

I go in there, and nothing exciting happens in the first round, but in the second I throw the looper and I catch him on the chin. He goes against the ropes and he fades to the left-hand side. Weill is yelling, "Kill him! Kill him! Let's see you kill him!" Weill is the only guy that's hollering, and I turn around and look at him. Nobody else said a word until Allie stepped in and said, "That's enough. He ain't in shape." Allie wanted me to quit while I was ahead.

Then I went in the shower room and Godoy comes in. He was a top heavyweight then. He says, "Boy, you got it. Weill's O.K. You stick with him." Then he walked away and kept saying, "Boy, you got it."

We went back to Weill's office, and he said, "I want you to stick around here. You can live where Goldman is, at Ma Brown's on Ninety-second Street."

"I don't want to stay here yet," I said. "I want to go home for a couple of months. I want to get in good condition, do some roadwork, practice, and in a couple of months I'll be ready."

"All right," Weill says. "Providence, Rhode Island, is near you, ain't it?" Allie says it's thirty-five miles from Brockton. "O.K.," Weill says. "Let me know when you're ready, and I'll get you some fights there. The promoter is a friend of mine, Manny Almeida."

I'm on the elevator on the way down when Weill hollers, "Hey, kid, come back here!" The elevator guy brings me back up. Weill takes me to one side and says, "Here's twenty dollars," and he gives me twenty dollars. I says, "Gee, thanks a lot, Mr. Weill," and he says, "That's all right." I remember I took Allie and we went to a good restaurant. We ate, and then we took a bus home.

I'd never been what you'd call a very ambitious guy. I did have the ambition when I was younger to play big-league baseball, but the farthest I got was a minor-league tryout. Now I was twenty-four years old—although I said I was twenty-three—and I'd never been anything more than an ordinary laborer. I guess I realized that the fight game was my last chance to better myself, and I really worked at it.

And Allie Colombo worked with me. He'd given up his own job when I decided to turn pro, and he was with me throughout my fight career. When I began getting big purses later on, I saw to it that Allie benefited, too, because at the start there wasn't hardly any money in it for either of us. We were just living with our families.

We started a program of our own in Brockton, Allie and me. Seven days a week we woke up at seven and did roadwork. We took a different route every day, so we wouldn't get tired of looking at the same scenery all the time. After a while I guess everyone in Brockton saw us running along the street. We were on the road even on the day of a fight, and when I first started fighting professional, I did roadwork the day after a fight, too.

After the running we'd come home, and I'd have breakfast at 10:30, maybe 11:00 o'clock. Then I'd lay down and rest for two or three hours. Then Allie'd wake me up and I'd work out until about five. After that I'd come home and have my big meal with the family.

I saw my fiancée, Barbara Cousens, one night a week. She was a telephone operator and worked different shifts, so it wasn't always the same night. We'd go to a show or maybe just hang around her house. I always left her at 10:00 o'clock so I could be home and in bed by 10:30.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nights when I didn't see her, I just sat around the house or went over to Edgar's Playground to watch a ball game or something until it was time to go to bed.

Lester Cousens, Barbara's father, knew a guy named Russ Murray, who owned the Raynham Park dog track and had a big place in North Easton, near Brockton. Murray liked fighters and built a gymnasium right on his place. He let me work there. I didn't get no tutoring or anything. I didn't even have anyone to spar with. I just used the equipment that was there.

Allie and me figured out our own training methods. In order to develop strength in my arms I practiced throwing punches under water in the Y.M.C.A. pool. Art Bergman, a fireman I knew who was a terrific puncher, gave me the biggest, heaviest bag I ever saw. It weighed 180 pounds. The normal bag weighs forty or fifty pounds. I'd had trouble with my hands before. Art told me to punch his bag with my bare fists, and that's the way I hardened them up.

We studied things like why does a guy have a good right hand and then lose it? We watched guys work out, and found they punched with the left all the time. After a while they weren't using the right at all in training. So whenever I worked out I always punched just as hard with the right as I did with the left, to keep the power in my right while building up my left.

I watched my diet. I ate plenty of meat and good soups and greens. At first I drank a lot of milk, but Allie found out that milk has a tendency to get sour in your stomach. After that I drank tea. It's lighter and easier to digest.

Every once in a while we went to New York, so Charley Goldman could see how we were doing. At first we stayed at Ma Brown's rooming house. She was a nice woman and her house was clean, but we didn't like it because there was no life there, and it was too far uptown. We didn't have much money, so our only relaxation was walking around Broadway. The truck drivers told us about the Y.M.C.A. on 34th Street, and we wanted to stay there. It was about halfway between the gym on 17th Street and Weill's office at 48th and Broadway. Besides, the Y had a gym, and we could work out there on rainy days when we couldn't walk. I told Weill all those things, and he finally let us move to the Y.M.C.A.

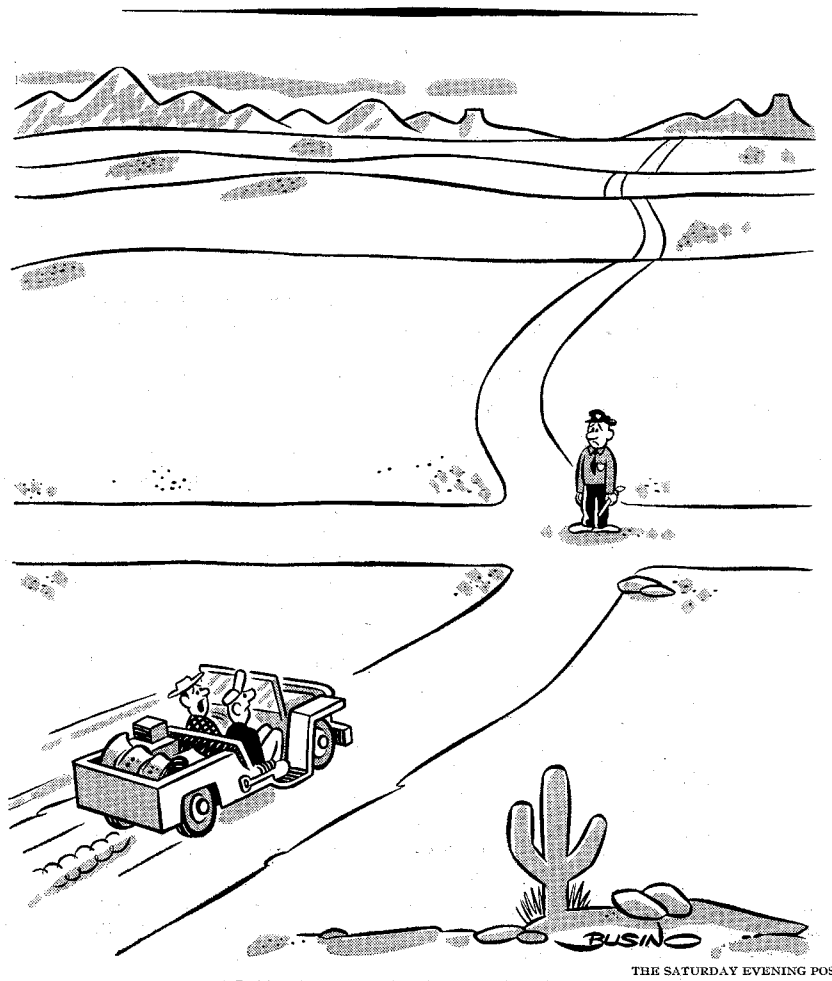
We got a big kick out of walking up and down Broadway from 34th Street to about 55th Street and back again. We looked for celebrities, and sometimes we saw somebody. Rocky Graziano was a big guy at that time. He had held the middleweight title, and was still a big-name fighter. He used to hang out in front of the Hotel Forrest on 49th Street. Today he's a good friend of mine, but then we'd just watch him. Different guys'd come up to him, and he'd slap them on the back.

We used to go over to the stage door where the Mike Todd show, As the Girls Go, was playing, and watch the girls go in for the show. It got so every night they'd recognize us and say "Good evening." It was a big thing for us.

One day as we were walking up Broadway, Allie grabs my arm and says, "There's Willie Pep with a beautiful-looking girl." So we stayed maybe about twenty yards behind and followed them. He stopped once and bought the girl a flower, and he pinned it on her coat and he gave her a little kiss on the forehead. Then he took her into one of the theaters. Pep was a big guy to me. He was the featherweight champion for years, and we followed him just to see what happened to these important guys in New York.

One night Allie and me had a little money in our pockets, and I said to Allie, "Let's go to Leone's for dinner. Let's do it right." They wouldn't let us in because we weren't wearing ties. So I said to Allie, "The heck with this place. Someday we'll come back, Allie, without ties." We did go back later, but not without ties.

And one day Jack Dempsey came into the C.Y.O. gym with a heavyweight from Vienna named Joe Weiden. Charley Goldman introduced me to Dempsey. It was a big thrill. Dempsey wanted to see



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Only man on the force who dared to give the mayor a ticket."

Doris Day Advises...

"To Get Ahead Faster *You Need A Checking Account*"

DORIS DAY, starring in MGM's exciting film "JULIE"

To RAISE your financial standing, follow Doris Day's sound advice. A checking account helps you manage your money wisely and builds your prestige!

The simplest checking account is a THRIFTICHECK Account – it requires no minimum balance.

Any convenient amount opens a THRIFTICHECK account. You'll receive quickly a handsome checkbook with your name printed, *free*, on each check . . . no charge for deposits . . . the cost is only a few cents a check.

If you expect to keep a substantial sum on deposit and use more than 10 or 12 checks a month, a Regular Checking Account may be better for you.

To get ahead faster, ask your banker which type of checking account you should have, Regular or THRIFTICHECK! Or write to THRIFTICHECK SERVICE CORPORATION, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. for name of nearest bank offering THRIFTICHECK.

Among the many fine banks offering* THRIFTICHECKS *are:

Anchorage, Alaska.....National Bank of Alaska
Andover, Mass.....Bay State Merchants Natl. Bank
Asbury Park, N. J...Asbury Park Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Aurora, Ill.....Aurora National Bank
Austin, Texas.....The American National Bank
Baltimore, Md.....First National Bank
Beloit, Wis.....Beloit State Bank
Berkeley, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
Birmingham, Ala...Birmingham Trust National Bank
Boston, Mass.....Merchants National Bank
Brockton, Mass.....Brockton National Bank
Buffalo, N. Y.....Liberty Bank of Buffalo
Burlington & Northern Vt.....Chittenden Trust Co.
Cadillac, Mich.....The Cadillac State Bank
Charleston, W. Va.....Bank of West Virginia
Chicago, Ill.....Live Stock National Bank
Chicago, Ill.....The Mutual National Bank
Chicago, Ill.....Park National Bank
Chicago, Ill.....Sears-Community State Bank
Chicago, Ill.....West Irving State Bank
Cleveland, Ohio.....National City Bank
Coshocton, Ohio.....Coshocton National Bank
Dallas, Texas.....Mercantile National Bank
Dayton, Ohio.....Merchants Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Denver, Colo.....First National Bank
Denver, Colo.....International Trust Co.
Des Moines, Iowa.....Central Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Dover, Ohio.....National Bank of Dover
Doylestown, Pa.....Doylestown Trust Company
Duluth, Minn.....First & American National Bank
Durham, N. C.....Wachovia Bank and Trust Co.
East St. Louis, Ill.....Union National Bank
Erie, Pa.....First National Bank
Fort Worth, Texas.....Continental National Bank
Framingham, Mass.....Framingham Trust Co.
Grand Island, Nebr.....Overland National Bank
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Old Kent Bank
Greenville, Pa.....First Natl. Bank of Mercer County
Greenville, S. C.....Peoples National Bank
Hammond, Ind.....Hoosier State Bank
Hastings, Nebr.....Hastings National Bank
Haverhill, Mass.....Haverhill National Bank
Indianapolis, Ind.....Fidelity Bank & Trust Co.
Joplin, Mo.....First National Bank
Kalamazoo, Mich.....Home Savings Bank
Kansas City, Mo.....First National Bank
Kearney, Nebr.....First National Bank
Kingston, N. Y.....Rondout National Bank
Lakeland, Fla.....First State Bank
Langhorne, Pa.....Peoples Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Las Vegas, Nev.....Bank of Las Vegas
Laurel, Md.....State Bank of Laurel
Lawrence, Mass.....Bay State Merchants Natl. Bank
Lincoln, Nebr.....National Bank of Commerce
Linden, N. J.....Linden Trust Company
Lynn, Mass.....Security Trust Company
Manchester, N. H.....Amoskeag National Bank
Martinez, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
Metairie, La.....Metairie Savings Bank & Trust Co.
Middlesex County, Mass...Middlesex County Natl. Bank
Middletown, O.....Oglesby-Barnitz Bank & Trust Co.
Millbrae, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
Milwaukee, Wis.....Bank of Commerce
Mobile, Ala.....First National Bank of Mobile
Morristown, N. J.....Morristown Trust Company
Muskegon, Mich.....National Lumberman's Bank
Nashua, N. H.....Nashua Trust Company
New Canaan, Conn.....First Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
New Haven, Conn.....First Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Newport, Ky.....Newport National Bank
Newton, Mass.....Newton-Waltham Bank & Trust Co.
New York, N. Y.....Industrial Bank of Commerce
Norwalk, Cal.....Norwalk Comm. & Savings Bank
Oakland, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
Oklahoma City, Okla.....City Natl. Bank & Trust Co.
Olympia, Wash.....Olympia State Bank & Trust Co.
Omaha, Nebr.....South Omaha Bank
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Commonwealth Trust Company
Portland, Ore.....Bank of California, N. A.
Quincy, Mass.....Granite Trust Company
Raleigh, N. C.....First National Bank
Reno, Nev.....Nevada Bank of Commerce
Richmond, Va.....Virginia Trust Company
Rome, Ga.....Rome Bank & Trust Company
St. Louis, Mo.....First National Bank
St. Paul, Minn.....Empire National Bank
Salt Lake City, Utah....Continental Bank & Trust Co.
San Francisco, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
San Leandro, Cal.....Bank of California, N. A.
Seattle, Wash.....Bank of California, N. A.
Sioux Falls, S. D...Northwest Security National Bank
Spokane, Wash.....Old National Bank
Springfield, Mass...Springfield Safe Dep. & Trust Co.
Springfield, Mo.....Union National Bank
Steubenville, Ohio....First National Bank & Trust Co.
Sun Valley, Cal.....Sun Valley National Bank of L. A.
Syracuse, N. Y.....First Trust & Deposit Company
Tacoma, Wash.....Bank of California, N. A.
Tampa, Fla.....Marine Bank & Trust Company
Toledo, Ohio.....The National Bank of Toledo
Towson, Md.....Second National Bank
Uniontown, Pa.....Gallatin National Bank
Utica, N. Y.....First Bank & Trust Company
Waltham, Mass.....Newton-Waltham Bank & Trust Co.
Waterbury, Conn.....Citizens & Mfrs. National Bank
Watsonville, Cal.....Pajaro Valley National Bank
Wichita, Kansas.....Union National Bank
Wildwood, N. J.....Marine National Bank
Wilmington, Del.....Delaware Trust Company
Worcester, Mass.....Guaranty Bank & Trust Company

All members Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

ThriftiCheck® AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR CHECKING ACCOUNT SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

add faster
and easier
with a

Smith-Corona

ADDING MACHINE

No other adding machine gives you so much for so little: low cost, speedy operation; years of sturdy, trouble-free use. Insure accurate records, profitable operation. Get a Smith-Corona, the lowest-priced, full-featured adding machine in America. Costs as little as $94.50*

Model shown, $112.50*

Prices for all states permitting Fair Trade Laws. Subject to change. F.E. Tax extra.

Smith-Corona

MAIL COUPON

SMITH-CORONA INC
703 E. Washington Street Syracuse 1 N Y

Please rush me complete information and tell me where I can see and try a Smith-Corona Adding Machine.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

if this guy Weiden could take a punch, so he says to me, "Kid, I want you to hit this guy right on the chin if you can, and watch out for yourself, because he is a pretty good puncher himself." We boxed for a couple minutes, and then I landed a terrific left hook and opened up a big cut. Dempsey had to stop the fight and take this guy to the hospital to be stitched up. Weiden came back a month later, but Dempsey was never with him again.

Weill wasn't at any of my first few fights, and he let me keep all of the purses. I knocked out seven guys in a row fighting in Providence, all but one in the first round. After my third or fourth fight, Manny Almeida, the promoter, called Weill and said, "You got another Dempsey. You better send somebody up here or you might lose this guy." After that Chick Wergeles was up for every fight, and Charley Goldman started coming up later.

After every fight we went to New York to work with Charley. Sometimes we'd ride in the trucks, and sometimes my Uncle Mike Piccento drove us in his car. Later, Allie's father-in-law gave him a 1935 model. It was a good car, only the radiator leaked. We always just made Hartford before we'd have to put more water in, and then we could go the rest of the way to New York without boiling over. We knew a couple guys who owned a parking lot in New York—Herbie and Sam Wolfe—and we always parked the car with them for free.

When I started out I used my right name, Rocky Marchegiano, but the writers couldn't spell it and the announcers couldn't pronounce it. The right pronunciation is "Mark-a-gee-a-no," but it kept coming out "Marciano." After about my sixth or seventh fight, Al Weill called me into his office one day and told me I had to get an easier name to say. He wanted me to call myself Rocky March, but I told him I had to have a name that sounded Italian. Right about then Manny Almeida happened to call from Providence, and Al mentioned changing the name to him.

"Are you crazy?" Almeida said. "This guy's a sensation here under the name of Marciano. What's the matter with that?"

So I became Rocky Marciano. But I never changed my name legally. I still sign checks and official papers and stuff "Rocco Marchegiano," and my daughter's legal name is Mary Anne Marchegiano.

My first fight away from Providence was against Gil Cardione in Washington, D.C. The fight was postponed a couple of times on account of rain, and Cardione and I got friendly. The poor guy had nothing. His father was sick and he had four brothers and sisters. He had a job and he was fighting on the side. He only fought when he needed money.

I felt sorry for him, and was talking about him to Allie the afternoon of the fight. "Rock," Allie says, "you can't feel sorry for anyone like that. He's an opponent, a guy in your way. You got to get by him. He's out there to hurt you."

I knocked him out in one round, but I still felt sorry for him. After that, I tried not to get too friendly with the other fighters.

I hurt my hand when I knocked out Gilley Ferron in two rounds in Philadelphia in December, 1948, and I had to lay off for three months. The thing I remember most about that night, though, was meeting Joe Louis. He was boxing an exhibition with Godoy. He had on what must have been a fifty-dollar hat, and he looked sharp as anything. And I remember Al Weill saying, "Joe, I want you to meet my new kid, Rocky Marciano." He shook hands and said, "Good luck, boy." I felt terrific. The next day I told all the gang in Brockton I met Joe Louis.

All the time I was fighting, mom was very upset. She would never go to my fights. She wouldn't even watch them on television or listen to them on the radio. Whenever I was fighting, she stayed in her room and prayed or some friend of the family would take her riding in an automobile until it was over.

I remember once Joe Louis was in Providence for an exhibition bout with Bill Weinberg. All of a sudden, mom said, "I think I'll take a look at this." I stayed home, but waited until mom got back before I went to bed.

She came to my room and said, "Rocky, I don't care who you fight. Now that you're a fighter, I suppose you got to fight everybody. But promise me one thing, Rocky. Promise me you'll never fight this Joe Louis. He's a big, strong man. He's like a big monster. His hands were going like machines in the shoe shops. Promise, *figlio mio?*"

Once in a while mom went to see Mrs. Lucy Parziale to fight off *malocchio*. *Malocchio* is the "evil eye." At least, that's what the old Italian people from the south of Italy say. It's like some kind of a curse. The only way to get rid of it is to see someone who can break the spell, like Mrs. Parziale.

Mom would take something that I used against my body, like a T-shirt, and give it to Mrs. Parziale. Mrs. Parziale would fill a deep dish with water and dip a teaspoon of olive oil in it. Then she'd recite some words and dip her finger in the water. If the oil didn't spread out, mom knew nobody was putting the evil eye on me. But the more the oil spread, the more people were giving me this *malocchio*.

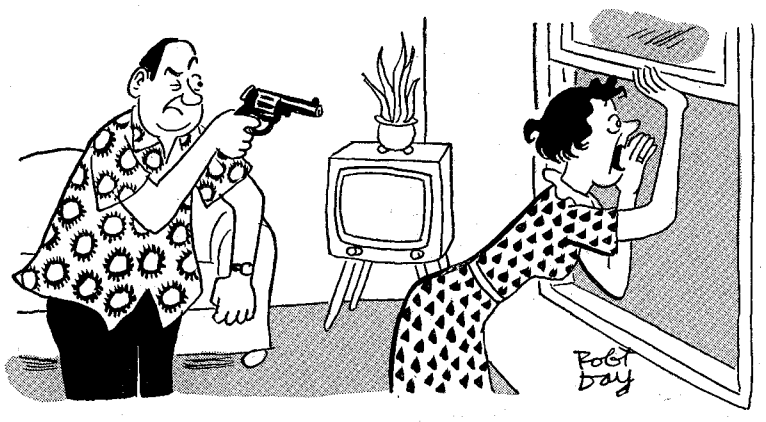
Mom also went over to Fall River a couple of times a year to get St. Jude's Oil from St. Anne's Church there. It's supposed to protect you from injury. Once she heard somebody say, "Rocky will win if his hands hold up," and she put some on my hands. Another time she put some on my chin.

Barbara didn't mind my fighting at first. She just didn't like my being away so much. Before every fight she went to the priests at St. Colman's Church and got one of them to bless my boxing shoes. Then she'd mail them to me. There were three priests—Rev. Leroy V. Cooney, Rev. Richard O'Donovan and Rev. John Morrissey. They used to take turns. One would bless my shoes and I'd knock a guy out in the first round. The next fight another might do it, and it would take me two rounds. Then the third would do it, and it might be three or four rounds. We always said we wanted the one-round priest to bless the shoes.

My back began bothering me in the spring of 1949. Charley Goldman had me see an osteopath in New York, and he massaged it, and it seemed all right. Then one day in August I went to New Bedford to fight Pete Louthis, and the pain was so bad that Allie had to walk me around and around the arena right up to the time I went into the ring. I fought from a crouch because I couldn't straighten up, and I had a terrible time for two rounds. I finally knocked the guy out with a left hook in the third.

Later, when Dr. Thomas B. Quigley, of Boston, told Allie and me I had a slipped disk, we didn't believe him, but it turned out he was right. My back hurt for over a year. Dr. Michael Del Colliano, a friend in Brockton,

(*Continued on Page 74*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Annoyed at his wife, Francis pointed a pistol at her. Her screams brought the police. They jailed Francis, then searched his home with his wife's aid and found the pistol. When it was introduced as evidence at the trial, the defense objected.

"This weapon was obtained by an illegal search of the defendant's sacred home without his consent, after he had been forcibly taken from his home," defense counsel argued. "Therefore it isn't admissible as evidence."

"The pistol was found with the help of Francis' wife, who actually invited the police in," the prosecution replied. "A wife has just as much right to authorize a search of her home as any husband has."

If you were the judge, would you admit the pistol as evidence?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The pistol was admitted and Francis was convicted. The court ruled that the search of a home can be authorized by anyone in charge of the place. That, it added, certainly means the wife as well as the husband.

Based upon a 1954 Illinois decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New

Firestone

De Luxe Champion

With greater mileage, increased comfort, quieter operation, tomorrow's styling and built-in peace of mind!

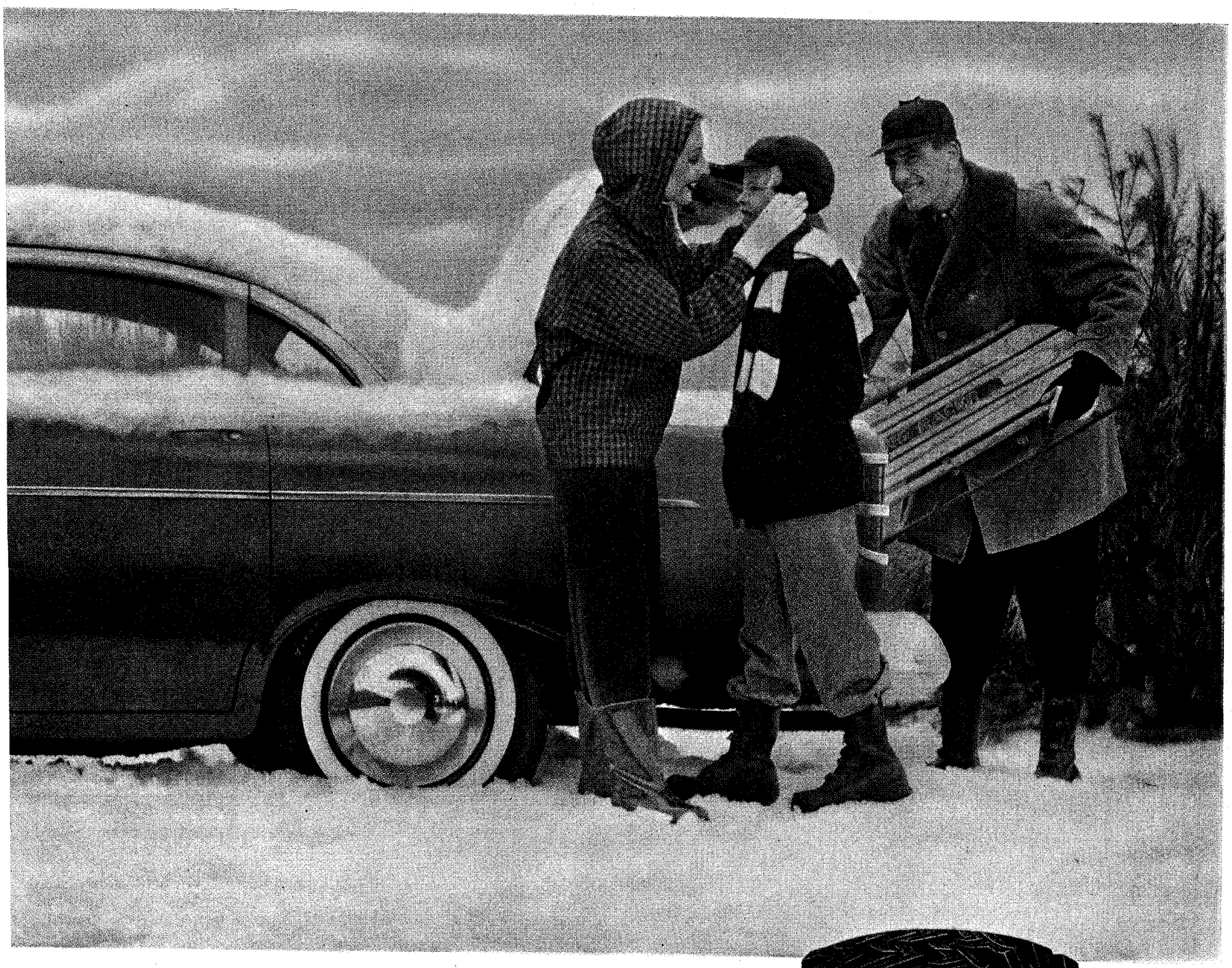
"*More of everything*" wraps up in one phrase the many new developments incorporated in Firestone's new De Luxe Champion Tire.

First, you get Firestone's priceless *built-in peace of mind* through the exclusive Safety-Liner feature that takes the *blow* out of blowouts . . . your car is under control at all times. And with De Luxe Champion tubeless tires, you can wait for a convenient opportunity to make puncture repairs.

The new De Luxe Champion is a huskier tire with more quality rubber in its make-up. A wider tread puts increased tread area on the road for even wear, better traction and more luxurious ride. Its Silent-Ride, Safety-Grip design puts more non-skid edges on the road than any tire in its class.

Have your present car equipped with extra-mileage Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires, tubeless or for use with tube, at your nearby Firestone dealer or store. And be sure your next car is equipped with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tires, too!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Only the New

Firestone

Town & Country Gives You triple-action traction!

Just in time for the winter driving ahead, Firestone introduces the new, improved Town & Country winter tire with exclusive Triple-Action Traction!

Firestone's new Triple-Action Traction tread gives you (1) sharp-angled cleats and thousands of built-in skid resisters for greatest protection against skidding, (2) deep-biting traction bars for terrific pulling power, (3) self-cleaning action that prevents traction loss due to snow or mud packing up in the tread.

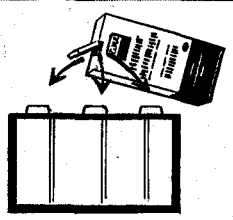
In many localities roads and streets are dry most of the winter . . . and this tire is specially designed to give long wear on dry highways. And here's good news—it is smooth-riding, whine-free and hum-free. Available now with nylon or rayon cord bodies, black or white sidewalls, tubeless or for use with tube. Have them mounted when you winterize your car at any Firestone dealer or store. Don't wait till the weather breaks—you can have them *now* on convenient payment terms and enjoy *built-in peace of mind!*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! Ready for your Ford–

THE DRY-CHARGE BATTERY WITH THE LONGEST LIFE

"See the difference?" says Donald Droste, Ford's Chief Battery Engineer. "You get more life-building fluid in a Ford Battery and that means a longer life. And it holds more fluid because its walls are made of such strong materials they can be made slimmer—yet give you the *same* strength as the *thicker* walls of ordinary batteries."



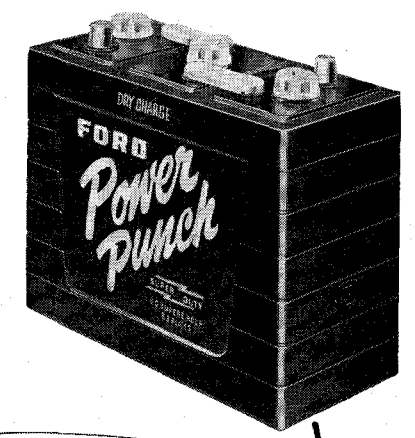
"They're factory fresh, too, for an even *longer* life. The life-building fluid of the new Genuine Ford dry charge battery is packaged separately and added *when you buy it.* That means there's no power loss in storage . . . and many extra amp-hours of battery life for your Ford."

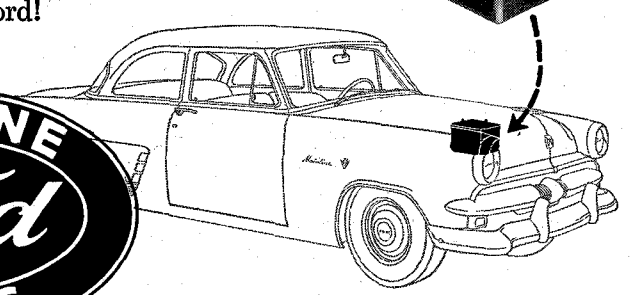
All Genuine Ford Parts are made right to last longer in your Ford!

Genuine Ford Batteries, like *all* Genuine Ford Parts, are made to the *exact* specifications set by the men who first built your Ford.

In addition, *all* Genuine Ford Parts have to pass grueling Ford "torture" tests before being approved for manufacture.

That's why it pays to insist on "Genuine Ford Parts." They're made right to fit right to last *longer* in your Ford!





GENUINE Ford PARTS

Keep your Ford all Ford

(*Continued from Page 70*) gave me diathermy treatments, but I never knew when the terrible pain would start up again. It never did until last summer after I retired.

Just before that first LaStarza fight I had the worst experience of my whole life. On December 30, 1949, I knocked out Carmine Vingo in the sixth round at Madison Square Garden in New York. I hit him with a good right-hand punch to the jaw—the same punch I knocked everybody else out with. He went over backwards and his head hit the canvas. It looked like another routine knockout.

I went back to the dressing room and showered up. The newspaper guys came in, and finally some guy says, "That Vingo boy is in bad shape. Rocky, they think you better go to the hospital. They got him in St. Clare's Hospital. Doctor Nardiello's over there." Dr. Vincent Nardiello was the Garden doctor.

Allie and Charley Goldman and me went right to the hospital. There was this woman sitting there. She was sobbing so hard she had a handkerchief in her mouth, and I knew she was Carmine's mother. I just stood there and looked at her and said, "I'm sorry." She didn't say nothing.

I didn't know what to do. A nun came by and I looked at her. I was hoping she'd say something. She touched my arm and says, "We're praying—all praying for this boy," and then she says, "I know you're praying, too, Rocky."

Finally Doctor Nardiello came down and I said, "Doc, you got to do something for this kid. You got to pull him through for me."

"Don't worry, Rocky," he says. "We're doing everything we can. We got this brain expert up there, and we're going to stay with him until he's all right."

Maybe around three o'clock in the morning the doc told us to go back to the hotel. All the family was there—Uncle Mike and Uncle John and Uncle Dom and pop. Barbara was there, too. She and I looked at each other, and we both had tears in our eyes. She says, "I heard all about it," and she didn't say any more. What can you say to a guy?

Nobody went to bed. We just sat up and talked all night. The others went home to Brockton in the morning because everybody had to get back to work. Allie and I walked over to the hospital, and Doctor Nardiello was there. He had a little smile, and he says, "We've got hope—good hope now, Rocky."

The next day Doctor Nardiello told us to go home and said he'd keep in touch with me. Allie and me went back to Brockton. I stopped in at St. Patrick's Church on Main Street and prayed for Vingo every morning, until one day about three weeks later the doc called to tell me Vingo was able to go home.

Except for a slight paralysis on one side, he come out all right. We got to be real good friends. I gave him some of the purses from my next few fights, and he was at all my big fights later. He and his wife were at our wedding when Barbara and me got married the next December.

Meantime I was going along winning all my fights. Three months after the Vingo fight I beat LaStarza on a split decision in the closest fight of my professional career. It was a big victory for me. LaStarza had won thirty-seven straight fights, and the winner was sure to get a shot at the big money sooner or later.

But Weill and Goldman figured I needed more experience, and I went back to Providence for nearly a year and a half. I won nine fights, seven by knockouts, and then was matched with Rex Layne. I worked at Greenwood Lake, New Jersey, for two months before the fight. I knocked out Layne in six, had a tune-up fight with Freddie Beshore, who I kayoed in four rounds in Boston, and then I was ready for Joe Louis.

This was my idol, the guy who was the heavyweight champion during most of the time I was growing up. He had retired, but was trying to make a comeback. Charley Goldman didn't think I should fight him yet, but Weill thought I was ready and made the match.

The fight was October 26, 1951, in Madison Square Garden. I remember standing in the ring and thinking how big Louis was. I had never remembered Louis being such a big guy. The top of my head seemed to just about reach the bottom of his chin.

I was prepared, though. In the first three rounds I was surprised I was doing so well. I remember even jabbing him a few times, which was unexpected because Louis had the best left-hand jab in the business. Then in the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds he started hitting the mark, and he was hurting me with that jab. It was like getting hit in the face with a hammer. I was bobbing and weaving and getting in all kinds of positions, trying to get away from it. I was finally able to get underneath it and come up punching myself, which I did in the seventh and eighth rounds.

In the seventh I hurt him with a left hook. In the eighth I stepped in with my best left hook. I knocked him down. He took an eight count and got up. I pinned him into the ropes and threw two left hooks that really hurt the man. I think they really knocked him out. The right hand I threw shoved him through the ropes out of the ring and onto the apron, and that's where he got counted out.

Folks who want to live out of a garden first have to live in it.

CY N. PEACE

The first thing I felt was the thrill of winning. But then I turned around and looked at Louis again, and I was remembering that this was the great Joe Louis, the guy who I used to hear and read about, and he was all through. What a way to end a career—knocked out through the apron of the ring! It wasn't until I got into the dressing room that I began to think what this fight meant to me, instead of what it meant to him.

But I still had a long way to go. Four months later I fought Lee Savold in Philadelphia. It was a six-round knockout—he couldn't come out for the seventh—but it was one of my worst fights. My timing was off, and I stumbled all over the ring, missing punches. I had two more fights in Providence before I was matched with Harry Matthews. I knocked him out in the second round. Then at last I was matched with Jersey Joe Walcott for the title.

I switched to Grossinger's, New York, to train for Walcott, and I trained there for all the rest of my fights in the East. I had a house of my own on the top of a hill next to the airport. They were all wonderful to me at Grossinger's. It got to be a second home for me.

On September 23, 1952, I won the world's heavyweight boxing championship in Philadelphia. Jersey Joe Walcott wasn't my only opponent that night. They tried to steal that fight away from me.

It's quite a story. I'll tell you about it next week.

Editors' note—This is the third of six articles. The fourth will appear next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cross-country...

or cross-town...

Havoline out-performs them all!

Regardless of price, regardless of weather and terrain—*Havoline's* performance is unmatched by any other motor oil. Independent road tests proved it. You can prove it yourself. For sure protection, sheer power, change today to *Advanced Custom-Made Havoline*. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had!*

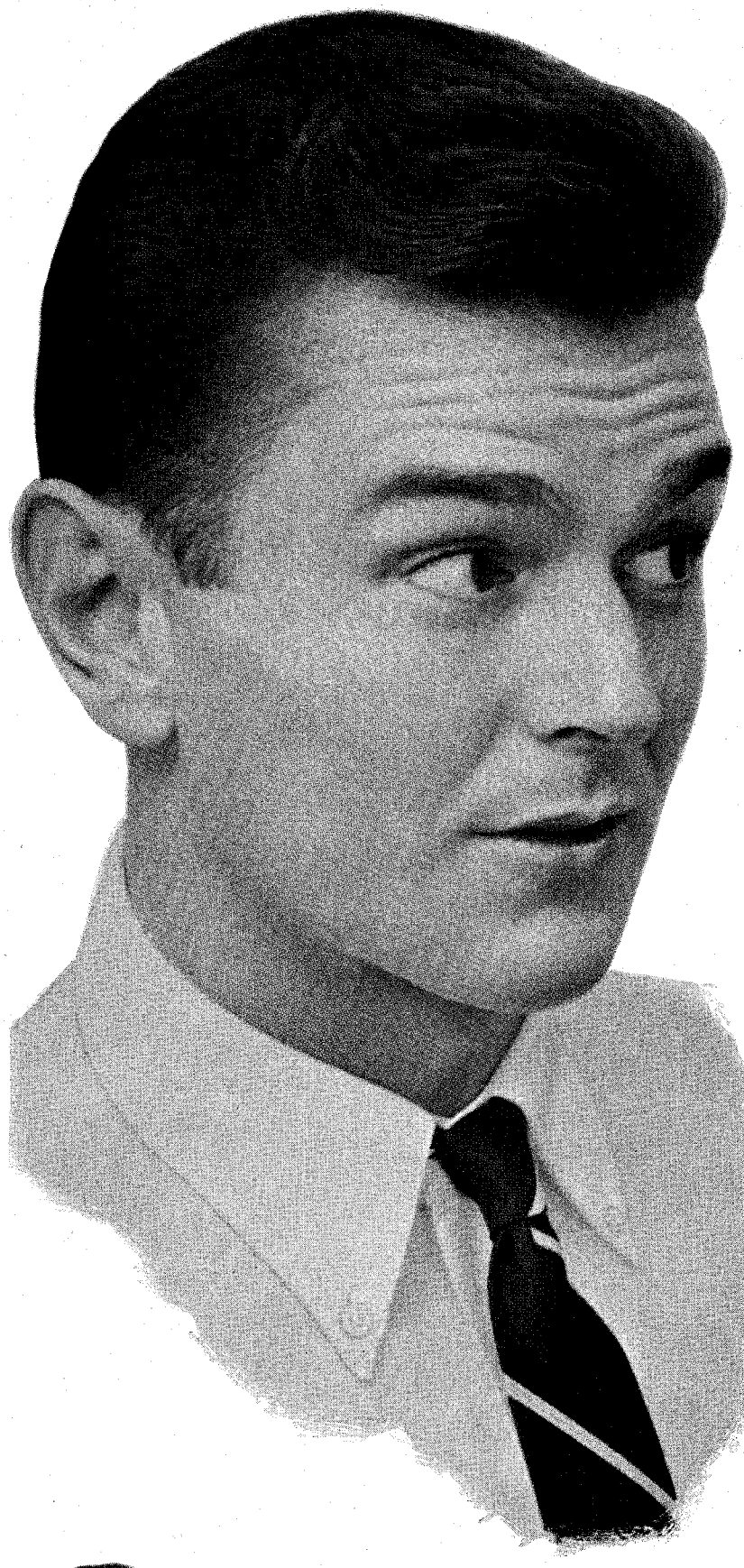
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

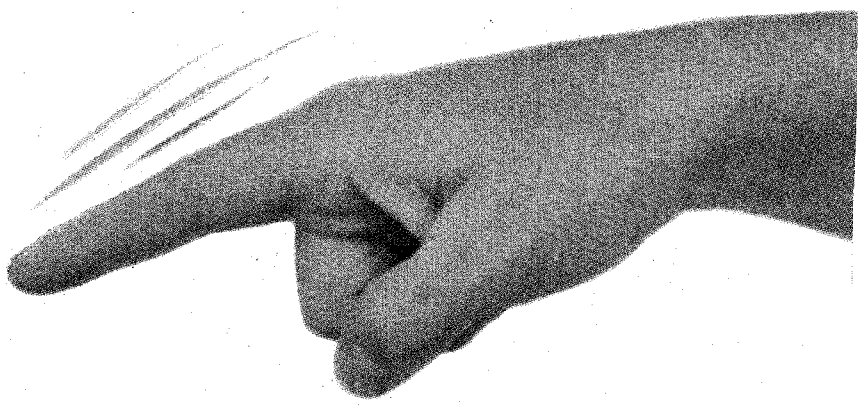
TEXACO
REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The prom dep



YOU are the key to continuing prosperity.

YOU have the power to give American Indus confidence to keep on expanding.

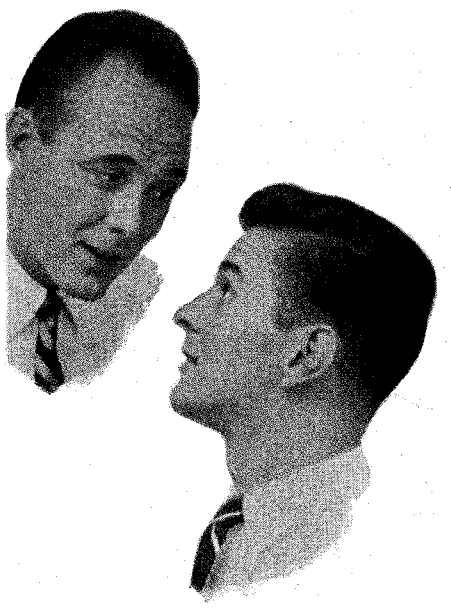
YOU have the means to build still higher standards of living.

In fact, you never had it so good! You ha peace and prosperity!

REPUBLI

General Of

World's Widest Range of E



"THE PROMISE OF BETTER LIVING is on the way to your house. As business and industry go ahead with planned expansion, your family will be enjoying a lot more work-saving, time-saving, fun-making steel appliances and home equipment. You'll want to be ready for them. With plenty of *Housepower.*

"*Housepower* simply means having the proper electrical wiring to carry the load. Right now, 4 out of 5 homes are said to be suffering from low *Housepower.* If you have your eye on any of the fabulous new appliances or power tools, you'll want to make sure of your *Housepower.*"

"As they say in Operation Home Improvement, '56 is the year to fix.' When you remodel or when you build, it certainly pays to plan for future electrical expansion."

Best way to assure electrical flexibility is to insist that wires be run in adequate-size steel raceways. Republic ELECTRUNITE® Electrical Metallic Tubing (E.M.T., for short) is the original lightweight grounded steel raceway. With Republic E.M.T. in your home, you simply pull out existing wiring, pull in heavier wiring whenever you wish to further increase your *Housepower.* No need to knock holes in walls or ceilings. Republic ELECTRUNITE E.M.T. is "Inch-Marked"® and "Guide-Lined" for fast, easy installation. Ask your electrical contractor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# of better living
ls on you!

The nation's cash-in-hand—after taxes—has gone steadily up for almost four years—up 15% while the cost of living rose less than one and a half per cent. This is real prosperity. One cause of our present good times is continuous *business expansion.*

Business expansion is based on faith—faith in the nation's future. Business expansion depends on *you* to have the courage of your convictions; to know that you *can* continue to have prosperity AND peace. This is the way to continued better living.

STEEL

1, Ohio

REPUBLIC STEEL

Steels and Steel Products

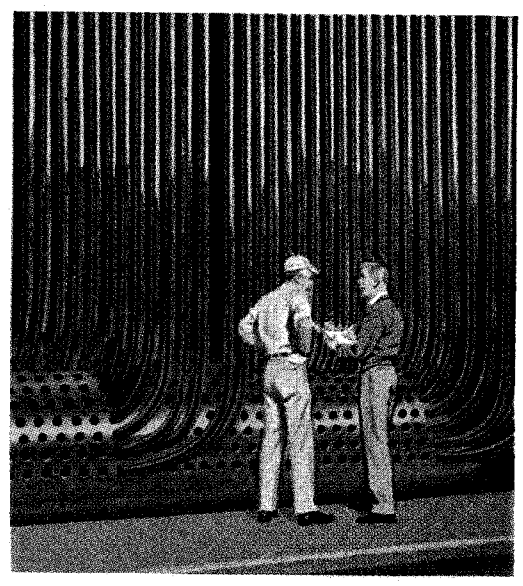
OPERATION '56—the year to FIX HOME IMPROVEMENT

many electric motors in your home Count 'em. You may have as as twenty-five running right now. akes *Housepower.*"

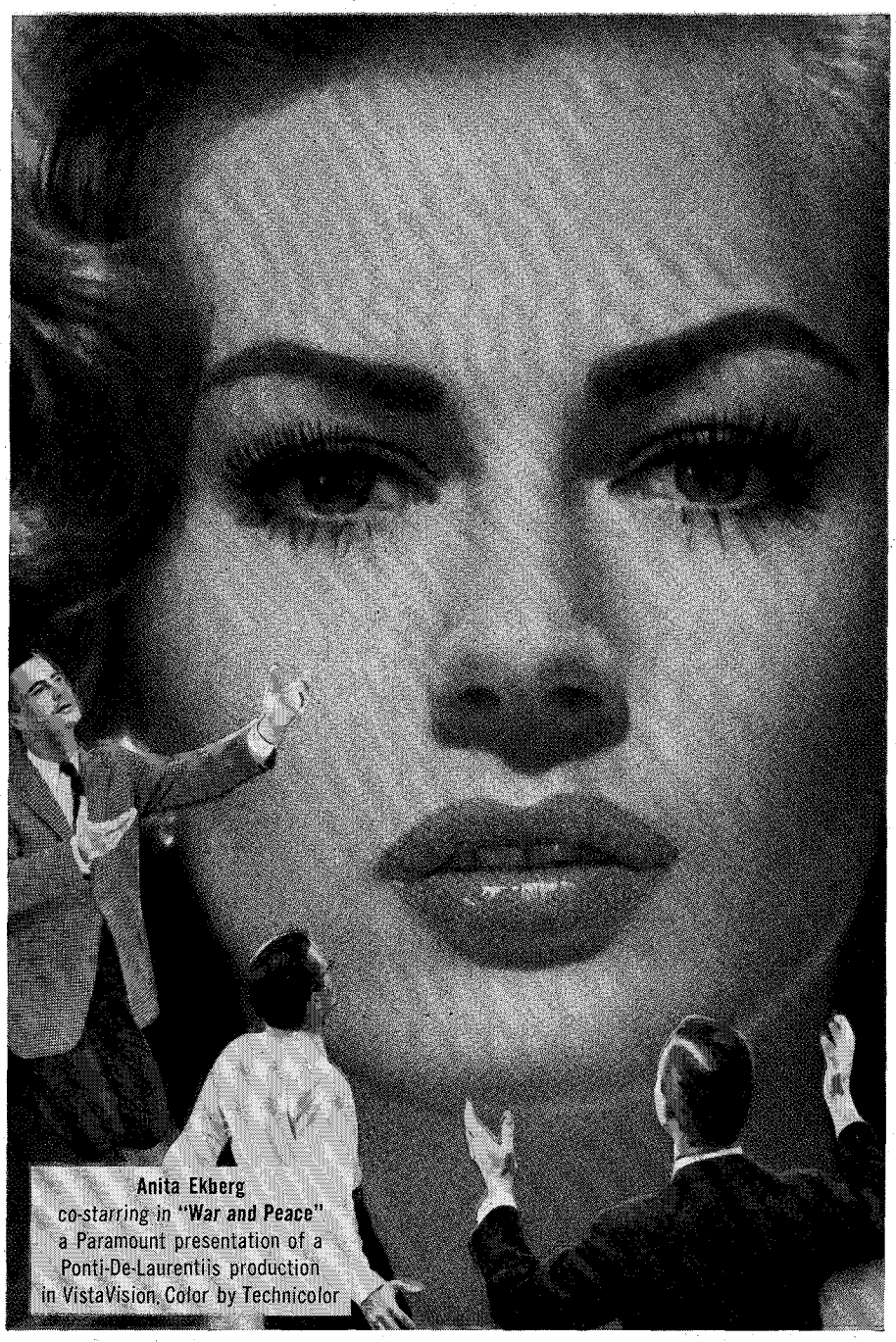
f the electric motor which does so r you is the laminated core made of Silicon Steel. This group of special another example of how steel rgy and chemistry contribute to your ving. The addition of silicon gives magnetic characteristics needed ors and generators. The growing l industry needs many special steels. king needs power. The interdepen- both these growth industries is an- ason for the industrial expansion.

"More *Housepower* for you is another reason for Republic's own *Plantpower* program—building more steel capacity to meet your needs. Better living for you is another result of our American system which recognizes this basic fact: *the real power belongs in your house and nowhere else.*"

Manufacturing electrical power takes tubing by the mile. Much of it is Republic ELECTRUNITE Boiler Tubes—another product of Republic's Steel and Tubes Division, which pioneered the electric resistance welding method of making highest quality steel tubing. For dependable *Housepower,* the quality of Republic ELECTRUNITE Welded Steel Boiler Tubes is safeguarded by exclusive FARROWTEST®. That's the non-destructive electronic test that spots and rejects any possible flaw.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IF YOU WEAR MAKE-UP TO ATTRACT MEN READ THIS!

"I'm a man, and I know what kind of make-up men like to see on their women. I hate to see a woman's face masked with a coating that is obviously artificial. Her make-up should bring out and improve her own natural beauty. It should seem to blend with her own complexion.

"In my work at the studios, I have to make many lovely women even more attractive to men, and I know what I'm talking about when it comes to liquid make-up. The best I've used is the new TRU-GLO, with PENELITE added for skin-nourishment. Try TRU-GLO the next time you need make-up. You will find that it blends wonderfully with your complexion and adds considerably to your own personal loveliness."

Sincerely,
WALLY WESTMORE
Head of Make-Up
Paramount Studios

WESTMORE
NEW *Tru-Glo*
liquid make-up with PENELITE

the new magic ingredient that nourishes your skin as it beautifies.
59c plus tax; slightly higher in Canada

Available in 7 lovely colors.

THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., New York — Hollywood

The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 51)

"The next thing I knew I was in bed. It was four-thirty-five."

"You looked at your watch?"

"Yes."

"Were you undressed?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember undressing?"

"No."

"Did you go out again after Marilyn Keith took you home?"

"Mr. Mason, I wish I knew. I haven't told anybody else this, but I just don't know. I must have."

"Why do you say you must have?"

"Because I had the key to the car."

"What do you mean?"

"It was in my trousers pocket."

"Isn't that where you usually keep it?"

"That's where I usually keep the key to my car. Whenever I run the car in, I take the key out and put it in my trousers pocket; but I don't think Marilyn Keith would have put it there."

"You don't leave the cars with keys in them in the garage?"

"No. Every one of the family has his own key to each of the cars."

"How well do you know Marilyn Keith?"

"I've seen her a few times in my uncle's office. That's all."

"Ever been out with her?"

"No."

"Do you like her?"

"I do now. I'd never noticed her very much before. She is Uncle Addison's secretary. She'd always smile at me and tell me to go right in, whenever I went up to visit Uncle Addison. I never noticed her as a woman or thought about her in that way. Then at the party I got talking with her socially and I realized she was really beautiful. Later on, when I got sick —— I can't describe it, Mr. Mason. Something happened. I'd lean over against her and I must have been all over her—and she was so sweet about it, so competent, so considerate. She was sweet."

"She put you to bed?"

"She took me up to my room."

"You suddenly realized you liked her?"

"Yes."

"A little more about Florence Ingle—was she married when your uncle first knew her?"

"Yes."

"What happened to her husband?"

"He was killed."

"Where?"

"In a plane crash."

"A transport plane?"

"No, a private plane. He was doing some kind of prospecting."

"So, Mrs. Ingle became a widow, and how long was that before your aunt died?"

"Oh, six months or so, I guess."

"And after that, Florence Ingle resumed her friendship with your uncle?"

"Yes."

"Then Dorla came along and whisked your uncle right out from under Mrs. Ingle's nose?"

"I guess so. I wouldn't want to say."

"Is there anything else that you think I should know?"

"Just one thing."

"What?"

"The speedometer on the big car."

"What about it?"

"There was too much mileage on it."

"When?"

"The next morning."

"Why did you notice that?"

"Because I noticed the mileage when we were at the station. The car had to be serviced and I was going to get it serviced. It had turned up an even ten thousand miles as I was driving to the station, and my uncle remarked about it and said that I was to get it serviced. There shouldn't have been over another twenty or twenty-five miles on it at the most."

"But there was more on it?"

"I'll say there was."

"How much more?"

"As nearly as I could work it out, about twenty-five miles too much."

"Did you tell anyone about this?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tell Howland about it?"

"No, sir."

"Tell Howland about any of this stuff we've been discussing?"

"No, sir. Howland told me that he didn't want me to tell him anything until

"O.K., now shove him out there and slam the door."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he asked me. He said that he liked to fight his cases by picking flaws in the prosecution's case, that if it came to a showdown, where he had to put me on the witness stand, he'd ask me some questions, but he didn't want to know the answers until that became necessary."

"So you didn't tell him anything?"

"No, sir. I told him I hadn't hit anyone with the car, and that's all."

"But because you had the key in the pocket of your clothes, and because there was that extra mileage on the car, you think it was taken out again?"

"Yes, sir, because the key was in my trousers pocket."

"But how do you know Marilyn Keith drove you straight home? How do you know that she didn't go out somewhere with you in the car and wait until you got sobered up somewhat before she took you home?"

"I don't know, of course."

"All right," Mason said. "You've given me the information I want. Now sit tight."

"What's going to happen, Mr. Mason? Is the judge going to turn me loose?"

"I don't think so."

"Mr. Mason, do you think I—do you think I could have killed that man? Could have killed anyone?"

"I don't know," Mason said. "Someone got a gun out of your cabinet, killed a man, put in fresh shells and replaced the gun."

Ted Balfour said, "I can't understand it.... I—I hope I didn't go out again."

"If you had, you certainly wouldn't have taken the gun."

The young man's silence caught Mason's attention.

"Would you?" he snapped.

"I don't know."

"What about that gun?" Mason said. "Did you have it with you?"

"It was in the glove compartment."

"Now you tell me why you had that gun in the glove compartment," Mason said, his voice showing his exasperation.

"I was afraid."

"Of what?"

"I'd been doing some betting—horses. I got in too deep. I was in debt. I'd been threatened. They were going to send a collector. You know what that is, Mr. Mason. When bookies send a collector —— The first time he just beats you up. After that—well, you have to pay."

Mason regarded the young man with eyes that showed his sheer exasperation. "Why didn't you tell me about this before?"

"I was ashamed."

"Did you tell the police about having the twenty-two in the car?"

Balfour shook his head.

"About the gambling?"

"No."

"Did you tell them about the mileage on the speedometer or about having the key to the car in your pocket?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"When did you take the gun out of the glove compartment and put it back in the gun cabinet?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. That's another reason I feel certain I must have taken the car out again after Marilyn Keith took me home. Next morning the gun was in the gun case in the drawer where it belongs. Marilyn certainly wouldn't have taken the gun out of the glove compartment. Even if she had, she wouldn't know where I keep it. It had been put right back in its regular place in the gun cabinet."

Mason frowned. "You could be in one hell of a fix on this case."

"I know."

"All right," Mason said. "Sit tight. Don't talk with anyone. Don't answer any questions the police may ask you. They probably won't try to get any more information out of you. If they do, refer them to me. Tell them I'm your lawyer and that you're not talking."

"And you don't think the judge will turn me loose on this technicality?"

Mason shook his head. "He's struggling between his concept of the law and his conscience. He won't turn you loose."

"Why did you raise the point?"

"To throw a scare into the prosecutor," Mason said. "They know now they have a monkey wrench in the machinery which may strip a few gears at any time. You're just going to have to stand up and take it from now on, Ted."

"I'll stand up and take it, Mr. Mason, but I sure would like to know what happened. I —— Gosh! I can't believe that—well, I just couldn't have killed the man, that's all."

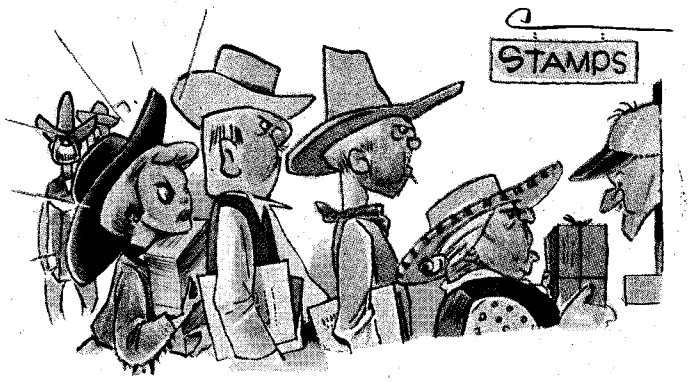
"Sit tight," Mason said. "Don't talk with newspaper reporters, don't talk with police, don't talk with anyone unless I'm present. I'll be seeing you."

Thirty minutes later, Judge Cadwell returned to court and proceeded with the habeas-corpus hearing.

"Surprisingly enough, this technical point seems to have some merit," the judge ruled. "It comes as a shock to the court to think that a defendant could place himself behind such a barricade of legal technicality.

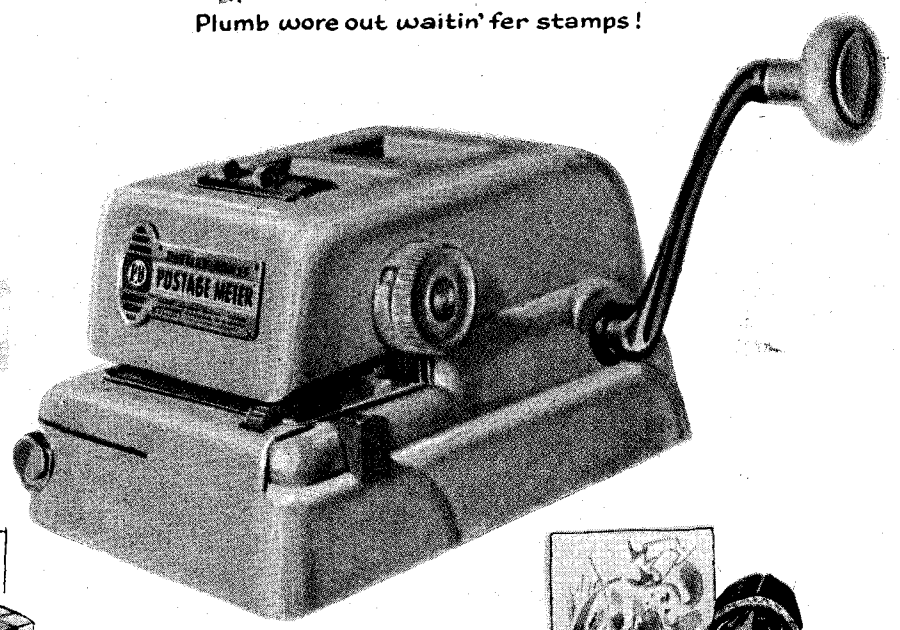
"However, regardless of the letter of the law, there are two points to be considered: I can't dismiss the possibility this whole situation has been deliberately engineered so there will be a technical defense to a murder charge. The other point is that I feel a higher court should pass on this matter. (*Continued on Page 83*)

Ah sure take a lickin' stickin' stamps!



Plumb wore out waitin' fer stamps!

Fraish out of stamps--
I'm gonna be late for our date!



This here critter even mails parcels!

Yippee! Mail out fast, no lickum-stickum stamps!

Now every office can have one, pardner!

And out where the men are taller, stenographers scarcer, and the U.S. postoffices farther apart... a lot of people swear by the DM desk model postage meter—wouldn't go back to lick-and-stick mailing for anything!

This DM model is made specially for the small office. One user in three spends less than $1 a day for postage.

With the DM, you print postage as you need it—any amount for any kind of mail. Just insert the envelope, dial the amount of postage wanted, press the lever... and your letter is stamped. Postmarked, too, at the same time, so it takes less handling in the postoffice, often gets on its way earlier. And you can also print your own small ad with the meter stamp, if you like.

The DM has a moistener for sealing envelopes. And it will print postage for parcel post, too—on special tape. Anybody can easily use the DM.

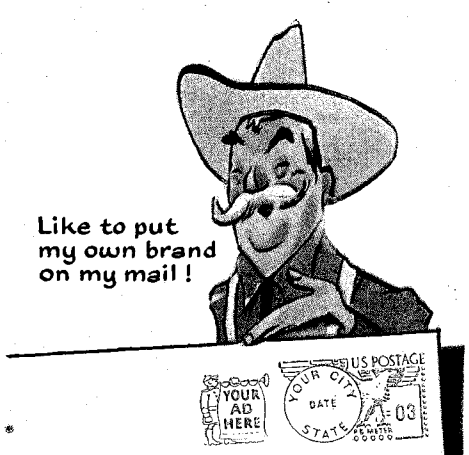
The postoffice sets the meter for as much postage as you want to buy. Your postage in the meter is protected from loss, theft, damage—and automatically accounted for on visible registers.

You save both time and postage with a postage meter. There's a model, electric or hand, for every office. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send coupon for free booklet.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of Postal Rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter

Made by the leading maker of mailing machines. Offices in 94 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 316, 1156 Bay Street, Toronto.



PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
2816 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

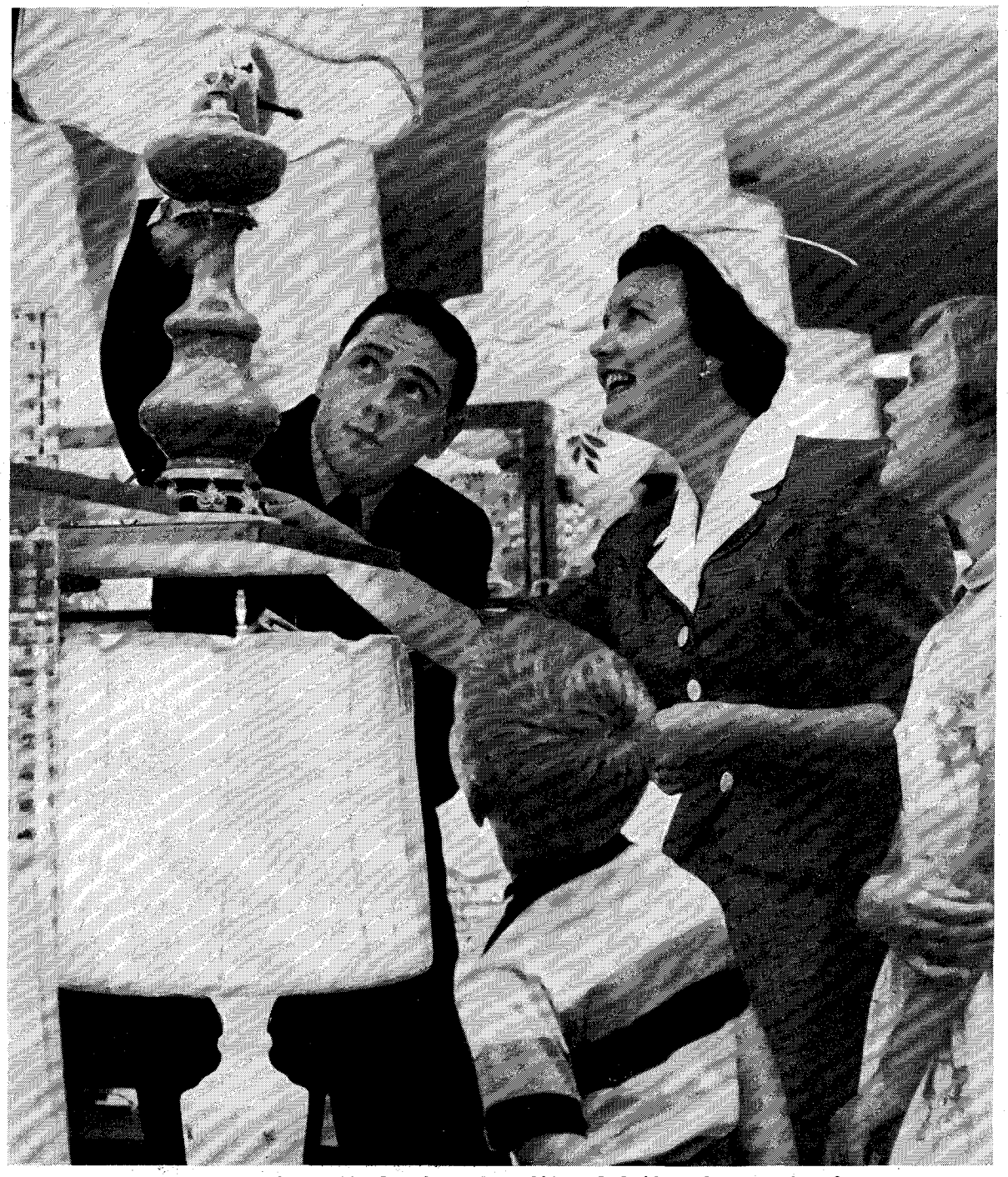
☐ *Send free Postal Rate Chart*
☐ *Send booklet on DM Postage Meter*

Name.....

Address.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life



Since the success of all retailing depends largely on ability to deal with people, most trainees for executive positions in department stores must do actual selling during their training periods.

Should your child go into Retailing?

A Discussion Led By **FRED LAZARUS, Jr.**

President, Federated Department Stores, Inc.

and Reported by LLEWELLYN MILLER

OVER 100 YEARS AGO my grandfather started a small retail clothing store in Columbus, Ohio.

Among my earliest and happiest memories is that shop—the neat shelves—the new merchandise coming from distant cities—the stream of customers, each one interesting and different.

As a child I thought the merchant's constant study of people, their needs, tastes, and buying habits was the most fascinating career a man could choose.

I still think so.

However, when I was asked to tell parents about the opportunities for young people entering my business, I hesitated. The first thing a good retailer learns is that every commodity is not attractive to, or suitable for, every customer. It is the same with careers. Because retailing has been so satisfactory a lifetime occupation for me, I wondered if I might not recommend it too enthusiastically. So I asked four other executives from some of Federated's ten divisions, comprising 37 stores, to join me in a round-table discussion.

Two of them were born into retailing families, as I was. Two started at the bottom, without any connection in the business. All have made outstanding successes and can speak with authority on what retailing offers—and asks of—boys and girls today.

OPPORTUNITIES

Walter N. Rothschild (Chairman of the Board, *Abraham and Straus*, Brooklyn—7,200 employees):

I think we should stress the great variety of jobs and careers the one word, retailing, represents. Many people think of retailing mainly in terms of the people they see most often—the sales staff. That staff is a vital part of our business, but dozens of different talents and skills back up every sale across the counter. In a big department store there is at least one employee behind the scenes for each salesperson.

The merchandising end of retailing requires many highly paid executives—division and department managers, buyers and their assistants. Buyers make from six to a dozen trips a year to New York, Chicago, Europe and many other places in search of the newest in fashions, furniture and everything else from alarm clocks to zippers that a department store sells. Merchandising is appealing and financially very rewarding to the young men and women who enjoy the competition and responsibility of buying and selling. But retailing offers other appealing careers, too.

If a child has creative talent, he can find retail advertising an absorbing career. It is a big field for copywriters, artists, display experts, promotion and public relations specialists.

If a child has a good head for figures, he may want to aim at becoming the Comptroller—one of the most important top executives. He heads a big department that uses accountants, economists and efficiency experts, as well as clerical workers.

Personnel is an interesting and highly valued department, since hiring, testing and training for promotion is a key backstage operation.

Retailing needs decorators, research engineers, home economists, shipping and traffic experts, customer counsellors—the list is endless. It is hard to mention any special interest or talent that cannot find a rewarding place in retailing.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES

Max Levine (President, *Foley's*, Houston—2,800 employees):

There is nothing static in retailing. Each day is different—new people, new merchandise. And promotion is faster than in other fields for two reasons. One: retailing requires more executives than most other businesses—about 10 percent of our employees have executive rating. Two: effectiveness, or lack of it, shows up immediately in a sales book, the department report or the pulling power of an advertisement. No one works in the dark. The person who is not getting ahead can see for himself that something is wrong, and has a chance to correct whatever is holding him back before getting discouraged or confused.

I am thinking of a young man in retailing who started six years ago as a salesman. It was his first job. He did not do very well at the start. But he was bright and determined. He took training courses. Today, after six years, he is a buyer making $16,000 a year.

Harold D. Hodgkinson (Vice President and Chief Executive Officer, *Filene's*, Boston—4,500 employees):

Such fast recognition is not unusual in retailing. A recent survey shows that half of the top executives in our industry are under 35. A very attractive aspect of promotions in retailing is that they nearly always come from within. The ambitious young person who does one job well is in line for the next highest. "Pull" does not count for much against actual experience and performance.

You remember the story about the owner who lost his General Manager. "Whom are you going to hire to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

replace him?" he was asked. "A new stockroom boy, of course," he said.

That illustrates amusingly, but with a good deal of truth, how everyone usually moves up in retailing when top spots open.

Ralph Lazarus (Executive Vice President, Federated Department Stores, Inc.—32,900 employees):

Many young people worry about there being room at the top in any profession they are considering. The future looks bright for people coming into retailing now. Our population is growing at an unprecedented rate. New and bigger stores will be needed to keep pace. One of our chief concerns, right now, is finding enough young executive talent. That is one of the reasons you find free training courses in most big department stores. Sometimes classes are given on company time. Sometimes they are held before or after store hours. In all cases there is no charge.

Mr. Hodgkinson: Most training courses are thorough. Our course at Filene's runs for two years, fall and spring. It covers every function of the store. This means that the employee who likes another department better than the one he is in can prepare for either transfer or promotion.

Mr. Levine: In retailing, as in other businesses, you can build your whole career in one company. But, also, a young person who wants to move to another city, because of new interests or opportunities, can do so. For example, I have worked in Boston, New York, Columbus and Houston. There are nearly 2,000,000 retail stores in this country. Skills learned in one are useful in the others. The only disadvantage I can think of is what the movies do to us. They always show department store executives as fuss-budgets or comics. There is nothing funny about retailing. It's a big, exciting opportunity for both men and women.

Mr. Rothschild: Hours can be somewhat long for executives. Most stores stay open one night a week, and Saturday is a busy time rather than a holiday. However, stores also have found ways to spread responsibilities, giving their executives normal work weeks. Nevertheless, a successful merchant often is accused of being "married to his job." But stop and think what that means. It means that retailing is so fascinating a career that it is not just a job to be forgotten when the store closes. Nothing is standardized and dull when you are studying and serving the ever-changing needs of the public. And the competition of retailing has the excitement of a game as well as the rewards of a business.

SALARIES

Mr. Hodgkinson: Sometimes we are told that our starting salaries should be higher. They already are good, considering everything that goes with them. Employees get from 10 to 20 percent discount on purchases, saving them, in the aggregate, literally millions of dollars a year. Meals in employee restaurants are served at or below cost. On-the-job training and business administration courses are free. Many stores have generous sick leave, medical care, hospitalization and insurance plans. Most important, young people who choose retailing as a career, not as a stop-gap, do not stay at starting salaries long. After that, ability is their only limit.

Both the merchandising manager (left) and the department buyer (right) are interested in the sales and profit possibilities of wares offered by the manufacturer's representative.

Here a department manager briefs the sales people on her staff as to the qualities and selling features of a shipment of merchandise that has just been received and is to go on sale.

Mr. Fred Lazarus, Jr.: I think we should emphasize the chance for quick recognition. Because our business is expanding, every department head is alert to spot and train the young staff member who can help him improve his department. The bright youngster can move up from a beginner's salary very quickly in most big stores. Junior executives make between $6,500 and $8,500. Many buyers earn from $10,000 to $30,000. Division heads make from $18,000 to $50,000 in big stores.

Mr. Levine: There are substantial incomes, too, for those people whose greatest talent is selling across the counter. I know a salesman in a household appliance department who works on salary and commission. He just turned down a promotion. He likes selling and is averaging, with commissions, as much as many buyers.

PREPARATION

Mr. Hodgkinson: All of us here are college graduates, but I think we agree that four years of college is not an absolute essential for many of the top spots in retailing, though they are a decided asset.

Mr. Rothschild: I want to emphasize, though, that we are delighted to get good high school graduates who want to come directly into retailing as a career.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus: Formal education is far from our only consideration in looking for young executive talent, but I advise as much college as parents can afford.

Mr. Levine: Some high school graduates are mature enough for fast advancement. But I strongly advise the boy or girl who needs to pay his own way in college to get a part-time job in retailing and get experience and education at the same time.

QUALITIES FOR SUCCESS

Mr. Hodgkinson: First and foremost—a natural, outgoing friendliness that comes from interest in others. The successful retailer must understand and have a warm liking for all kinds of people. Boys and girls popular with older people, as well as their classmates, have a good start.

Mr. Ralph Lazarus: Ability to cooperate is important. Retailing is teamwork all up the line. Young people who enjoy clubs, group sports, church and neighborhood activities show the instinct to work with others that is essential in retailing.

Mr. Levine: Leadership. The youngster who organizes games or parties, is elected to a student-body post, works on the school paper or other group enterprises shows a talent needed for success in retailing.

Mr. Rothschild: Initiative: The boy who gets a job to buy himself a bicycle, or the girl who baby-sits to get herself a dress or a trip shows the drive, ambition and resourcefulness that retailing asks.

Mr. Fred Lazarus, Jr.: Common sense: The youngster who behaves sensibly in small day-to-day emergencies shows the good judgment so important in our business. A major difference between retailing and most other careers is that it calls for being right in hundreds of small decisions, rather than in just a few big ones. Good common sense and the understanding and liking of others give the good batting average that means success.

If your child is interested in retailing, let him do a little window shopping and make sure. It is easy to sample our business. It won't be hard for your boy or girl to find a temporary job in a store next summer or during the Christmas holidays.

Let him see for himself the things, in addition to a good income, that make retailing so absorbing to those of us who know it from the inside—the endless interest in finding and offering for sale the newest necessities as well as luxuries; the stimulation of being in touch with people from every walk of life; the warm reward of joint effort with others who have many different talents and skills; and, perhaps best of all, the fascination of belonging to a basic industry in which service to the public is a watchword, a challenge and an opportunity.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Retailing is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry *and* Personnel Work. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

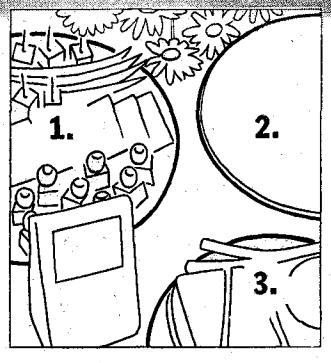
NEW YORK LIFE Insurance Company

51 Madison Ave., Dept. 22-P, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know
Copyright 1956, New York Life Insurance Company

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MISS WISCONSIN CHEDDAR CHEESE!

1. Make the most of it...

in snacks or appetizers. This fine natural cheddar is more carefully tested and aged than any other—by the folks in the Wisconsin Dairy Country.

2. Make a meal of it...

in this magnificent macaroni-and-cheese casserole—sparked by sharp-aged Miss Wisconsin Cheddar Cheese. (Sharp-aged, medium-aged or mild wedges.)

3. Make sandwiches of it

You can't stop at one! Hearty cuts from the wedge or handy new SLICES of Miss Wisconsin Cheddar! (6-oz. sharp-aged, yields 6 sandwich slices.)

You know it's good!
ARMOUR
The Armour Star label is one of the world's great guarantees!

Don't miss the great cheese buys your grocer will soon be featuring during the October Cheese Festival!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 79*) If I grant the habeas corpus, the defendant will simply go free. If I hold the defendant for trial by denying the writ, the matter can be taken to a higher court on a plea of once in jeopardy.

"Since a plea of once in jeopardy will presumably be made at the time of the trial of the case, it will be among the issues raised at that trial. This court does not intend to pass on the validity of such a plea of once in jeopardy at this time, except insofar as it applies to this writ of habeas corpus. The court denies the habeas corpus. The prisoner is remanded to the custody of the sheriff."

Mason's face was expressionless as he left the courtroom. Paul Drake buttonholed him in the corridor.

"You wanted the dope on that tape recorder," Drake said. "I got the serial number, wired the manufacturer, the manufacturer gave me the name of the distributor, the distributor checked his records to the retailer. I finally got what we wanted."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Who bought it?"

"A woman by the name of Florence Ingle, living out in the Wilshire district. Does that name mean anything to you?"

"It means a lot," Mason said. "Where is Mrs. Ingle now?"

"I thought you'd ask that question," Drake said. "The answer gave us one hell of a job."

"Where is she?"

"She took a plane. Ostensibly she went on to Miami, then to Atlantic City, but the person who went on to Atlantic City wasn't Mrs. Ingle at all. She registered at hotels under the name of Florence Ingle, but it wasn't the same woman."

"Got a description?" Mason asked.

"Florence Ingle is about thirty-eight, well groomed, small-boned, good figure, rich, a good golfer, brunette, large dark eyes, five feet two, a hundred and seventeen pounds, very gracious, runs to diamond jewelry and is lonely in an aristocratic way. She's rather a tragic figure.

"The woman who impersonated Florence Ingle was something like her, but was heavier and didn't know her way around in the high-class places. She was tight-lipped, self-conscious, overdid everything trying to act the part of a wealthy woman. In the course of time she vanished absolutely and utterly, without leaving a trail. She left a lot of baggage in the hotel, but the bill was paid in full, so the hotel is storing the baggage."

"Never mind all the build-up," Mason said. "Did your men find out where Florence Ingle is now?"

"Yes. It was a hell of a job, Perry. I want you to understand that ——"

"I know, I know," Mason said. "Where is she?"

"Staying at the Mission Inn at Riverside, California, under the name of Florence Landis, which was her maiden name. She's posing as a wealthy widow from the East."

"Now," Mason said, "we're beginning to get somewhere."

Perry Mason stood at the cigar counter for a few minutes. He lit a cigarette, sauntered across to the outdoor tables by the swimming pool, started toward the entrance of the hotel, thought better of it, stretched, yawned, walked back toward the pool, seated himself in a chair, stretched his long legs out in front of him, and crossed his ankles.

The attractive brunette in the sunsuit who was seated next to him flashed a surreptitious glance from behind her dark glasses at the granite-hard profile. For several seconds she made approving appraisal, then looked away and regarded the swimmers at the pool.

"Would you prefer to talk here or in your room, Mrs. Ingle?" Mason asked in a conversational voice, without even turning to glance at her.

She jumped as though the chair had been wired to give her an electric shock, started to get up, then collapsed back in the chair. "My name," she said, "is Florence Landis."

"That's the name you registered under," Mason said. "It was your maiden name. Your real name is Florence Ingle. You're supposed to be on a vacation in Miami. Do you want to talk here or in your room?"

"I have nothing to talk about."

"I think you have," Mason said.

"What do you want to know?"

"I'm representing Ted Balfour. I want to know what you know and I want to know all you know."

"I know nothing that would help Ted."

"Then why the run-around?"

"Because, Mr. Mason, what I know would hurt your client. I don't want to do anything to hurt Ted. I'm trying to keep out of the way. Please, please don't press me! If you do, you'll be sorry."

Mason said, "I'm sorry, but I have to know what you know."

"I've warned you, Mr. Mason."

Mason said, "You can talk to me. You don't have to talk to the prosecution."

"What makes you think I know anything?"

"When a witness runs away I want to know what she's running from and why."

"All right," she said, "I'll tell you what it's all about. Ted Balfour killed that man and then tried to make it look like an automobile accident."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because Ted was in a jam. Ted had an allowance and he couldn't afford to exceed it. He got up against it for money and started playing some sure shots, and then he started plunging. He didn't have the money, but his credit was good and —— Well, it's the old story. His horses didn't come in and Ted was left in a terrific predicament. If either one of his uncles had known what he was doing, he would have been disinherited—at least Ted thought so. They had him pretty well scared. Personally, I'm convinced that while they might try to frighten the boy, they never would have gone so far as to disinherit him."

"Go on," Mason said. "I take it Ted came to you?"

"Ted came to me."

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me he had to have twenty thousand dollars. He told me that if he didn't get it, it would be just too bad."

"What made him think so?"

"He had a letter that he showed me."

"A letter from whom?"

"He knew who had written the letter, all right, but it was unsigned."

"Who had written it?"

"The syndicate."

"Go on," Mason said.

"The letter told him that they didn't like welshers. They said that if he didn't get the money, their collector would call."

"Twenty thousand dollars is a lot of money," Mason said.

"He never would have got in that deep if they hadn't played him for a sucker. They let him get in deeper than he could pay and then saw that he was tipped off to so-called sure shots that were supposed to win at handsome odds and enable him to pay off."

"And then, when they had him hooked, they lowered the boom? Is that right?"

"That is right."

"Did you come through with the twenty thousand?"

"No, I didn't. I wish I had now. I thought Ted had to be taught a lesson. I felt that if he got the money from me, it wouldn't be any time at all until he'd start trying to get the money to pay me back by playing sure things. I felt it was time for Ted to grow up. . . . Oh, Mr. Mason, if you only knew how I've regretted that decision!

"Ted was sick over the whole thing. He told me he had a twenty-two automatic in the glove compartment of his car and he intended to use it. He said that he wasn't going to be waylaid and beaten up and then simply tell the police he didn't have any idea who did it. He said that he was good for the money, but that it would take him a while to get it together. There was a trust which had been left him by his parents and he thought he could explain the situation to the trustee, but the trustee was on vacation and he had to have a little more time."

"All right," Mason said, "what happened?"

"The dead man must have been the collector," she said. "Don't you see? Ted

"That food looks pretty good. I'd like to eat here sometime."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Young America votes for EAGLEKNIT

The name brand in knitted headwear!

"Look at the record" is one of the best things you can say about Eagleknit headwear. When you buy Eagleknit you're buying quality, style, value — and *dependability*. New shapes, patterns, colors . . . warm wools, luxurious angora trims. Styles for all ages . . . *At stores everywhere!*

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, MILWAUKEE 4, WISC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

killed him and then tried to make it look as though the man had been killed in a hit-and-run accident."

Mason studied her thoughtfully for a moment, then said, "You told that readily enough."

"It's the truth."

"I'm sure it is. I merely said you told it to me readily enough."

"I had to tell it to you. You've trapped me. I don't know how you found me here, but since you did find me, I had to tell you what I know, no matter whom it hurts."

"All right. So far, so good. Now tell me the real reason you went to such pains to keep from being questioned."

"I've told you everything I know."

"What about the tape recorder?"

"What tape recorder?"

"The one you bought—the wall snooper."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Come on," Mason said. "Come clean!"

"Mr. Mason, you can't talk to me like that! You must think I'm someone whom you can push around. Your very manner is insulting. I am a truthful woman, and I am not a woman who is accustomed to being pushed around by ——"

Mason reached in the inside pocket of his lightweight business suit, pulled out a folded paper and dropped it in her lap.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Your copy of a subpoena in the case of People versus Balfour. Here's the original, with the signature of the clerk and the seal of the court. Be there at the time of trial; otherwise be subject to proceedings in contempt of court." Mason arose and said, "I'm sorry I had to do that, but you brought it on yourself, Mrs. Ingle. Good-by now."

Mason had taken two steps before her voice caught up with him. "Wait, wait! For heaven's sake, Mr. Mason, wait!"

Mason paused, looked back over his shoulder.

"I'll—I'll tell you the truth! You can't do this to me, Mr. Mason! You can't! You mustn't!"

"Mustn't do what?"

"Mustn't subpoena me in that case."

"Why?"

"Because if you put me on the stand I—it will—it will be terrible."

"Go ahead," Mason said. "Keep talking."

She stood looking at his granite-hard features, her own face white and frightened. "I don't dare to," she said. "I simply don't dare to tell anyone."

"Why not?"

"It's—it won't help you, Mr. Mason. It will—it will be terrible!"

"All right," Mason said, "you have your subpoena. Be there in court."

"But you can't put me on the stand. If I told about what Ted Balfour has asked me to do; if I told about his needing the money and the collector ——"

"No one would believe you," Mason interrupted. "I've served a subpoena on you. You're trying to get out of circulation. That subpoena is going to smoke you out in the open. The only reason for it is that I want the true story. If you know something that's causing you to take all these precautions, I want to find out what it is."

She looked at him as though she might be about to faint; then, with her make-up seeming ghastly splotches of unmatched color on her face, she said, "Come into the bar where we can talk without my making a spectacle of myself."

"You tell me the truth?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"Let's go," Mason told her, leading the way to the bar.

"Well?" Mason said, after the waiter had gone.

"Mr. Mason, I'm protecting someone."

"I was satisfied you were," Mason said.

"Someone whom I love."

"Guthrie Balfour?" Mason asked.

For a moment it appeared that she would deny it. Then she tearfully nodded.

"All right," Mason said. "Let's have the truth this time."

"I'm not a good liar, Mr. Mason," she said. "I never had occasion to do much lying."

"I know," Mason said sympathetically.

She had taken off the dark glasses. The eyes that looked at the lawyer were circled with the weariness of sleepless nights and filled with dismay.

"Go on," Mason said. "What happened?"

She said, "Mr. Mason, that Dorla Balfour is a scheming, wicked woman who somehow manages to wield a hypnotic influence over Guthrie Balfour. She's not his type at all. He's wasting himself on her, and yet somehow—well, somehow I wonder if she doesn't have some terrific hold on him, something that he can't escape."

"What makes you think so?" Mason asked.

"She's twisting him around her thumb."

"Go on."

"I'll tell you the real story, Mr. Mason, the whole story. Please listen and don't interrupt. It's a thoroughly incredible story and I'm not proud of my part in it, but—well, it will explain a lot of things."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"Dorla Balfour was and is a little tramp. She was taking Guthrie for everything she could take him for, and, believe me, the minute Guthrie Balfour got out of town, she was getting herself in circulation without missing a minute."

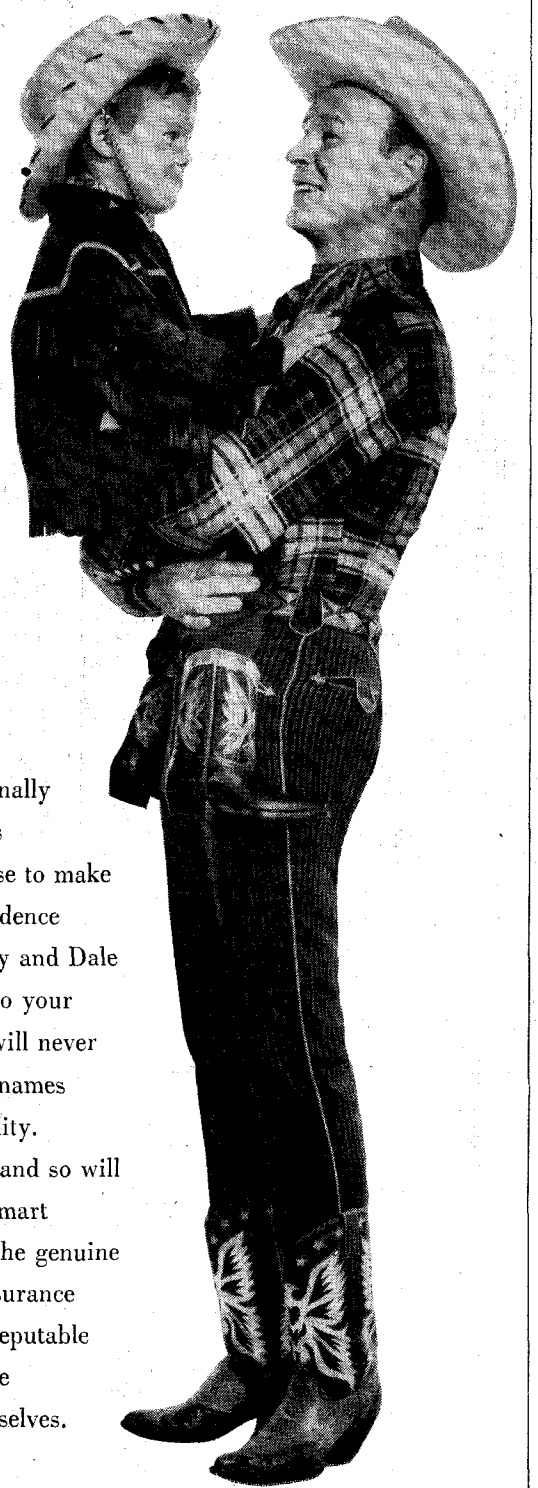
Mason nodded.

"Guthrie had begun to wake up," she said. "He wanted a divorce, but he didn't want to get stuck for a lot of alimony. Dorla wouldn't mind a bit if he'd divorce her, but she has her grasping little hand out for a big slice of alimony. She'd go to the best lawyers in the country and she'd make herself just as much of a legal nuisance as is possible. She'd tie up Guthrie's property. She'd get restraining orders. She'd drag him into court on orders to

"A Child's Trust is a Precious Thing"

says

Roy Rogers



That's why Roy and Dale personally check every item of Roy Rogers Double-R-Bar brand merchandise to make sure it measures up to the confidence your children have in them. Roy and Dale feel deeply their responsibility to your youngsters—and to you. They will never permit the exploitation of their names on merchandise of inferior quality. Your children will be happier—and so will you—with the "real thing" in smart Western togs and toys bearing the genuine Roy Rogers label. It is your assurance that the product is made by a reputable manufacturer and backed by the integrity of Roy and Dale themselves.

You'll find the Roy Rogers label, backed by Roy's own **Pledge to Parents,** *only on the finest products. Look for it at your favorite store when buying those things your youngsters want so much.*

ROY ROGERS FRONTIERS, INC.

FOR THRILLING TV ENTERTAINMENT TUNE IN POST CEREALS' ROY ROGERS SHOW EVERY WEEK ON NBC.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish he'd render his verdicts without the dramatics."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show cause, and she'd—well, she'd raise the devil."

"Meaning that she'd drag your name into it?" Mason asked.

Mrs. Ingle lowered her eyes.

"Yes or no?" Mason asked.

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "Only there was nothing—nothing except sympathy."

"But you couldn't prove that?" Mason asked.

"She could make nasty insinuations and get notoriety for both of us."

"O.K.," Mason said, "now we're doing better. Let's have the story."

"Well, Guthrie was leaving for Chihuahua City—that is, that's what he told her. Actually, he got on the train at Los Angeles and then left it at the Pasadena-Alhambra station."

"He left it!" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"Why, that's what Dorla was supposed to have done," Mason said.

"I know," she said. "That was all part of the plan he had worked out. When the train stopped at the Pasadena station, he kissed her good-by and got back aboard the train. The vestibule doors slammed and the train started out. Guthrie sent the porter back on an errand, opened the car door on the other side of the car, and swung to the ground as the train was gathering speed. By the time the train had gone on past, Dorla was in a taxicab."

"And Guthrie?" Mason asked.

"Guthrie jumped into a car he'd rented earlier in the day from a drive-yourself rental agency. He'd parked the car at the station. He followed Dorla."

"Then, when the train pulled out, neither Guthrie nor Dorla was aboard?"

"That's right."

"Go ahead. What happened then?"

"Guthrie followed Dorla. Oh, Mr. Mason, I'd pleaded with him not to do it. I asked him a dozen times to get some private detective agency on the job. That's their business. But Guthrie had to do this himself. I think he was so utterly fascinated by Dorla that he wouldn't believe anything against her unless he saw it with his own eyes. I think he knew the truth, but I think he knew himself well enough to feel she'd be able to talk him out of it unless he saw her himself and had the proof. He wanted proof without any outsiders for witnesses. That's why he asked me to get him that tape recorder. He wanted to record what was happening after she —— Well, you know, after she met the man."

"Go on," Mason said. "What did Dorla do?"

"Drove to the Sleepy Hollow Motel."

"So then what?"

"She met her boy friend there. They had a passionate reunion."

"Where was Guthrie?"

"He'd managed to get into the unit that adjoined the one where Dorla's boy friend was staying. He'd put the microphone up to the wall and he had a tape recording of the whole business."

"You were there with him?"

"Good heavens, no! That would have ruined everything he was trying to do."

"That's what I thought, but how do you know all this?"

"He phoned me."

"From Chihuahua?"

"No. Please let me tell it in my own way."

"Go ahead."

"After a while Dorla went out. She said she had to go home and let Ted know she was seeking her virtuous couch. She said that she'd pick up a suitcase and be back later on in the evening."

"Then what?"

"That's where Guthrie made the mistake of his life," she said. "He thought that he might be able to go into the motel next door, face this man who was registered under the name of Jackson Eagan and put it up to him, cold turkey. He thought that this man might get frightened and sign a statement. It was a crazy thing to do."

"What happened?"

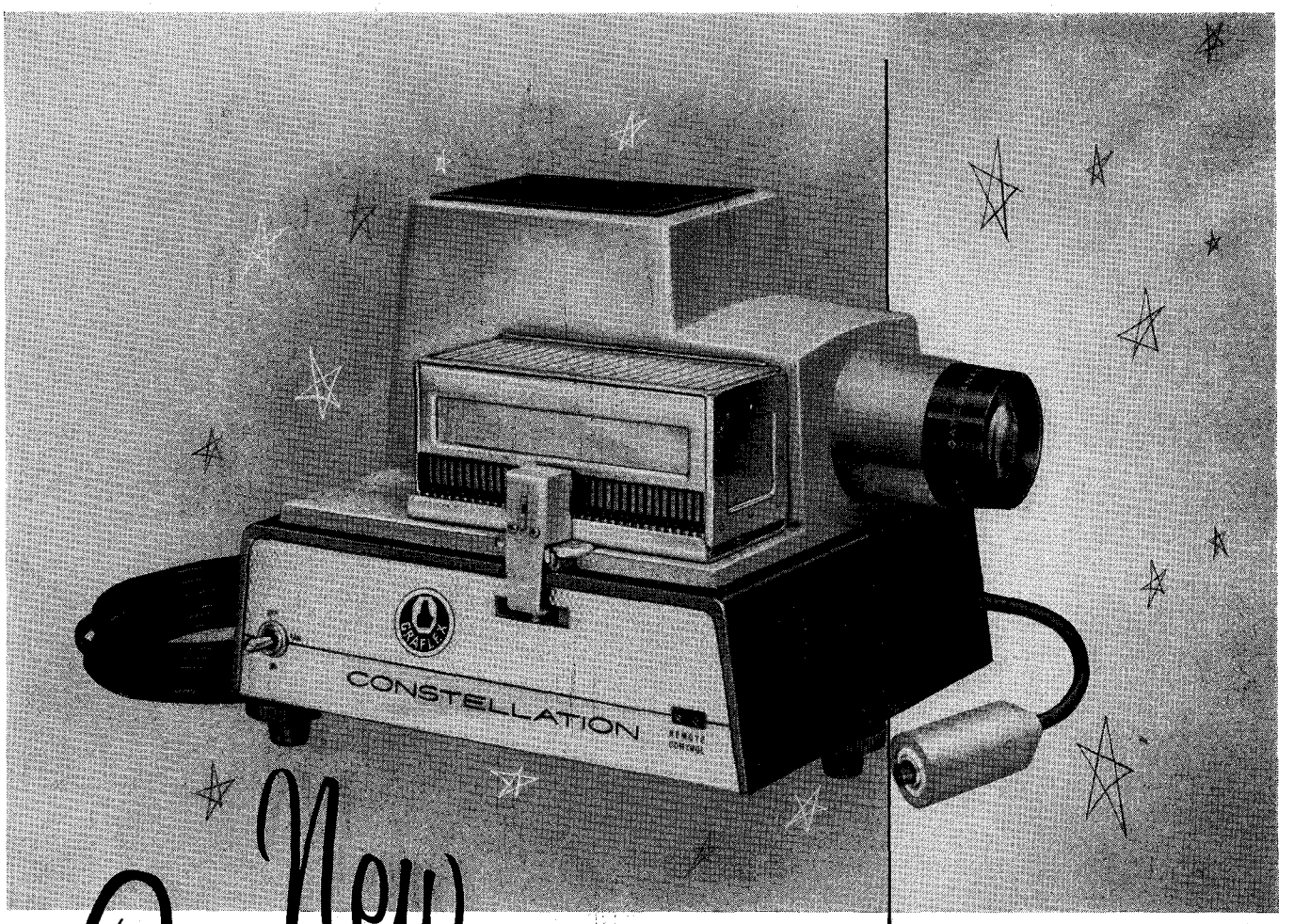
"This man Eagan was in a dimly lit motel bedroom. The minute Guthrie walked in, Eagan snapped on a powerful flashlight and the beam hit Guthrie right in the face, completely blinding him. Eagan, on the other hand, could see his visitor. He recognized Guthrie, felt certain the irate husband was about to invoke the unwritten law, and threw a chair. He followed it up by hitting the blinded Guthrie with everything he had.

"Guthrie tried to frighten this man by bringing out this gun of Ted's that he'd taken from the glove compartment of the car without Ted's knowing it. The two men started fighting for the gun. In the struggle the gun went off and Eagan fell to the floor. Guthrie knew from the way he hit the floor he was dead. And all at once Guthrie realized the full implications of the situation. He was afraid someone might have heard the shot and phoned for the police, so he jumped into his car and drove away fast."

"Then what?"

"Then," she said, "Guthrie had this idea. He realized that nobody except me knew that he had left the train. He called me from the telephone in his house. He told me everything that had happened. He said that he was going to take the company plane, fly to Phoenix and pick up the train there. He said he'd wire for Dorla to

(*Continued on Page 87*)



New Constellation

only automatic 500 watt projector under $100!

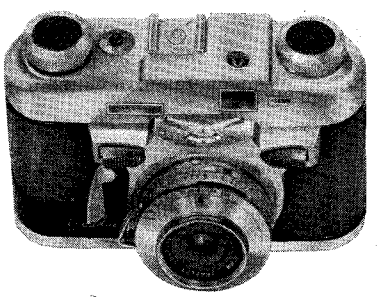
GRAFLEX 500 WATT SLIDE PROJECTOR

Constellation with automatic changer and remote control **$89.75**

Constellation with automatic changer **$67.75**

As little as 10% Down on the Graflex Easy Payment Plan.

Perfect companion for the Graphic 35, or any other 35mm camera, the automatic Constellation offers 500 watt brilliance at little more cost than 300 watt slide projectors. Smartly styled, its streamlined cast aluminum body has built-in automatic slide changer using popular Airequipt magazines with 36-slide capacity. Automatic remote control model permits push-button slide changing up to 15 feet away. Has highly efficient optical system coupled with 4″ f/3.3 coated anastigmat lens for oversize, brilliant projected pictures, filling a 40″ screen at only 10 feet. Silent blower and heat absorbing glass keep projector cool, protect your valuable slides.



Graphic® 35 With Exclusive Push-Button Focusing

The only camera in the world with PUSH-BUTTON FOCUSING and SPECTRA-MATIC FLASH SETTINGS makes it easy for even beginners to take beautiful color transparencies. Just squeeze the push-buttons for precise focusing and direct reading flash settings, eliminates usual guide number arithmetic. Double exposure prevention, built-in self-timer, rugged precision cast all-metal body, built-in flash synchronization at all shutter speeds, speeds up to 1/300 second. The most popular camera in its price class.

Graphic 35 with f/3.5 lens $77.50
Graphic 35 with f/2.8 lens 87.50

GRAFLEX® Prize-Winning Cameras

Write Dept. SE-29, Graflex, Inc., Rochester 8, N. Y. Prices include federal tax where applicable and are subject to change without notice. Prices are slightly higher in Canada.

Graflex Dealers are in the 'Yellow Pages'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gives you more to enjoy

- Quality Tobacco
- Real Filtration
- Full King Size

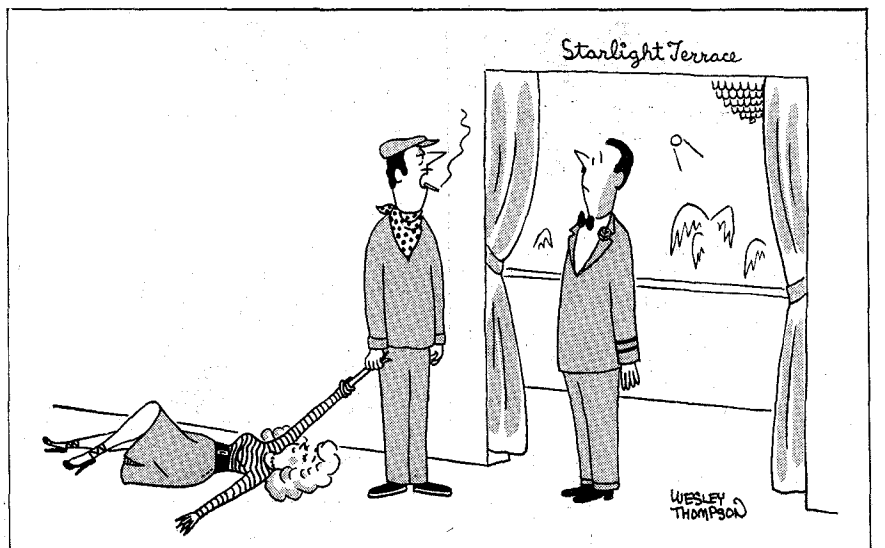
All the pleasure comes thru

the taste is great!

FILTER TIP TAREYTON

© A. T. CO. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"A table near the dance floor."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(*Continued from Page 85*) join him at Tucson, and in that way Dorla would have to give him an alibi. He asked me to take a commercial plane to Phoenix and fly his plane back. He said that he would leave a note with the attendant so that I could get the plane, and if I'd do that—well, no one would ever be the wiser."

"And so?" Mason asked.

"So I did that. I went down to Phoenix the next day. His plane was there. I found the attendant who had the note; so I could get the plane without any trouble. I flew it back."

"And Dorla joined him?"

"Dorla must have joined him. Only, to hear her tell it, she never got off the train. I know that's a lie because I know from Guthrie what really happened. You can see the whole thing, Mr. Mason. He called on her to give him an alibi. He didn't tell her what happened. He didn't need to. When she got her suitcase and returned to the motel, she found her lover boy, Eagan, lying there dead.

"Now, under the circumstances, I know exactly what she'd have done, and it's just what she did. She telephoned for Banner Boles, the ace trouble shooter for Balfour Allied Associates. Boles realized at once that it would be better to have a drunk-driving charge against Ted and try to beat that rap than to have a murder charge against Guthrie. He's unbelievably resourceful and clever.

"So he fixed the whole deal up and Dorla flew to Tucson and picked up the train. Guthrie asked her to swear she'd been on the train all the time. That was right down her alley. Now she has a murder rap on him and she'll bleed him white. There won't be any divorce until she is all ready for it, with a new husband picked out, and she'll strip Balfour of everything he has left when she's ready to cut loose from him."

"That's all of it?" Mason asked.

"That's all of it," she said. "Now you see why I had to get out of circulation. It was all right for a while. It looked like a hit-and-run. Of course, Ted was mixed up in it, but everyone knew that Ted could get a suspended sentence if he was found guilty."

"And what did you hear from Guthrie after he went to Mexico?" Mason said.

"Only this," she said, fighting to keep her lips straight as she opened her handbag and took out a crumpled wire.

She passed the wire over to Mason. Mason unfolded the paper and read:

SAY NOTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED. DORLA AND I HAVE REACHED FULL AGREEMENT AND BELIEVE EVERYTHING WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT IN THE FUTURE. GUTHRIE

"That," Mason said, "was sent from Chihuahua City?"

She nodded.

"And since that time?"

"Since that time I haven't heard a word. Dorla has been with him, and heaven knows what she's done."

Mason said, "Would Guthrie Balfour sit back and see Ted convicted of murder?"

"No, of course not, not of murder. He'll come forward if he has to. After all, Mr. Mason, it was self-defense."

"He'd have the devil of a time proving that now."

"Well, now you know the facts. What are you going to do?"

"There's only one thing I can do," Mason said.

"What?"

"I'm representing Ted Balfour."

"You mean you'll blow the whole case wide open."

"I'll blow the top clean off," Mason said, "if I have to."

She looked at him with angry eyes. "I played fair with you, Mr. Mason."

"I'm playing fair with my client," Mason told her. "That's the only fair play I know."

"Do you think I'm a complete, utter fool?" she said. "You couldn't drag that story out of me on the witness stand no matter what you did. I told you so you'd know, so you'd understand what to do. Can't you understand? You're working for the Balfours. They're wealthy. You can have any amount you need as a fee, only fix this thing up so that—well, work it out on a basis of legal technicalities so the facts never need to come out."

Mason got to his feet. "You already have my answer."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"The paper you folded and put in your purse—your subpoena to appear as a witness on behalf of the defendant."

TO BE CONTINUED

L. A. to New York in Four Hours (Continued from Page 47)

indoctrination courses with the Air Force and the Navy. Training corps are working on engines, electronics, radar and communications. Airline engineers specializing in one complicated gadget or another hold mass conferences with their opposite numbers in the factories, some of the meetings so big they fill large auditoriums. Even the meteorologists are busy, learning how to use jet streams—ribbons of strong, high-altitude wind that race eastward around the earth as fast as 300 miles an hour.

Faced with complicated and expensive improvements in air-lane navigation, airport control, airport structures and equipment, the Civil Aeronautics Administration has laid out an ambitious five-year planning program to be ready for the jet age. CAA has even borrowed jet bombers from the Air Force to try them out on the air lanes. To deal with the complex problem of air traffic, Congress has authorized more than $250,000,000 in new Federal airport funds to be spent over the next four years, and to be matched by local funds. And this is only the beginning.

But the average passenger-to-be, when you talk with him today, is little interested in all this. He will ask you three questions: What are the new jetliners going to be like? What does it feel like to ride in a jet? How fast will it take me where I'm going? Here are the answers, as of now, based on a recent country-wide tour of manufacturers and airlines.

The only flyable example today of what the new American jets will look like is Boeing's 707, a prototype still under test. When I boarded the 707, my first impression was one of immense size; look down the wing from the cockpit and it stretches into the distance like the Coney Island boardwalk. Her fuselage is bulkier and deeper than existing airliners, but with wings that sweep back like a jet fighter's, the whole effect is sleek and streamlined.

Later, walking through the full-scale models of the DC-8 at the Douglas plant, I was struck with the similarity between the Boeing and Douglas planes. One reason for the likeness is the tremendous competition that flared up while airlines were placing orders.

"If they see something they like on the Seven-Oh-Seven," a Douglas official wailed in the heat of the sales contest, "right away they ask for it on our DC-Eight, and what are you going to do?"

The interior of Boeing's 707 is still as bare as a barn, and cluttered with benches of test instruments. However, I saw a full-scale model of the interior which Boeing is offering to customers, subject to individual modifications. The walls and ceiling are upholstered in high-keyed colors—light yellows, pinks, blues and pale oranges—designed to enhance the sensation of floating through the atmosphere. Along its ceiling, the Boeing cabin has oval dome lights that can fade from daylight to sunset tones, then deepen into a star-flecked blue to create the illusion of a serene night sky. Smoke-tinted blinds pull down to soften the glare of high-altitude sunshine; another blind is opaque, to provide darkness for sleeping.

Cooling and heating problems are severe in a plane that must be adapted to 100 degrees F. on a tropical runway, and –67 degrees in the stratosphere. In the Douglas DC-8, air-conditioning powerful enough to take care of a half dozen eight-room houses will keep the cabin at 73 degrees under all conditions. William Schulte, air-conditioning engineer for the Douglas Company, plans to put passengers to work to help push the plane through the air.

"We'll convert their body heat into what we estimate will be eleven horsepower," he says. "The heat produced by

Untangles Insurance Confusion

NEW PACKAGE POLICY

Now you can throw away your aspirin — stop worrying about which policy covers what, when is this one due, and so on. Now you can get an all-in-one Package Policy for insurance on your home, your personal belongings, and your liability. And you'll probably save money, to boot. Most folks do — some as much as 30%. Either you save, or you get *more* protection for the *same* cost. Package Policies also available if you rent. Start today to relieve *your* insurance headaches by getting in touch with an agent representing one of the Phoenix of Hartford companies.

WHEN YOU BUY INSURANCE BUY INTEGRITY

THE Phoenix OF HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANIES

All forms of Insurance except Life

The Phoenix Insurance Company
The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company
Equitable Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Minneapolis Fire & Marine Insurance Company
Reliance Insurance Company of Canada
Executive Office: Hartford 15, Connecticut

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the passengers' bodies, though, will be only a small fraction of that produced by the regular heating system plus the electronic gadgets, and all of it will be reconverted into pressure. This pressure will amount to about two hundred horsepower when it is squirted out to the rear of the plane through a little pressure-control nozzle which acts like a small jet engine. This will contribute about three miles an hour to the speed of the DC-Eight."

Whatever else they may be, the new jetliners will be big. The DC-8's, for example, are 148 feet long, 36 feet longer than today's giant DC-7's. They stand forty-eight feet off the ground—the height of a four-story building. The planes are wide enough to seat six passengers abreast in seats comparable with those in today's luxury airliners. The six-abreast seating will be for tourist flights with 144 passengers; the five-abreast pattern, for luxury flights with 118 to 122 seats.

Practically the whole interior will be movable. Wall panels can be unsnapped for cleaning and servicing purposes. Seats can be removed or installed in a matter of minutes, in tourist or luxury density. Even the panels that contain the reading lights, air inlets and stewardess call buttons can be shifted to conform to the altered seat patterns.

But, complicated as the planes are, the task of building them will be a breeze compared with the problem of handling passengers. To get 144 people on and off, both Douglas and Boeing are planning doors at both ends. Both planes will also have galleys fore and aft, and each galley will be lifted aboard as a unit—food, trays, dishes and all. To speed up the movement of baggage between counter and plane, some of the domestic airlines will use big metal baggage containers shaped to fit into the round belly of the plane. These will be loaded and unloaded at luggage counters, gulping thirty bags at once and cutting down handling time by one third.

"We can't start jet planes flying with the kind of Stone Age baggage and ticket handling we have today," says Joseph Blatt, Assistant CAA Administrator for Planning. "There's great promise in new versions of the electronic data-processing machines you see already in big airports. And I believe we'll develop rapid transit—perhaps some kind of monorail system—where we do the preflight checking of baggage while the passenger is riding to the airport."

But one thing has already become apparent about the jet age: the customer will be king. As of now, prospective riders haven't started asking about specific accommodations. But they are asking how it feels to ride in a jet.

Up in the stratosphere, jets do something to people. I found that out when I rode in the British Comet, just after it went on schedule. (I RODE THE JETLINER TO AFRICA AND BACK, Saturday Evening Post, December 6, 1952.) Mothers taking small children to visit grandma in London were convinced they could never travel any other way, and exporters heading for far-off markets were wondering how they had ever done business before. In those days the DC-6's could cover the route faster than Comets, because the short-range jets had to stop so often for fuel; still, the jet ride was enchanting.

The same enjoyment is felt in the 707, and it became apparent when Boeing recently took up the Pan American board of directors and their wives.

"These women were wildly enthusiastic," says Fran Gordon, wife of Boeing's domestic sales manager, who chaperoned the group. "Somebody said we were up eight miles and flying at five hundred and fifty miles an hour. It seemed just as if we were floating. Above us, the sky was intensely blue and brilliant. Below, there were clouds stretching out to the horizon like a big bowl of feathers. Then they broke away and you could see four hundred miles—all the snow-covered peaks of the Cascades, with Mount Rainier in the distance.

"We were amazed at how little vibration there was, and how we could talk without raising our voices, just as though we were in a living room. All the women were ecstatic. The pilot came out from flying the plane—one of the Pan Am people—and his face lit up so he looked like a boy. Then someone told me it was Lindbergh."

The thing that does get everyone about jet airliners is the lack of vibration. In the Comet, passengers used to amuse themselves by setting a half crown on edge; it would stand there all by itself. In the 707, the passengers do the same thing with silver dollars. In the Comet, the noise of the engines was low—like a distant turbine in a power plant. The 707 is even quieter and smoother, because the engines are farther away from the cabin.

"One thing the passengers will love," says Dix Loesch, project pilot on the 707. "When the plane is approaching the speed of sound, you can see a shock wave along the wing that looks like a glass tube. It begins to be visible at five hundred and thirty miles an hour, under the right lighting conditions."

Riding near the speed of sound, passengers will cut their travel time in half. Transatlantic airlines are talking of a six-hour-and-fifteen-minute flight from New York to London, and someone has even figured out that you will be able to have cocktails in London, and—allowing for the five-hour time change—eat your dinner in New York. That is, if you can pick up a few *canapés* in between. But the stretch that gives the clock the worst beating is the west-to-east run from Los Angeles to New York. It will take something like four hours and fifteen minutes—less if the pilot picks up the jet stream. Of course, headwinds make it five hours' flying time in the other direction.

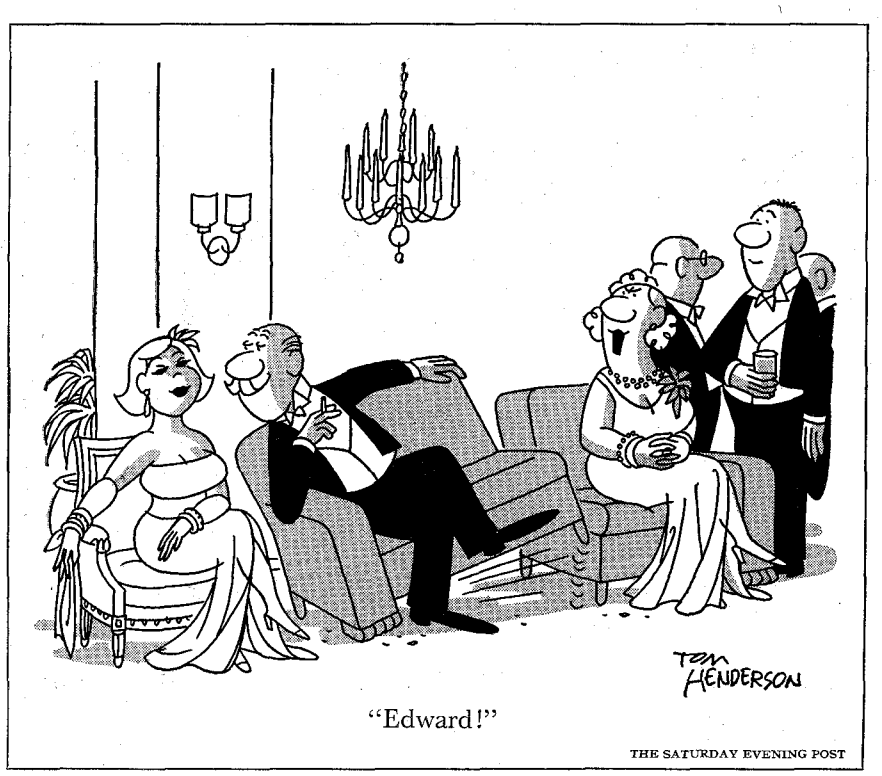
If it's important, you will be able to leave New York in the morning—at eight o'clock, say—transact one or two hours' business in San Francisco, and be back in New York for late dinner. United Air Lines has it figured out that a businessman can go from his Chicago breakfast to any other large city in the United States, do a day's business, and be back in the evening for dinner with the family.

Slipstick boys in the operations departments of both Douglas and Boeing contend that, under the right conditions, either the DC-8 or the 707 can be as much as 50 per cent more economical to operate than the DC-7 on long-range trips, or 20 per cent more economical on shorter hauls. Because a jetliner flies faster, it makes more round trips and carries more passengers in a given week than conventional liners; it will do more work than today's airplane, and earn more money. All this will add up to a cheaper ride for the customer someday. President Juan Trippe, of Pan American, always pushing government rate-fixing agencies for cheaper fares, says that the basic aim of his company is a $100 fare across the Atlantic.

The way orders have been flooding in, there will be plenty of jet planes for everybody to ride—and not only the long rides from New York to London but short rides from Pittsburgh to St. Louis and even from Peoria to Des Moines. Airlines will operate turbine-powered planes, as they do today's aircraft, in three working ranges: "blue ribbon," 3000 miles and up; medium range, 300 to 2500 miles, and regional, 100 to 600 miles.

The blue-ribbon class has shaped up first. At the last count, the airlines had ordered 114 Douglas DC-8's and 88 Boeing 707's. Of the DC-8's, United Airlines will have thirty and Pan American twenty-five. Other DC-8 lines will be Eastern, National and Delta among the domestics; KLM, Trans-Canada, Scandinavian Airlines, Japan Air Lines and Swissair among the foreign carriers. American's order for thirty is the largest on the Boeing list, Pan Am's order for twenty-three next. Others in the Boeing fold are Braniff, Continental and TWA, domestic; Air France, Lufthansa and Sabena, foreign.

Until recently, it was conceded that tomorrow's medium-range planes would be mainly turboprop types like the projected 100-passenger, 400-mile-an-hour Lockheed Electra. Orders recently stood at 129, but Lockheed has been estimating a market of 1000. Last summer Convair kicked over the apple cart by announcing a hot new jetliner known as the 880 with an advertised cruise speed of 600 miles an hour. Right off, TWA ordered thirty and Delta ten, which put Convair in business. Because of its speed, the 880 promises to upset the (*Continued on Page 90*)



"Edward!"

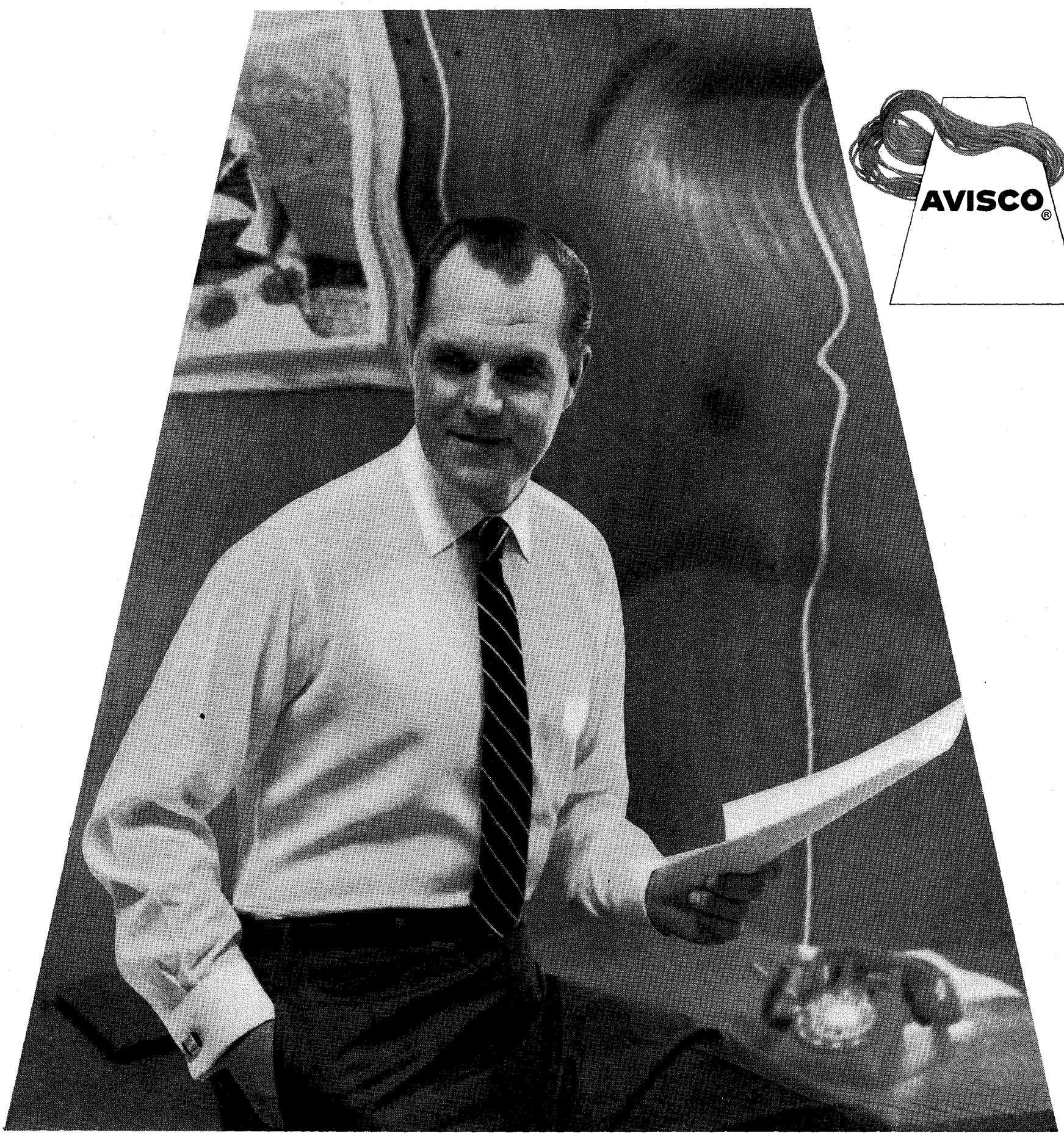
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

B.V.D.®
BRAND

"The Executive" shirt, at $4.95, made with AVISCO® rayon is sold at these stores:

ARKANSAS	Little Rock .....Blass Co.
CALIFORNIA	Fontana .....Macdougall's Redlands .....Fowler's Riverside ..Hillmer's Luggage & Men's Wear Vista ...Shelhoup's Dept. Store
COLORADO	Pueblo, Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co.
CONNECTICUT	Danbury.....Bardo-Platt, Inc. Thomaston, Torrence Men's Shop
FLORIDA	Miami.....Benhil Shirt Shops Miami Beach, Benhil Shirt Shops
GEORGIA	Brunswick .....O'Quinn's
ILLINOIS	Chicago, Lew Bass Men's Furnishings Chicago, The Martin Clothing Co.
INDIANA	Terre Haute .....Schultz & Co.
LOUISIANA	Arabi....Dreyfus General Store
MASSACHUSETTS	Lynn .....Lonval-Frye Co., Inc.
MICHIGAN	Detroit...Michael's Mens Wear Detroit.....Prabel, Inc. Grand Rapids...Charles Clothes Marquette .....Stern & Field St. Clair Shores, Michael's Store for Men
NEW JERSEY	Hammonton, London Men's Shop Jersey City.....Millers for Men Perth Amboy....Eugene Jacobs Somerville, Berman's Men's Shop Vineland .....Bucks Clothes
NEW MEXICO	Albuquerque....Fred Mackey's Silver City .....Schiffs'
NEW YORK	Brooklyn ...Benhil Shirt Shops Jamaica, Long Island Benhil Shirt Shops New York City, Benhil Shirt Shops
OHIO	Cleveland...Bailey's—all stores Dayton .....Dunhill's Inc. Zanesville ..Talley and Zulandt
OKLAHOMA	Tulsa ...S. G. Holmes and Sons
PENNSYLVANIA	Chester .....Speare Bros. Marcus Hook, Samson's Men & Boys Philadelphia .Ward & Ward Inc. Pittsburgh .....Gimbels
TENNESSEE	Kingsport, W. B. Greene Co., Inc.
TEXAS	Bellaire.....Bellaire Men's & Boys' Shop Dallas .....Dunn's Man Shop DeKalb .....W. L. Lindsay Goree.....Carl Dry Goods Munday .....Kemletz & Carl Tyler..Ray Masters Mens Shop
VIRGINIA	Front Royal, Warren Quality Shop
WISCONSIN	Milwaukee.....Gimbels Waukesha.....Jay Laing & Son Waukesha...Laing's Point Shop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Never gets that washed-out look / AVISCO is the reason

This new BVD® business shirt brings you a combination of qualities you could never get before in a white shirt.

The fabric is a truly luxurious broadcloth, made of Avisco rayon and backed by the Avisco Integrity Tag. It has the rich luster of expensive custom-made shirts, and this luster lasts!

You know how most white shirts lose their "new shirt look" after a few washings? They even get to feel different, with that chalky sort of roughness. But new Avisco rayon keeps its rich new look and feel – just as it keeps its size.

Less upkeep, too. Shrugs dirt longer, washes more easily, dries more quickly, and *for the life of the fabric* it resists the deteriorating effects of soaps and bleaches. Irons quickly because it responds more quickly to the iron.

Look for the Avisco Integrity Tag. It is your best assurance that you are getting these remarkable new benefits from rayon.

SEE BVD SHIRTS WITH THE AVISCO INTEGRITY TAG AT STORES LISTED ON OPPOSITE PAGE

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 88*) turboprop pattern for the middle range and set off another multimillion-dollar sales race like the one that raged last year between the DC-8 and the 707.

In the regional class, the main turboprop entry so far is the little F-27 Friendship, which was originally designed by the Fokker Aircraft Company, of Amsterdam, and is now being manufactured on license by the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation in this country. Five airlines have ordered twenty-five of these, and many regard it as the most promising candidate to replace that old workhorse, the DC-3.

American jets now seem to have things pretty much their own way, but there's plenty of foreign competition. Fleets of turboprop Viscounts are operating in the middle ranges on Capital and Trans-Canada Air Lines, and 350 are on order. The Vickers Vanguard and the Bristol Britannia, both in the 100-passenger, 400-mile-an-hour class, appear to be potential contenders, and some of the American airlines are looking hard at the French turbojet Caravelle. The pioneering jet Comets, long engaged in an uphill comeback fight with the backing of nothing more than a twenty-plane BOAC order, are being regarded with new interest since Capital Airlines ordered fourteen Comet IV's for early 1959 delivery. If this schedule is met the Comets could be the first jet airliners on domestic United States routes.

One of the big sensations of the year was the Russian middle-distance TU-104, which suddenly appeared in London just when everybody was sure that the Russians had nothing that far along. Though the TU-104 boasts two of the largest jet engines in the world and makes 550 miles an hour, its range is only 2000 miles. Partly for engineering reasons, neither Western manufacturers nor airlines consider it a serious rival in world markets.

While our own jet airliners are on the way at last, for a long time it looked as if America would never get them. When the British Comets soared off into the stratosphere early in 1952 on much-publicized airline service, everybody began asking when America would have jets of its own. Pan American walked into the British camp with an order, other airline brass began taking trial hops in the new jet, and gloomy warnings flared up in the press predicting that the United States aviation industry would surely lose out to the English.

But domestic airlines made it clear that they did not want jets till bigger engines came along to jack up the payloads and, without airline orders, the United States manufacturers declared they couldn't afford to develop a jetliner on spec. Bills were introduced in Congress to get the Air Force to build one, but no luck. And at this, the British, tired of having the glories of United States private industry dinned into their ears, allowed themselves the luxury of a laugh.

Meanwhile, however, airline development engineers were planning jet operation. The first of these, Jack Herlihy, engineering vice-president of United, flew the early Comet in 1950 and liked it so well that he started a research department to prepare for the coming of jets.

"We didn't have any airplanes to work with," Herlihy told me, "so we flew imaginary aircraft—our 'paper airline,' we called it."

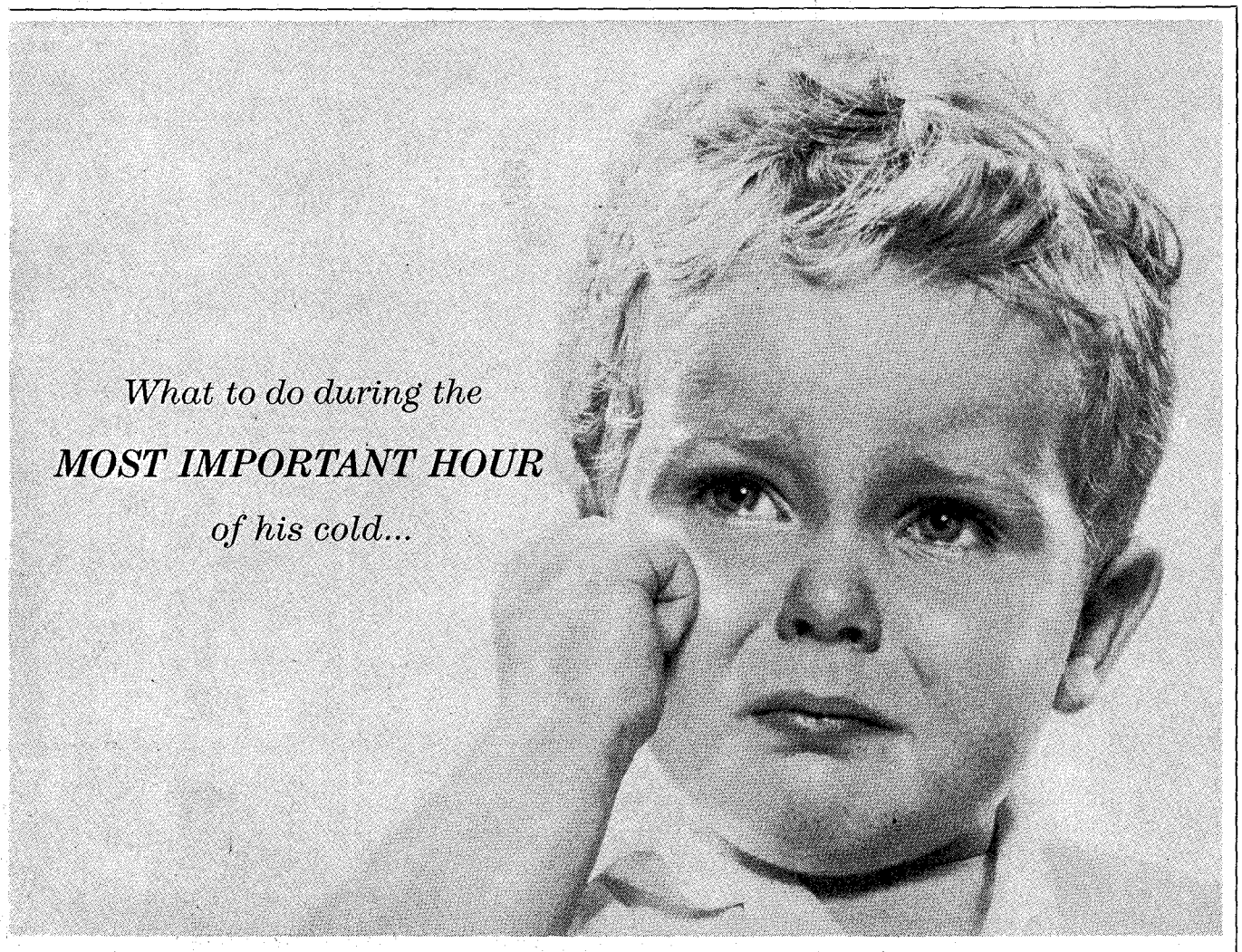
Paper Jet No. 1 flew from New York to San Francisco every day and Paper Jet No. 2 flew from San Francisco to New York. They landed and took off on existing runways and let themselves in for the same delays, restrictions and holding patterns as the airliners actually flying. And, much to everybody's surprise, they made out very well indeed.

"I thought it was a real nice airline," said Jack Herlihy. "We never had any accidents or breakdowns with aircraft. The British didn't think much of it though. The press there got up a parody on Johnny Ray's song about the paper dolly. This one was entitled, 'I Want a Paper Jet to Call My Own.'"

But the paper jet was nothing to laugh at, for it helped develop the specifications of the planes that eventually were ordered by the airlines. Action was delayed until 1952, when Pratt and Whitney's powerful J-57 jet engine, currently powering Air Force fighters and bombers, could be programmed for commercial production.

At this point, President William Allen at Boeing decided it was time to stick out his neck and build a prototype airliner. But he also decided to hedge the bet by making it do double duty as a prototype tanker to refuel the Strategic Air Command's jet bombers. Boeing spent about $15,000,000 to build the prototype, but the gamble has already paid off in orders for Air Force tankers that run into the hundreds of millions. No. 707 in the Boeing list of models flew successfully in July, 1954. Company pilots started taking airline officials for hard-selling rides in the fall of 1954, even though the Air Force hadn't given permission for commercial production. Things were going so much Boeing's way that Donald Douglas decided it was time to do something. On June 7, 1955, he announced that his company would build the DC-8.

"I thought a jet airliner was so expensive that no private company could



Give him the one first day relief proved by 41 million mothers

Mother, how satisfying it is to know you can give your child safe, sure relief from suffering in the most important hour of his cold! The hour you first discover he feels a cold coming on.

Everything you do for him at that critical hour is especially important. That's the hour to use dependable Vicks VapoRub®. Rub it on his chest, throat and back and see that he rests. By relieving his suffering at the very beginning you can help him throw off the cold.

Eases Your Mind As Well As His Suffering

Anxiety and worry will leave you when you see how your child relaxes as VapoRub brings its warming comfort. It works so fast, two ways at once:

- Works on chest to loosen muscular tightness.
- Works in the nose, throat and large bronchial tubes with medicated vapors that relieve congestion, ease coughing, make breathing easier.

Surprisingly soon, your child will start feeling like his happy self again.

Another treatment with VapoRub at bedtime will add to his comfort, bring relief hour after hour, while he sleeps peacefully. Often, by morning, the worst suffering of his cold is over.

As more than 41 million mothers have learned, nothing works like VapoRub . . . when used at the most important hour of his cold . . . to bring comforting first-day relief from suffering.

RELIEVES WHERE COLDS CAUSE MOST SUFFERING

Just rub it on chest, throat and back

Relieves stuffiness—makes breathing easy

Relieves coughs, chest-cold congestion

Works Wonderfully In Steam, Too

For croupy coughs or heavy chest colds, use VapoRub in a vaporizer or bowl of steaming water, as directed. Every breath of medicated vapors relieves that choked-up feeling, helps clear stuffed breathing passages, brings comfort.

The World's Most Trusted Colds-Medication

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afford to develop one," I told him. "Was this one a private venture?"

"Yes, it was," he replied, "strictly a private venture. But we thought the time was right."

It was a courageous move.

"It would cost as much to bring out and market the DC-8's as the net worth of the company—a hundred and twenty-one million in 1954," explained Arthur Raymond, Douglas vice-president of engineering. "Our financial slip-stick boys figured the break-even point would be between a hundred and fifty and two hundred jets and our market researchers at that time figured the total market at two hundred and fifty planes at the most. It looked as if we'd have to get it all or go broke."

When the Douglas announcement came out, officials of Boeing were alarmed. The Air Force still hadn't given Boeing the go-ahead on commercial-jetliner production. It came through, though, in July, 1955. And then began the biggest sales race in the history of commercial aviation.

Both companies put tremendous sales pressure on the airlines, particularly on Pan American and United, which were known to be farthest along in jet planning. Jets are so complicated that a sales team can consist of forty or fifty experts, including company brass, and that summer the biggest conference rooms were jammed at all hours.

On October thirteenth, Pan American threw a bombshell into the whole proceedings. The company announced the biggest order for aircraft in the history of aviation—$350,000,000 worth of jetliners. Twenty-five were DC-8's, and twenty-three were Boeing 707's. Big as they were, these Pan Am orders weren't big enough to get Boeing and Douglas off the hook; they had to sell a lot more airplanes to break even. Airline managements, knowing that nothing can put you out of business faster than superior equipment in the hands of a rival, began jockeying for early delivery dates and demanding structural modifications.

United Air Lines was the warmest customer in sight, so both Douglas and Boeing concentrated on it. At United, routine business was put aside while engineers and top executives held mass meetings in the company's Denver, Chicago and San Francisco offices.

"It was the most important decision we ever had to make," President W. A. Patterson told me. "In our business, you have to get the right plane on the right route at the right time. Figure it wrong and you're broke."

United engineers went to fanatical lengths to compare the 707 and the DC-8. They even built a full-scale mock-up which was half one and half the other. They kept open telephone lines to Douglas and Boeing, comparing various features. The Douglas plane was still on paper, so it was easy to accommodate United with changes. Boeing's prototype was already built, and the company stuck to the design in order to use as much military tooling as possible.

In the home stretch, United decided that the DC-8 had two advantages. It had 150 feet more wing area—for future weight additions to the plane—and it had five and a half inches more fuselage diameter, giving passengers more room.

"We put dummies in the seats of the Boeing mock-up," Mr. Patterson told me, "and found that it was fine for five-abreast seating, but the points of the shoulders of the outside passengers would touch the walls if we seated them six abreast. The added five and a half inches in the Douglas fuselage diameter meant the difference between comfortable and uncomfortable seating for passengers in tourist planes. I phoned Wellwood Beall and asked him, 'How about increasing the width?' "

" 'It can't be touched,' he said. 'We've got to stick to our prototype.'

" 'Well,' I went on to ask, 'how about increasing the wing area?'

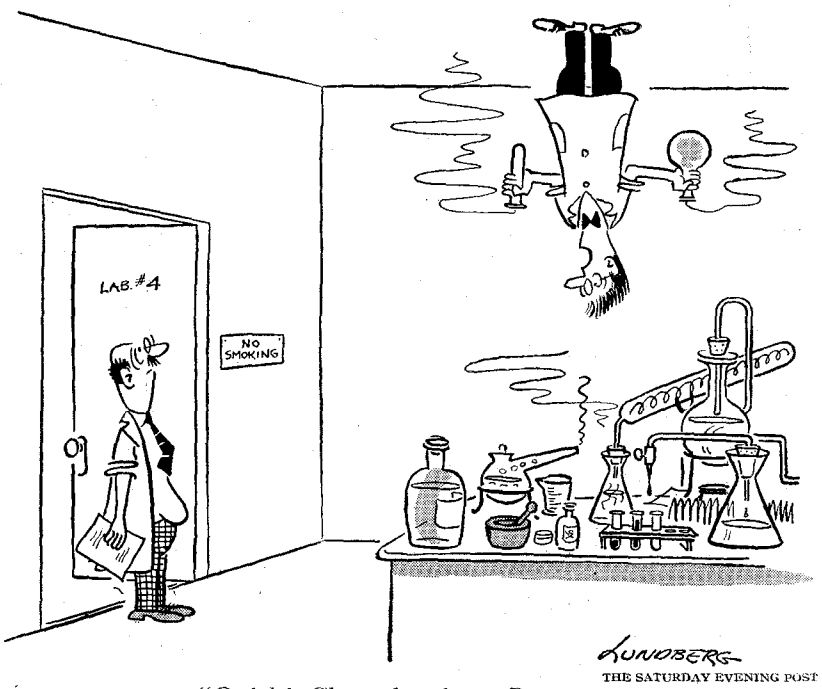
" 'Can't be touched,' he repeated.

"There were a lot of considerations," Mr. Patterson told me, "but I think that if Boeing had made these changes they would have gotten that order."

Instead, United's board of directors met on October twenty-fourth and voted to buy thirty DC-8's—$175,000,000 worth of airplanes.

Then things really went wild. Douglas was well on its way toward the break-even point, but Boeing was not. Salesmen swarmed in on American Airlines, another big customer, and at that point Boeing officials decided that they'd have to give airlines what they wanted. The immediate upshot was the sale of thirty 707's, in which American got not only a bigger fuselage but something like a $400,000 price advantage and six months' earlier deliveries than its archrival, United. The American order saved Boeing's project.

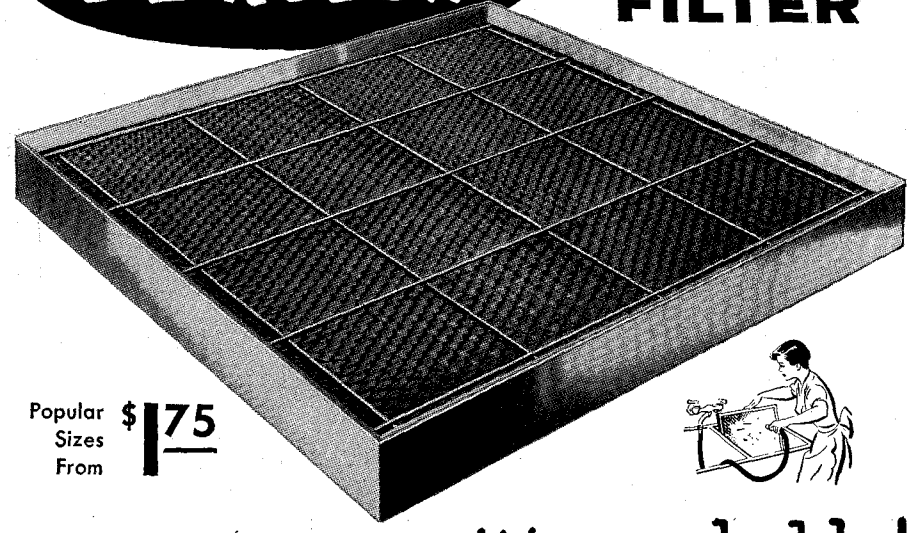
"If we hadn't made that sale, we wouldn't be (*Continued on Page 93*)



"Quick! Close the door, Pearson. I think I've discovered something!"

FOR FURNACE OR AIR CONDITIONER

E Z KLEEN AIR FILTER



Popular Sizes From $1.75

it's aluminum! it's washable!
it saves you money!

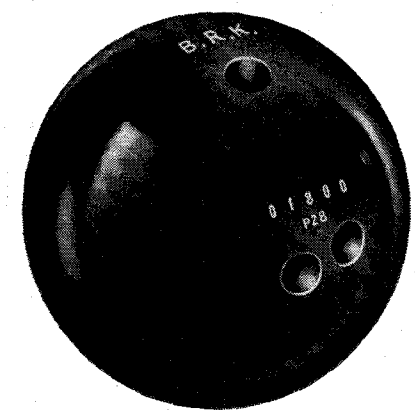
FOR A CLEANER, MORE COMFORTABLE HOME—Clean filters in your forced air furnace or air conditioner mean better air circulation, lower fuel and power costs, greater comfort. Simply wash E Z Kleens with water... re-coat with convenient Handi-Koter (or Super Handi-Koter for odor-removal, too)... they're good as new... last for years. Insist on E Z Kleens for comfort, cleanliness, convenience. RESEARCH PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. 26, Madison 10, Wis.

RP®

At Your Dealer, or Consult Your Classified Telephone Directory

IN Hicks-Baker, Ltd., 234 Madison St., Winnipeg
CANADA Durable Oil Equipment Ltd., 80 Summit Ave., Toronto

BOWLING BALL!



YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U. S. only, until December 31, 1956. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
827 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

OLD FLOORS "NEW" in ONE DAY!

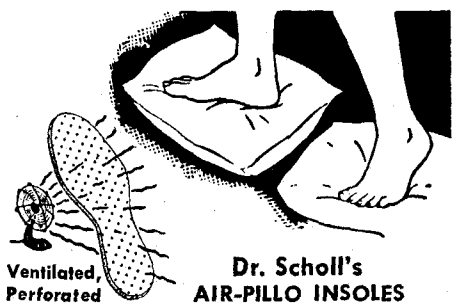
Lustrous "new" floors with Fabulon! Dries in minutes, lasts for years. Twin of a famous bowling alley finish, Fabulon never needs waxing or scrubbing!

Send 10c for 24-page manual *'How to Finish Wood Floors'*

Pierce & Stevens Chemical Corp.
711 Ohio St., Buffalo 3, N. Y.

At Paint, Hardware and Lumber Dealers.

Like Walking on Pillows!



Ventilated, Perforated

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Make Any Shoe an Air-Cushioned, Air-Ventilated Shoe for only 60¢

1. Relieve Painful Callouses, Tenderness.
2. Give Your Feet A Soft Bed to Rest Upon — Ease Pressure on Nerves of Feet.
3. Perforated, Ventilated Latex Foam to Help Keep Feet Dry and Maintain Foot Health.

Try this modern miracle of walking ease that air-cushions your feet from toe to heel. You'll never be without it. Get a pair today. At Drug, Shoe, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MORE YELLOW...NO MORE GRAY!
YOU PRE-LOAD WITH RINSE CONDITIONER WHEN YOU LOAD WASHER!
Dispenser Wheel automatically adds conditioner when rinsing begins
calgon

New NORGE Washer with Dispenser Wheel

AUTOMATICALLY MAKES A NEW KIND OF RINSE WATER FOR UP TO 39% BRIGHTER, CLEANER CLOTHES!

Now Norge has discovered the first automatic way to give your tap water greater rinsing power than soft water, rain water, or even distilled water—to banish forever the film that causes yellowing, graying and lint in your clothes. This stubborn film is deposited on your clothes regardless of your detergent, your washer, or your water—hard or soft.

Because film is formed by minerals in the water combining with soap or detergent, ordinary washing and rinsing can never dissolve it. It can be removed automatically only by the '57 Norge Washer with Dispenser Wheel that mixes and dispenses a new kind of rinse water made with Calgon®. This new rinse water removes all trace of dulling film and prevents new film from forming—for up to 39% brighter, cleaner clothes, automatically!

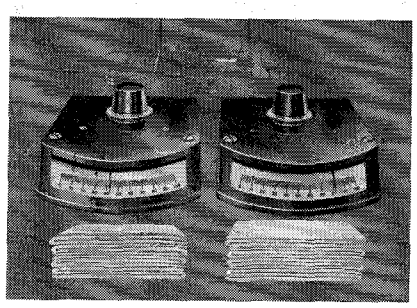
FIRST 100% AUTOMATIC WASHER MADE!

Dispenser Wheel makes adding Calgon to the rinse as automatic as the rinse cycle itself.

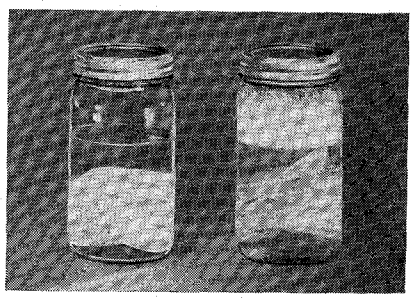
Hot or Warm Wash—Warm or Cold Rinse. Pre-select the wash and rinse water temperature you want according to the fabric.

Dual Time-Line Control. Your choice of two fully automatic cycles—regular or short.

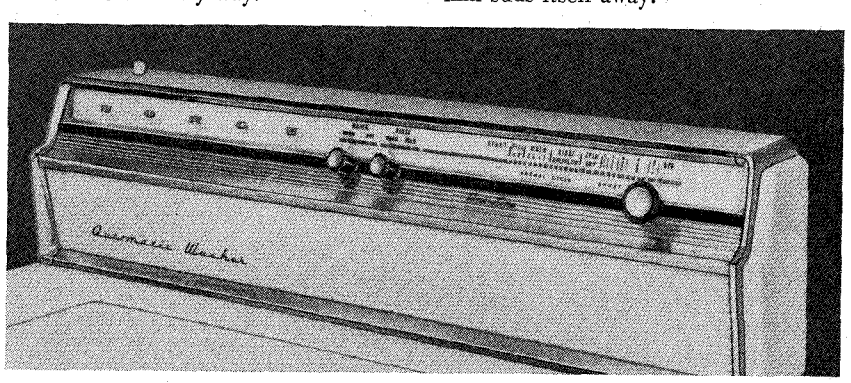
Automatic Suds-Return. A really automatic way to save and re-use hot, sudsy water.



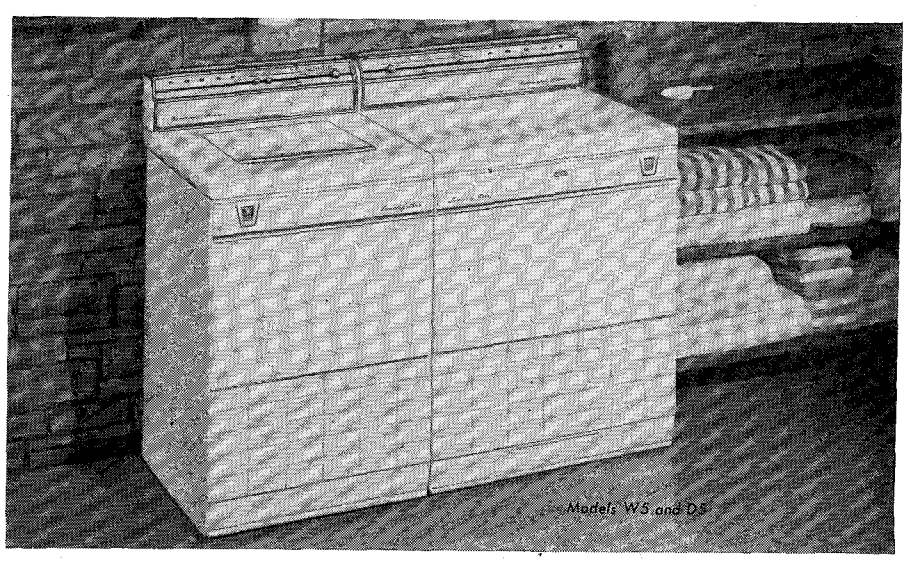
PROOF FROM THE LABORATORY. Amazing Reflectometer test proves diapers rinsed in Calgon are up to 39% whiter, cleaner than diapers that are rinsed the ordinary way!



PROOF AT HOME. Put a clean handkerchief in a jar filled with water. Shake. Add 1 teaspoon of Calgon (which makes no suds). Now shake again. Watch soap film suds itself away!



RATED NO. 1 WASHER—by independent consumer testing laboratories—for 2 consecutive years...backed by a 5-Year Warranty and 30-Day Satisfaction Guarantee...free case of 12 regular Calgon packages with purchase of every Norge Dispenser Wheel Washer...free box of Calgon just for going to your Norge Dealer's for a personal demonstration.



'57 NORGE WASHER with Dispenser Wheel plus new Norge 4-Way Dryer with Hamper-Dor make a perfectly matched laundry pair for softer, fluffier, cleaner clothes, the easy way!

NORGE®

NORGE SALES CORPORATION, Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois. Canada: Addison's Ltd., Toronto. Export Sales, Borg-Warner International, Chicago 3, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 91*) in the jet transport business," said Ed Wells, Boeing's engineering vice-president.

Loving the buyer's market, the big airlines bludgeoned the two manufacturers into making practically all the modifications they wanted. Neither sales force got much sleep till the cream of the domestic market was skimmed. Then both companies went after the foreign market with everything they had.

"All hands hit the road right around the world," said Jim Clyne, director of international sales for Douglas. "But we concentrated on Europe—mainly KLM, Scandinavian, Sabena, Air France and Swissair. For months I was jumping all over the Continent."

But so were the Boeing people.

"Cloak-and-dagger operations began in October," said Kenneth Luplow, Boeing's director of foreign sales. "We were always running across the Douglas people in railroad stations, airports and hotels, and telling lighthearted lies about our destinations. At Idlewild one day, I had a good laugh when I heard the loudspeaker blare out: 'Jim Clyne, please come to the Scandinavian Airlines ticket counter.' *Ha*, I thought. *Now I know where he's going*. But the joy went out of life the next minute when I heard, 'Mr. Luplow, please come to the Air France ticket counter.' "

The International airlines—Pan Am as well as foreign carriers—forced new changes, mainly in the direction of bigger, longer-range planes for intercontinental nonstop flights. These improvements became possible because Pratt and Whitney's bigger J-75 engines were now available. Douglas, starting later, had a bigger plane, gross weight 265,000 pounds, against the Boeing's 230,000. Then Boeing pulled a surprise by going to the Intercontinental, a giant transocean model that leapfrogged Douglas, grossing 285,000 pounds. But Douglas beefed up its basic model to 287,000 pounds, and this was enough to nail the orders of Scandinavian, KLM and Swissair. Boeing proudly captured Sabena, a long-time Douglas customer, and took Air France as well. Thus Douglas managed to stick to one plane, a manufacturing economy, while the Boeing company was forced to build two types to fill its varied commitments.

According to present schedules, the first Boeing jetliner will come off the line in December, 1957; the plane is then to go into months of testing and readying before its delivery to Pan Am in October, 1958, for the first scheduled flights that December. The first DC-8 is booked to come off the line early in 1958 and go through more than a year of flight tests; United Air Lines is to get its first passenger version in mid-1959, and passenger flights are scheduled to begin in September of 1959. Then a new set of problems will arise.

Much has been written about the difficulty of operating jets in today's airline traffic, a good deal of it negative and alarmist. Indeed, overwhelming tasks confront the industry, and most of them relate to four things: traffic control, airport facilities, noise and safety. The already archaic traffic-control system must be modernized whether we have jets or not, simply to deal with the growing number of planes. But what about five years from now?

"By slow degrees, we're going to have to improve communication between ground and plane, set up more safety and navigation aids and install ground radar control that can handle whole blocks of air traffic at once," says Milton W. Arnold, operations vice-president of the Air Transport Association. "Jets can start in our present system—with the changes we plan in the interim—but in the long run, we'll need an automatic system where electronic brains will calculate traffic patterns and transmit instruction signals to dozens of cockpits at once, creating what will virtually be an automatic flow of air traffic."

Every so often some prophet of doom circulates the report that all the nation's runways will have to be lengthened to take care of tomorrow's jets. Industry surveys say otherwise, particularly one prepared by the Boeing Company.

"All international flights now being made across the Atlantic between New York, Paris and London can be made with the present airstrips or extensions now being planned," I was told by Don Buck, Boeing's engineer on the project. "Likewise, all domestic flights, including the transcontinental, can be made from present airports or extensions in the works."

The CAA's planning department goes along on this—with a single reservation:

"For existing traffic-route patterns, the majority of our airstrips will be adequate for jets when they go into operation," says Joseph Blatt, the CAA's planning administrator, "at least as far as length and strength are concerned. But if and when the pattern changes and jet airliners start leapfrogging from Denver to Paris, for example, the loads will go up as the ranges increase and we'll have to lengthen our runways."

The threat of jet-engine noise has been scaring communities everywhere. Today, jets are forbidden to land at many large airports, including Washington National and all the New York terminals. Everybody in aviation, including the military, is working on the noise problem, but the best any authority can be induced to promise is that when the jets start flying, noise solutions will be available. With all the money, brains and research being thrown into the hopper, something ought to come out.

To most people, safety is more important than noise suppression, and a lot of them will be asking whether American aircraft are likely to break up and crash as the early-model Comets did. The answer of everybody concerned at this stage is emphatically "No!"

The Comets exploded when a crack developed in the fuselage skin due to repeated pressurization and depressurization of the cabin. In the resulting explosion, passengers were blown out of the planes. American engineers, and the British, too, have developed structures which they say are proof against blowouts.

Ivar Shogran, project engineer on the DC-8, explains it this way, "We've evolved a relationship of structural elements—skin, ribbing and stringers—that is strong enough to be proof against blowouts. At worst, only a slow leak can result."

The confidence of the airlines that all these problems will be solved when the time comes is reflected in their predictions that passenger-miles will rise from 1955's thirty-eight billion to sixty billion in 1960 and ninety billion in 1965. This is also their answer to critics who have accused them of going overboard in their jet orders and inviting financial ruin.

The airlines' confidence is shared by bankers and insurance companies, who are lending hundreds of millions of dollars to pay for turbine-powered aircraft. United alone is getting $150,000,000; Eastern is borrowing $90,000,000, and American $75,000,000—most of it for jets. The financiers, noting that airlines have tripled their passenger-miles in nine years, say they have become gilt-edged investments.

Both borrowers and backers expect that the upcoming airliners will be in service for ten or fifteen years. Speeds will stay in the 550–600-mile-an-hour bracket for a long time. A closer approach to the speed of sound would require a great increase in flying costs, since much more power would be needed. Today's fighters use afterburners to go through the sonic barrier, and hang the cost, but jetliners have to carry passengers at reasonable fares.

Donald Douglas' own planning doesn't take him beyond the DC-8. "Atomic power won't come in commercially for the next ten or fifteen years," he predicts. "And maybe we won't go through the supersonic-airliners stage at all. Maybe we'll just do it with missiles."

But research men like Ray Kelly, of United, can't stop speculating. It's part of their job to look ahead.

"Some say atomic power will never be used on the airlines," says Kelly, "but it wasn't so long ago that they were saying that about jets."

Ed Wells, vice-president of engineering for Boeing, goes even further. "After man has taught himself to fly at speeds twice that of sound, maybe four times the speed of sound," he said in a recent speech, "he'll expose himself to an electronic disintegration by allowing himself to be transmitted over a coaxial cable, to be instantaneously reassembled at the other end of the earth. But even when he comes to this, he'll still demand safety, reliability and economy in his transportation—and probably want a cocktail on the way." THE END

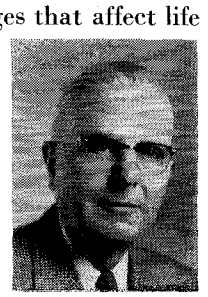
"Oh-oh, coffee break! I still want to talk with you about a raise, though, Mr. Guffney."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"To get the best tax advantages currently available, arrange for them now!"

Recent changes in tax laws may give you substantial savings. But you don't get them *automatically*—you must make certain provisions. Because they specialize in Estate Planning, Mutual Benefit Life agents like **Walter A. Schworm, CLU**, of **Buffalo** keep abreast of tax changes that affect life insurance. They are always glad to discuss these matters with you and with your attorney. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, N.J.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"DON'T BE STYMIED!"

NOW REMOVE DANDRUFF

WITH VERY FIRST SHAMPOO!

"Oh, how sun, wind and rain can dull hair, dry scalp and bring out terrible dandruff," says TV's popular *Miss Debbie Haley*. "But I don't worry! I use Fitch regularly." Only Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo is specially made and guaranteed to remove loose dandruff with *one* lathering–or money back!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

AT THE SAME TIME!

Tests prove gentle Fitch also *brightens* hair up to 35% as it removes dulling dandruff flakes. Helps recondition hair, leaves it easier to manage and wave. Use new milder Fitch every time you wash your hair–not just to remove loose dandruff!

ONLY FITCH GUARANTEES DANDRUFF-FREE, BRIGHTER HAIR —OR MONEY BACK!

Today, get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. If not delighted with the thrilling way it brightens hair and removes embarrassing dandruff with one lathering... return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also be sure to ask at Barber or Beauty Shop for a professional Fitch Shampoo.

Also available in Canada

The Lonely Heart (Continued from Page 37)

by the same musty smell, like stacks of old newspapers. The store was empty, as usual, and everything looked the same, dingy and dusty and stale. The only difference I could spot was the bulb over the cash register; it was bigger—a hundred and fifty watts probably—making it possible at least to see where you were. When I say the place was empty, that goes for behind the counter too. For a second I wondered whether, business being so bad, Joe was closing up for the night. Then I heard someone in the back room, and a sound like boxes being moved around, and there was Joe bustling out to wait on me.

He's short and stocky, Joe is, with a big barrel chest like a prize fighter's, and stubby legs entirely too short for the rest of him. Being Spanish, born and raised in Puerto Rico, he has shiny, black hair and dark eyes. When he smiles, he shows two gold teeth, and he has a habit of always keeping a cigarette stuck behind his ear. He never smokes this cigarette, just keeps it behind his ear, fiddling with it when he gets nervous or embarrassed or something. As far as his speech goes, my point about it is this: if we were all suddenly plunked down in Puerto Rico, would we make out so hot with the language? Considering he's only been in New York a couple years, I'd say his English is swell. One thing I guess I can't claim about him, though—he hasn't got any more graceful since that first night. I remember he came charging out of the back room, knocked over a packing case, set it upright, kept heading straight for the counter, then, wham, smacked right into it, jabbing his thigh sharp against the edge.

He limped toward me behind the counter, rubbing his leg and grinning. "Always smack into it. Too much I hurry all the time. Got to slow down."

I introduced myself, Eddie Murphy from Hudson Street, and explained I was an old customer of Mr. Friedman's. "Not that my purchases will make you a millionaire or anything. Strictly small scale, I guess. Anyways, welcome to the neighborhood."

"Nobody else say that to me so far. Welcome. Not many people come in to say anything to me." He ran his hand along the counter and looked up at me. "Since six o'clock, you the first."

It was already nine now, a busy Sunday night. Up the street, Wimple's was probably jammed, customers jostling each other, rapping on the counter for attention, but nobody'd been in here for three hours. The poor slob, I thought. "Well," I said, "it's awful cold out. Nobody comes out much this type of weather. That accounts for it."

He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I don't know. This morning I cook a whole roast beef. Look." From behind the glass partition of the counter, he held up a platter with a big side of roast beef on it. Let me tell you, seeing that roast beef made you want to sample some of it as fast as possible. It was really terrific looking, brown and crusty on the outside, the inside tender and juicy and pink in the center. "Whole roast beef," Joe continued, staring at it uncertainly. "I try to cook it good, but so far ——" He shook his head and slid the platter back behind the glass partition.

"Wait a sec," I said; "not so quick." All I'd come in for was a can of evaporated milk and some eggs, but seeing that roast beef —— "I mean, suppose you make me up two sandwiches of it, O.K.? Rye, leave off the mustard on one. Mrs. Murphy, the wife, doesn't go for mustard."

I watched him take a knife and carve off four slices of beef. It was like slicing the knife through soft butter. He opened a fresh loaf of rye bread, and, working fast and smooth and easy, spread mustard across one piece of the bread and put two slices of beef on it, the beef as pink and rosy in the center as watermelon.

"Say, with roast beef as good as that looks," I said, "you'll have them lined up at the counter in a few weeks."

He shook salt and pepper on the sandwiches and added some lettuce, not saying anything for a second. Then, "Lined up?" he said. "No, I think I got to wait longer till that happen." He laid the sandwiches on sheets of waxed paper, placed a couple of sweet pickles next to each sandwich and began wrapping them. "Six month, maybe it happen. Not before, I don't think."

"You say that six months like you're real sure of it," I remarked.

"Not sure of it," Joe said. "Just hope. This is not so good store now. It so little, no room for anything. No customer. When I first see it, I think to myself, 'You crazy to pay two buck for it.' Mr. Friedman say to me, 'Everybody buy at this store; you getting a gold mine,' but one night I stand across the street. In five hour, I count six people that go in, otherwise nobody. So when I buy the store, I say to Mr. Friedman, 'I am not fool' by this store.'"

> At this time of the year, a man's biggest parking problems are those sitting beside his daughter.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

I'd been figuring that Friedman had pulled a fast deal on him, but now that didn't seem to be exactly the case. "Why'd you go ahead and buy it, then?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "For the money I have I could not buy a palace, a big hotel, I guess. For three thousand dollar you can only buy something not so good. But that do not mean it have to stay like that! No! Someday, it gonna ——" He stopped speaking and picked up the sandwiches. "If you want something else, I got nice cheese cake, fresh today." He was changing the subject.

I gave him the rest of my order. He got out half a carton of eggs; then moved toward the shelves opposite the counter. "Someday, what?" I asked him.

He reached for a can of evaporated milk and walked back across the lopsided strip of floor to the counter.

"Someday, what?" I asked again.

Without answering, he packed the milk and eggs and sandwiches in a brown-paper bag. Then, abruptly, he looked up at me, hesitating, as if he were afraid to say something.

"You sound like you got lots of plans," I began.

"I—if I tell about them, I would not blame you if you laugh at me."

"Why would I do that?" The look that came in his eyes then is hard to describe. It was a look of gentleness, that gives a person away, maybe, telling you it wouldn't be difficult to hurt that person or wound him in some way. "I guess this store is awful important to you," I said.

When he spoke again, his voice was hushed. "Someday," he said quietly, "I hope to make this store ——" He strained for the right words. "I hope to make—beautiful delicatessen! Where people be happy to come, with all kinds fine things to buy." He picked up a small jar from the counter. "Things like this I would want to sell, so that it be beautiful store to come." I leaned over and examined the label on the jar. "Royal Imported Caviar," it read, in fancy, curling letters.

"That's very fancy stuff, caviar," I managed to say, wondering to whom he ever expected to sell it.

He looked down at the small red jar in his hand. "Ca-wee-are." He was barely able to pronounce it. "Someday I carry all things like this in my store."

I glanced around at the paint-chipped shelves sagging under the weight of cheap canned goods and grimy boxes of cereals and crackers, at the single bulb swaying over the cash register, at the battered electric fan Friedman used to have whirring away during summer and the old, beat-up radio alongside it that was forever wheezing out scratchy Vienna waltzes in the musty silence. In the dark, narrow store that almost nobody ever entered, on top of the cracked glass counter partition, Joe was placing the jar of caviar on display. He might've been raising a flag or placing a banner on a mountaintop.

"I print a sign to put in front of it," he said. "Ca-wee-are—Very Special."

"Sounds swell," I answered. I paid for my order, took the brown-paper bag and started out, but at the door, turning back to him, I called, "Anyway, good luck and everything!"

"Thanks!" he shouted back. "I think I need it!"

As I stepped out into the street and a cold blast of wind hit me, I thought, *Brother, you sure do.*

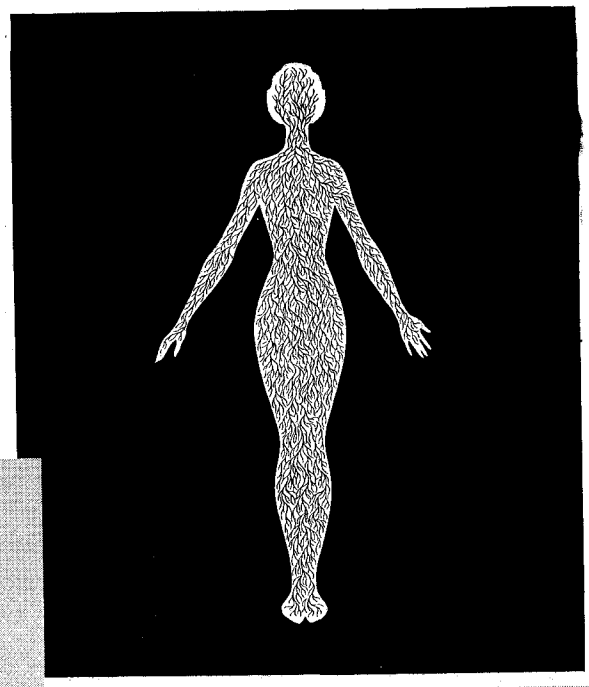
It took Joe longer than six months to have customers lined up at the counter, but even before the first stumbling weeks were over, you felt he was headed on his way toward it. I know this much—I never saw a man struggle or work harder at anything in my life. Every morning, seven days a week, he had the delicatessen open at six o'clock sharp, an hour earlier than Wimple's or the other neighborhood stores, and it wasn't until one or one-thirty the following morning that you saw him switch off the lights. On a pale winter morning, the streets still covered with darkness, Joe's store would be the only glow of light on Eighth Avenue. During all of that long, daily grind of hours, I doubt if he stopped or let up work for a minute. He painted the grubby walls and shelves and ceiling a fresh, clean white, polished the cracked glass counter partition till it sparkled, scrubbed the slanting floor with buckets of soap and ammonia. All at once the store looked cheerful and spruce and spanking clean, and when customers began coming in, a thin trickle at first, that grew steadily as the months went by, Joe was ready for them.

In addition to the roast-beef sandwiches, he had hot pastrami, turkey, chicken, corned beef and baked Virginia ham to offer as well, the savory odors filling the store with a spicy fragrance, making you sniff pleasantly as you entered. It was a warm, friendly store to walk into. There was the quick, prompt service, Joe's politeness, the feeling he gave that he was honored at having you come in. Whatever you wanted, he seemed able to supply it, ducking over to the shelves, reaching behind the counter, snapping open the refrigerator to get it for you. The shelves and display cases were stocked with every kind of meat and soup and cracker and cheese you could think of, the refrigerator a storehouse of frosty soft drinks and beer and ale, and as more and more people in the neighborhood brought their trade there, Joe worked even harder, (*Continued on Page 96*)

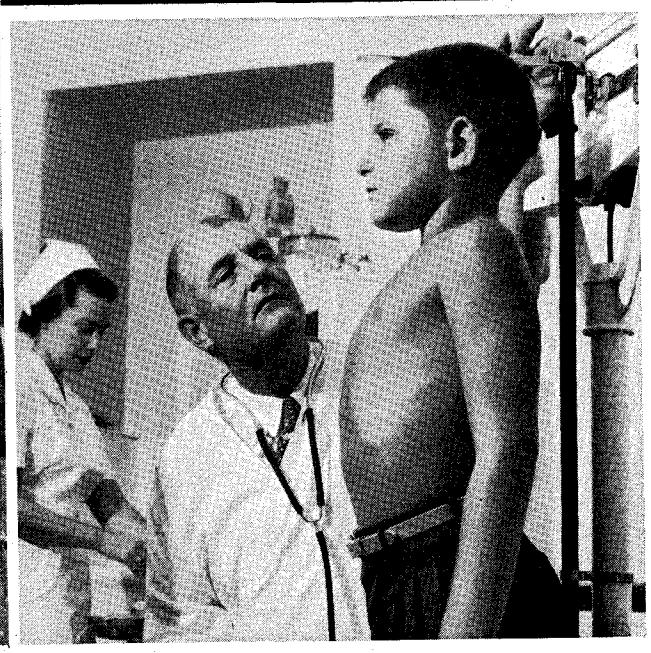
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Again...the fresh orange makes nutrition headlines

The BIO-FLAVONOIDS in the meaty parts of the orange work with vitamin C to improve your basic health



1. The BIO-FLAVONOIDS in the fresh orange have an amazing effect on the capillary system. Your capillaries are a network of tiny blood vessels about 60,000 miles long. They do the vital job of feeding oxygen and nourishment to all of the body's organs and tissues and carrying waste materials away. The bio-flavonoids work to keep the capillaries *functional.*



2. Teamed with vitamin C, these remarkable factors in the "meat" of the fresh orange help keep capillary walls strong, efficient. Nourishment passes quickly and easily to the body's tissues. Waste material is rapidly removed. Thus the bio-flavonoids improve your *basic* health . . . help you feel young and vigorous . . . help you ward off infection and disease.

3. Vitamin C becomes more effective. Research indicates the bio-flavonoids actually *boost* the efficiency of the vitamin C in oranges, allowing it to do a better job for children of building sturdy bones and strong muscles, sound teeth and gums, and fighting colds.

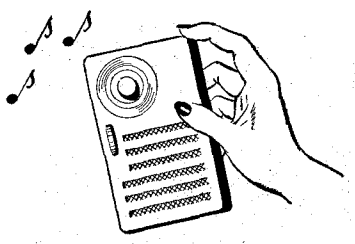
4. The bio-flavonoids are abundant in the fresh orange but *not* in processed juice. A medium-sized Sunkist Orange contains a rich supply . . . *about 1000 mgs.* And Sunkist Oranges are so reasonable in cost, your family can enjoy them daily. Nothing is easier to serve. Just *hand them out*—at meals, between meals, at TV time. When you squeeze fresh orange juice, don't strain out the solids that contain the bio-flavonoids.

5. One Sunkist Orange gives your family ten times more bio-flavonoids than an equal amount of processed juice, and ten times more protopectins, so important for digestion and regularity. High grading standards make Sunkist Oranges the finest quality money can buy...always. What other food is so healthful and delicious? Look for the Sunkist trademark on the fruit. *Insist* on Sunkist.

Sunkist Growers

California-Arizona Valencia Oranges • Eat whole fresh oranges—drink whole fresh orange juice!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Incredibly Fine Performance

Transistor pocket radios and miniature hearing aids produce amazing results when powered by

P. R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
Mercury Batteries

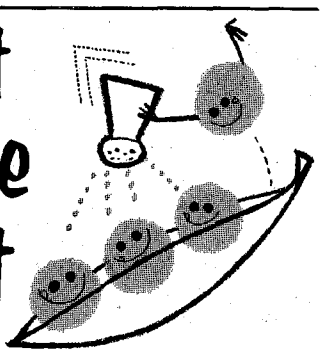
Pioneered and introduced by Mallory, these tiny batteries set new quality standards: far greater life . . . far steadier output . . . lower cost per hour.

Mallory leads the way in furnishing practical power for pocket size personal products.

Another* MALLORY *First

P.R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.
MALLORY
INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA

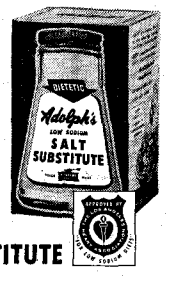
salt free diet



Use one of the best-tasting Salt Substitutes ever made.

- Sprinkles and seasons like salt.
- Enhances food flavor.
- Retains flavor in cooking, baking, canning.

Available at grocers everywhere

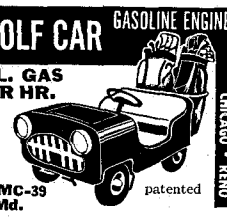


Adolph's
SALT SUBSTITUTE

also *at your grocers* .....

ADOLPH'S *LOW SODIUM* MEAT TENDERIZER
Seasoned and Non-Seasoned • makes every cut and grade of meat extra tender and flavorful.
©1956 Adolph's Ltd.

ESHELMAN GOLF CAR GASOLINE ENGINE
36 HOLES PER GAL. GAS
UP TO 20 MILES PER HR.
Costs small fraction of most other cars. Ideal for golfers. Also Child's 2 pass. Cars.
WRITE FOR FREE LITERATURE AND RIDER AGENT PLAN.
ESHELMAN CO., Dept. MC-39
109 Light St., Balto. 2, Md.



patented

Shipping Points: BALTIMORE • CHICAGO • RENO

DISSOLVES EVEN TOUGHEST CORNS
GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

(*Continued from Page 94*) thinking up new ideas, new features to improve the store further.

He found out about Mrs. Kruger, a widow lady on Gansevoort Street who baked pies and cakes. Before you knew it, he was carrying the first line of homemade desserts in the neighborhood—banana-cream pie, apple strudel, Danish pastry, devil's-food cake, the icing swirling an inch thick on top. He bought a broiler and installed it near the window, so that when you passed by, you saw a chicken slowly barbecuing on the spit, sputtering a crisp golden brown before your eyes. The single bulb continued to sway over the cash register, but rows of fluorescent lights Joe'd put on the ceiling made everything as bright as summer daylight. He installed a big electric coffee maker behind the counter, the coffee fresh and strong and delicious, started a telephone call-in service and hired a boy to make the string of deliveries that quickly resulted. By the end of a year and a half, the delicatessen was a wonderful, outstanding success.

On Sunday nights, by that time, there were clusters of people crowding around the counter. The little bell above the door jingled every few minutes with the arrival of someone else, the cash register clicked away in a steady flow of sales, the phone rang continuously with take-out orders, and one night, when I saw the way Joe had fixed up the window, I realized that the store had completed its transformation.

Instead of the old beer signs and ragged bits of crepe paper, the window glittered now with samples of all the different delicacies available inside, the jars and bottles polished to a fare-thee-well, arranged in neat, careful patterns on layers of glistening paper. In the center stood a big wicker basket tied with satin ribbon, filled with fresh fruit, packages of nuts and dates and figs, boxes of fancy English biscuits, jars of Scotch jellies and marmalades and, perched on top like a star, a small red jar of caviar. Next to the basket was a sign reading: I HUMBLY INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE, JOE SANTIS.

A year and a half after he'd taken over from Mr. Friedman, the bleak, run-down store of the old days didn't exist any more; in its place the shiny vision Joe had spoken of that first night was beginning to take shape, but as I looked at the glittering window, there seemed to be a sadness concealed in it, as if it expressed, like a child's dream, something deep and pitiable about Joe. I thought of his solitary figure bent over the counter night after late night, the long months spent in an agony of work, and it made me wonder what his reason for it might be and what he expected or hoped for in return. Whatever it was, it suddenly looked one morning as if I'd never find out, because when I went around to the delicatessen for some milk, the shades were pulled down, the door bolted, the lights turned off. Abruptly, without any warning or advance notice or explanation, the delicatessen had been closed down.

Three days later, just as abruptly, it opened again. During those three days nobody saw Joe. He just about disappeared, and when he reopened the store, there wasn't a word about where he'd been. You didn't have to wonder whether anything had gone wrong—the way he behaved told you that plainly. He didn't seem to hear anything you said. Instead of the smile on his face, there was a look that made you sure something was troubling him a lot. I didn't learn what it was until a week after the store reopened. It was the middle of June by this time, the weather turning warm and humid. Instead of staying inside, people on my block were dragging chairs and cushions and stools out onto the sidewalk at night in search of the cool breeze that sometimes comes from the North River four blocks away. When I went in the store, it was almost closing time, a Friday night, and the only person at the counter was a panhandler busy putting the bite on Joe. I guess Joe's never been known to turn anyone away, and this poor old guy was no exception. Joe gave him fifty cents and a bottle of beer, and out he shuffled happily. After he left, I remarked that the store was probably known by every bum as far down as the Bowery, but Joe wasn't listening. He got a box of pretzels and some lemons and soda water for me, then disappeared silently into the back room, came back with a carton of canned beer and began stacking the cans in the refrigerator.

"You're awful silent tonight," I mentioned. He was stacking the cans of beer close against the frosty wall of the refrigerator. "See, you just about didn't hear me. It's the way you been all week, since Monday when you opened up again."

He continued stacking the cans. Then, after a moment, "How you mean, Eddie?"

"I don't know exactly. Silent, hardly cracking a smile. All of a sudden, the store's closed for three days. You won't say why ——"

"No reason. I just close."

"If you didn't act so different ——"

He turned from the refrigerator and smiled at me. "You sound like you worried about me. You the nicest guy come in the store, Eddie. Listen, you no have to worry about me. Everything going good, business keep getting better. Look my new ice-cream freeze'. Twice as big, holds twice as much ice cream for everybody. Cake roll, sherbet, brick mix—an' look!" He sprinted behind the counter, knocking clumsily against the edge as usual. "Don't you notice yet?" Alongside the cash register was a brand-new adding machine. He touched the keys proudly. "You don't say nothing about my new add' machine. No more everybody got to wait for me to add the numbers in my head. This do it now! Give me some numbers, I show you. You don't gotta worry about me. Go 'head, give me some numbers."

"O.K., Joe. Thirty-five, two hundred ten, fifty-eight—show me how it works. Only, if nothing's wrong, you sure act it."

Joe pulled down the lever on the adding machine and, with a flourish that struck me as overdone, called off the numbers he'd added up. "Thirty-five, two hundred ten, fifty-eight," he called off. "Gran' total, three hundred an' three. Correct?" He gazed at the smooth, shiny surface of the machine, suddenly silent again, the flourish disappearing. He rubbed his hands over the keys. Then, he said, "In Puerto Rico I never see add' machine. The place where my mother live in Santurce ——" He turned abruptly away, came out from behind the counter, switched off the window lights, locked the front door. "Close-up time, I guess. You no have to worry about me, Eddie."

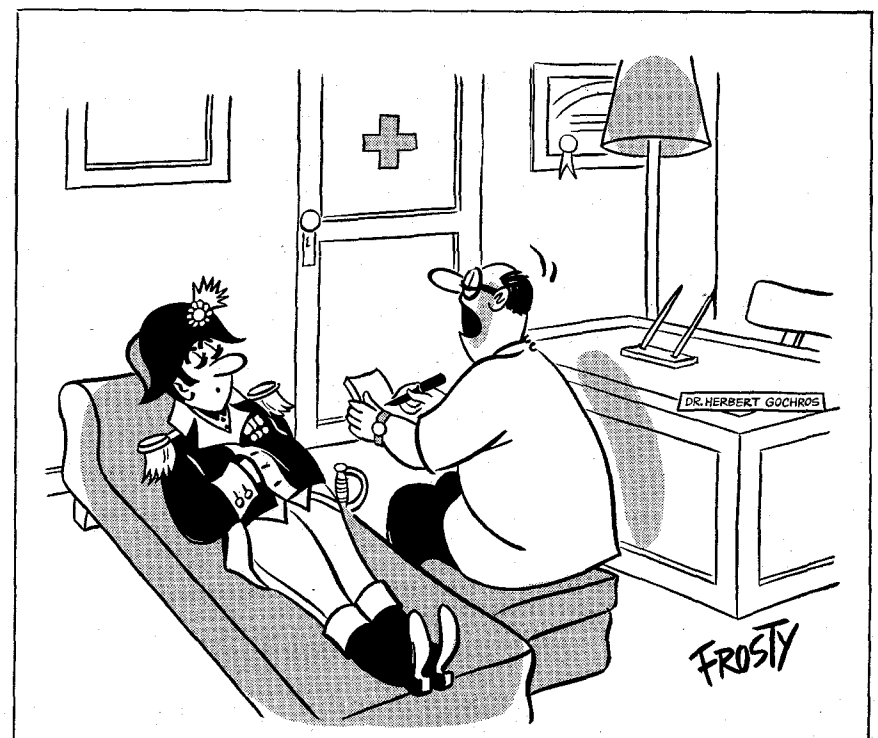
"You got a mother, Joe?"

The way he looked at me, I guess I sounded as if I thought he'd never had a mother, as if he had no particular life aside from the store. "I mean, is that's what's wrong—your mother sick or something?"

He pulled the cord on one of the fluorescent lights, the tube dimming out. "She not sick." He moved to the next light and pulled the cord. Slowly, as the tubes of light faded out, the store became dark. "Ah, I guess it all right what she do," he said. "She have to live where she want."

"She lives down in Santurce? You never mentioned her before."

Going back behind the counter, he took out the platters of roast beef and turkey and ham, and covered them with damp cloths. "I guess I don't mention lots of things." He touched the clove-studded ham. "You know something?" he asked, hesitating for a moment. "In America everybody eat beautiful things like ham, turkey, but nobody understand, I don't think, what the word mean to be poor. I think nobody understand." He carried the platters of meat to the refrigerator and stored them away for the night. "I never mention much, but I guess I know what it mean. To be always hungry. To be all the time scared. Till I was twenty-five," he said, staring at the riches in the refrigerator, "I didn't sleep on no bed. There was no bed. The floor only. Who was my father? From the day I am born, I never see him. I have only my (*Continued on Page 98*)



"When did you first begin to notice your retreat from Moscow?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public servant number 1

Crime on the run! Speedy getaway car . . .
but not fast enough. Quick decisive calls . . . blocked roads . . .
the law catches up.

The telephone that makes your daily living so much easier
makes it safer, too.

- In General's 30-state operating area, the telephone delivers protection as well as service.

GENERAL SYSTEM

GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT TELEPHONE SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 96*) sister and my mother. When we get hungry so that it scare us, we say prayers all night that God will save us from starve to death. My mother, you know how big she is?" He turned to me then, his eyes lighting up as he measured a height of about four and a half feet. "That little she is! An' skinny?" He smiled. "She don't weigh seventy pound, I bet. But you know what she always say? 'I got nothing for my children,' she say. 'No father, no clothes for them or shoes, bed to sleep, warm blanket or toy to play with. I got only love for my children, and that is what I try to give them!' She say the truth, because, I tell you, she love my sister and me! An' always, I love her."

He walked across the sloping, creaking floor to the counter, ran his hand nervously along the edge. "From the time I am little, I swear to her that someday she will have something good, maybe. No more scrub floors in sugar factory, be hungry all night, have nothing. When I am ten year old, I start to work. From then on ——" He started pacing up and down the short, narrow aisle. "From the time I am ten year old, I work hard as I can, keep try' to save money. From ten year old, I work, till finally I have my first store. That first store!" he exclaimed. "Tin roof with rain leaking through. Rain leak through cracks in wall, come in through floor, everywhere! And to save money is not so easy. Poor people, if they cannot pay their bill, do you want them in jail for it?" He shook his head solemnly. "No. When a person is poor, you must try to give to that person, try to save money as best as you can. It take long, long time for me to save money, but when I do, first thing, I buy presents for her. Silk dress for Sunday, hat with flowers, red umbrella for when it rain. Maybe little things only, but I tell you, it make me so happy to give them to her!"

He smiled broadly, showing his two gold teeth. "But the best part, it make her happy! 'You good boy,' she say to me. 'You good boy, Joe.' I keep working hard. We still poor, but someday, I say to her, it be different. I save enough to go New York. I buy store there, keep working hard, make it beautiful store." His back was toward me now. "Then, I ask her, you know what? When I have this beautiful store, why do you think I will have it? What will happen?" he asked the patch of empty space in front of him. "You don't know? I tell you! First, I will close up for couple days. Then I will come back to Santurce for you and take you back in airplane, fly to New York." He stopped speaking and his hands, which had been making excited gestures, fell to his sides. He glanced around confusedly, then walked over to a soft-drink crate in the corner and sat down, and I knew why the store had been closed and where he had been. To Santurce, except that his mother hadn't come back with him.

"Is not so much," he said finally. "Just that I promise her nice things when she come—and no more—to be poor." He stared dumbly at the floor. "I guess, when ladies get old like my mother, they don't want to move anyplace new. They want to stay just where they are, not move no place." He sat hunched over on the crate, his eyes filled with a lost look, as if he were remembering all the things in his life, trying to puzzle out an answer to them. A little lady in Santurce, Puerto Rico, was that the reason he had worked himself nineteen, sometimes twenty hours a day—so that the store could be a present, like the silk dress and the hat with flowers, to give to her?

"Listen," I said, "you mustn't feel bad about it, Joe. You can send her money to live nice down there."

"Sure," he agreed earnestly. "You no have to worry about me, Eddie. Everything swell with me. Sure. I send her fifty dollar every week. Soon I be able to send more. It fine with me, no kidding." He smiled, nodding his head firmly. "Sure. I keep making store nice, keep working hard." He got up and moved excitedly toward the counter. "You know what? Soon ——" He spread out his hands, embracing the shadowy walls, the low, sloping ceiling. "Soon this store gonna be twice as big, with everything new equipment. You know, Eddie? You know how it gonna be?" He spoke eagerly and fast, as if he were trying to convince me of something. "It gonna be like—everything beautiful! Brand-new everything! Linoleum on floor, new counter, showcases, everything shine so people come in, smile to see how nice it look. That be good, Eddie, hah?"

"Listen, the terrific way you have it already ——"

"Better! To make it better! Except ——"

"Don't worry so much. Just keep ——"

"Except," he faltered, "sometimes ——"

"What?"

He started to speak, but no words came out; he turned quickly away, began fumbling with a cooky display set up on the counter. "It gonna be wonder——" His hands, fumbling nervously, knocked packages of cookies to the floor. He knelt down to pick them up. "Don't worry; you no have to worry about Joe. Soon this store ——" His hands were trembling badly, trying to gather up the packages of cookies. "Everything be fine; everything be ——" The packages spilled to the floor. "Eddie," he called, hunched, crouched on his knees in the darkness, his face beginning to twist with emotion. I started toward him and he cried out, then, his voice torn and frightened, filling the dark store. "Eddie! Eddie!" he cried. "This store! Work, work so hard, since little boy ten year ——" His voice broke, tears were streaming down his face. "For why—for why I work so hard?" Then, quieter, "First six month I have this store, I have to sleep on floor in back. All day, all night, I live here. Why? To make money just?" He raised his head and stared up at the ceiling. "If you have only yourself, what is there good to buy with it? If there only yourself, then loneliness—you spend it on." He wiped his hand across his wet face. "On loneliness." He gathered up the packages of cookies from the floor and put them back on the counter. "Got to close up. Close up." He went to the front of the store, to the window, and looked out at Eighth Avenue. "Eddie, I sorry you hear me talk like that. But maybe—there is reason for it."

"How'd you mean?" I walked over to him at the window. Outside, Eighth Avenue was dark and deserted.

"First night you come in, Eddie, and wish me luck—you remember? It was only person who do that. Maybe"—he hesitated—"maybe I need to ask if you will wish me luck one more time."

"Well, sure, Joe. Wish you luck about what?" I asked him.

His voice tight and strained, "I guess—it about everything!" he answered. "About this store. I try to run it good, keep nice things to sell. I tell myself, 'If people who come in are made happy by your store, then those people are become your friends, so you got good reason to keep working hard.' But when I close at night, who is my friend? It scare me, like when we poor, with nothing to eat. Like still I have nothing! Monday, when I come back from Puerto Rico, I think I want to close store, go away somewhere. But, Eddie"—he turned toward me nervously—"when I come back, I find there is something I did not know I have. An' tonight—maybe something wonderful is going to happen about it, except all night I get scared it won't happen. That' why I talk that way before, hands tremble ——"

He wouldn't tell me anything more about it until he'd finished closing up, locked the cash away and we were outside on the sidewalk. Then, after fiddling with his keys and wallet and testing whether the door was locked, he told me haltingly about Dolores.

"She live on Bleecker Street," he explained. "Dolores Martinez, her name. Don't you know her? Sure. You see her in store maybe. She so little maybe you never notice her yet. She have nice smile." I remembered a tiny, dark-haired girl talking with him one night at the counter. She was sort of timid and shy-looking, I remembered. "That is her," he nodded gravely. "She come in store often. Sometimes, on Sunday, six-o'clock Mass at church, I see her there and we walk together. But you know what happen? When I get back from Puerto Rico, she come in the store and say to me, 'I am happy you come back, Joe. I miss you.' You know something?" His voice trembled. "That the first time someone say that to me, and it make me feel—very good. As if maybe I have someone. So I say to her, 'After I close the store I would like to take you to the Blue Star, if you will go with me.'" The Blue Star is a tavern a block down from Joe's store. "It so late," he explained, "there is no other place to take her. Since Monday, every night we go there. Tonight that is where I go now. I go to ask her—if I say to her, 'I try always to be good to you, to be good husband'—Eddie, tonight maybe I have reason to keep work hard. Tonight maybe I be happiest man in the world!" His voice shook, and to cover it he tried to smile. "You wish me luck, Eddie? The first night, when you do, it bring me luck, I think. Now, will you wish it to me one more time?"

He was saying good night to me, then, and heading across Eighth Avenue toward the Blue Star. The suit he was wearing didn't fit him very well, the trousers flapping below the heels, the jacket bunched tightly at the shoulders and chest, but that didn't stop Joe from hurrying right along. Over the Blue Star, a blue neon sign winked on and off, and you could hear jukebox music and people laughing inside. As Joe hurried toward it I thought about his mother and all that he'd wanted to give her. I thought of the panhandler that had been in that night, the procession of beggars and panhandlers that were never turned away, the bags of free groceries given to the tenement families on the corner, but most of all, I thought about the store itself—the warmth and spirit that filled it.

To everyone who came there, I thought, something was offered beyond what had brought them there, and all at once I felt I understood the reason Joe worked so hard and what he sought in return. The store was Joe himself, a way he had found to give to everyone the gentleness and charity and beauty, all of the things stored up, shining, within himself, and the thing he sought in return—that was why he hurried now toward the Blue Star. In the darkness, the neon sign lighted up his stubby figure and all the way home to Hudson Street, the most important thing in the world, on this whole, tremendous, lonely earth, seemed to me that Joe would be given back a portion of the love he had poured out endlessly from behind the counter of his store.

I suppose that's about the end of the story. As far as the store's concerned, the breaks really began happening. First of all, Nick Papas, who ran the shoe repair next door, had a heart attack. If I sound elated at the event, forgive me, but it was only a slight attack. He had a nice annuity and it made him decide to sell out; the result being that Joe got a loan at the bank and acquired Nick's store. Before you could believe it, the delicatessen was twice as big. Suddenly, carpenters and electricians and painters were swarming all over the place, knocking out walls, putting in new flooring, installing new counters, stainless-steel display cases and refrigeration units—everything Joe had ever wished for. The store had to be closed down for a week to get the final work completed, but there was a sign on the gleaming, new, plate-glass window announcing a reopening date and, in addition, leaflets were printed up and circulated by a battalion of kids throughout the neighborhood. I saved one of the leaflets. It reads like this:

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
ANNOUNCING THE GRAND REOPENING!
LA BELLA DELICATESSEN
(formerly Joe's)
BAR-B-Q CHICKEN—IMPORTED DELICACIES—CAVIAR
COMPLETE VARIETY OF SANDWICHES
ICE-COLD BEER & BEVERAGES
I HUMBLY INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE
JOSEPH RODRIGO SANTIS
PROPRIETOR
FREE GIFTS OPENING DAY!

It's a very nice-looking leaflet. In cas you don't know, "bella" is Spanish fc "beautiful," which means that at last Jo had what he wanted. He honestly did, think. The grand reopening day was humdinger. That's the day Wimple's u the street seriously began to worry abou competition. What with the free gifts b ing offered—compacts for the ladies, ti pins for the gents—the store was jamme with practically the entire neighborhoo and I wonder how many of them kne the reason for the beaming smile on Joe face. I believe I did. It wasn't very diff cult to figure out. The week before t reopening, at the Church of St. Bernai on 14th Street, with a choir singing an flowers on the altar, Dolores, standir shyly alongside him behind the count now, had become his wife. THE EN

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Kissing is what gets you so close to a girl that you can't see where you're going.

The one thing that prevents a boy from quarreling with brothers and sisters is being an only child.

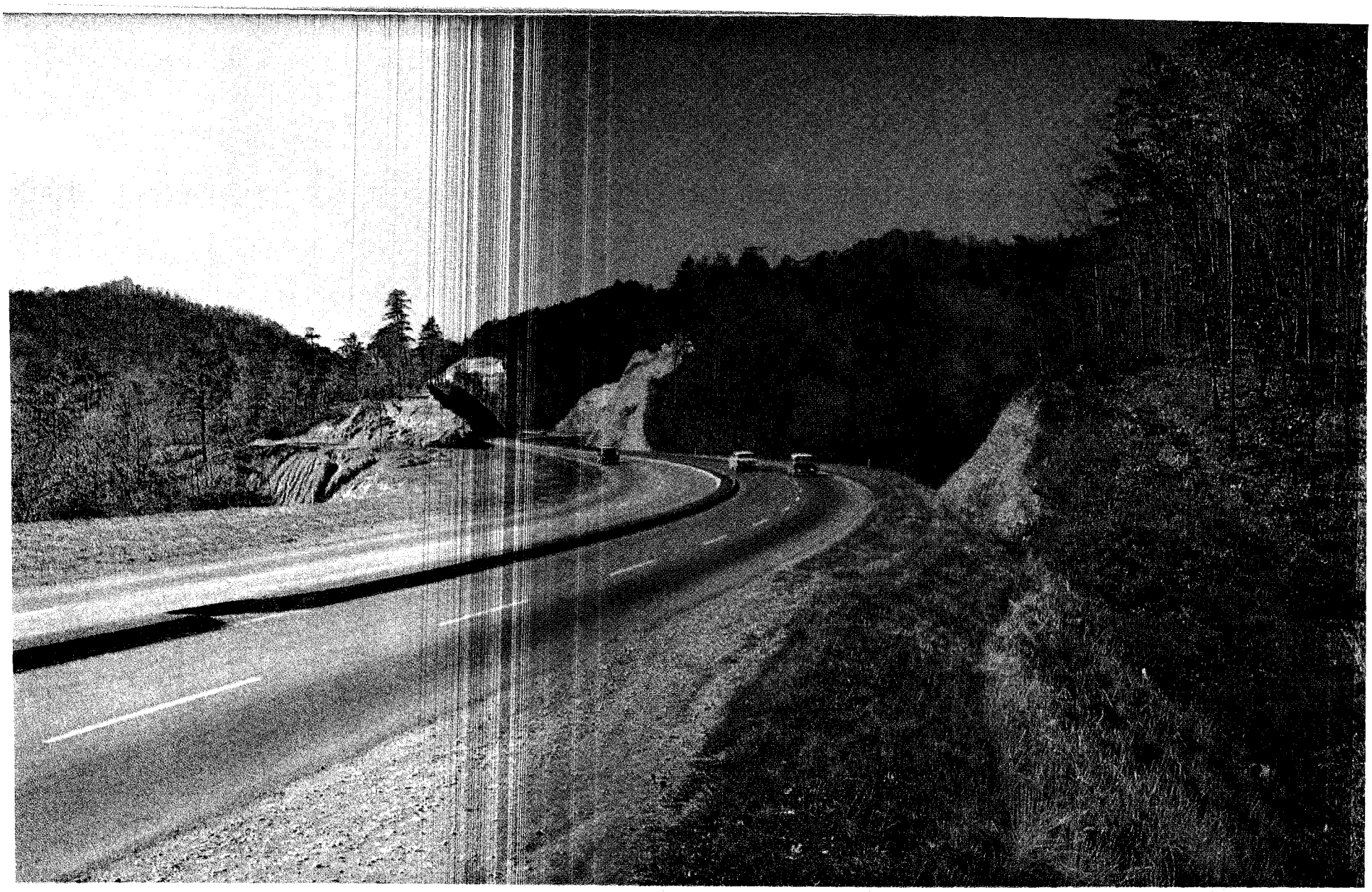
Usually a mature woman's age is one she has had so long that she thinks it's hers.

Of course, short men are conceited. Just like any other kind.

Some husbands are so independent that they refuse to wear an apron while washing the dishes.

Most teachers earn enough to live quite well, but very few of them get it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



North Carolina's new U.S. 70—a four-lane divided highway with safe, gentle curves.

BLACK MOUNTAIN GRADE WAS A KILLER

Driving the old U.S. 70, east of Asheville, Paul Smith used to dread those hairpin turns. Now, on one of North Carolina's most spectacular highways, he makes the 1000-foot climb safely—in one-third the time!

The mountain ranges of North Carolina rise out of the Piedmont like the side of a roof. When the original U.S. 70 was built, 30 years ago, its two narrow lanes of concrete scaled Black Mountain by a series of switchbacks. In the eight miles between Old Fort and Ridgecrest, there were 84 turns so sharp that trailer trucks could barely negotiate them. The roadside cliffs were scarred by many crashes.

Paul Smith, local businessman, says, "Only a year ago the best time I could make on that stretch was 20 minutes, and I drove it with my heart in my mouth." Today North Carolina's Highway Commission has relocated the route, building a four-lane divided expressway that cuts the distance to 5.7 miles, the time to 6½ minutes. Long, sweeping curves and easy grades, none steeper than 6%, permit a safe speed limit of 55 miles an hour.

Those huge cuts and fills cost a lot of money, but everyone agrees now that it's worth it.

North Carolina has a progressive highway program. Its secondary system is one of the best in the country; and in proportion to area and population its 32,100 miles of paved roads lead all other states. Yet an estimated $610,000,000 needs to be spent on primary highways in the next decade. Federal highway aid will bring closer the dates when interstate expressway sections will be open to traffic. However, the basic problem of financing these and all other roads remains with the states.

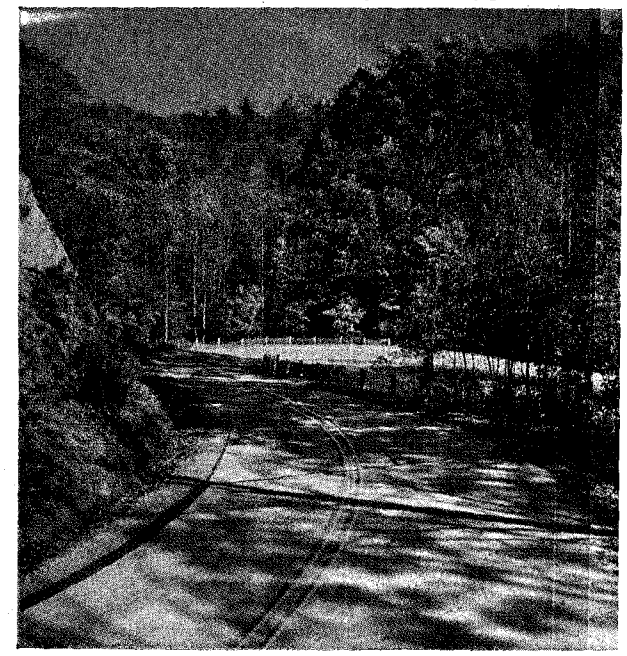
Good roads save more than they cost—in time, in lives, and in actual cash. For proof, and for suggestions on how you can help, write for free booklet, "Road Block." Send a card today to Dept. 10, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

CATERPILLAR

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

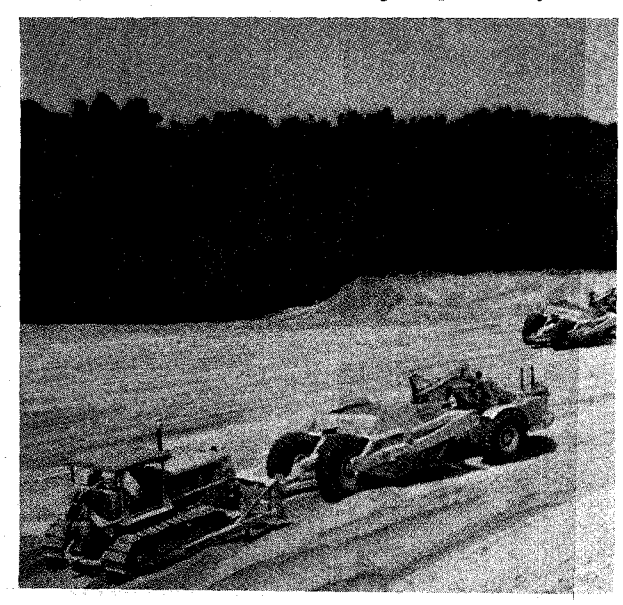
DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

THE WORLD'S NO. 1
ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT



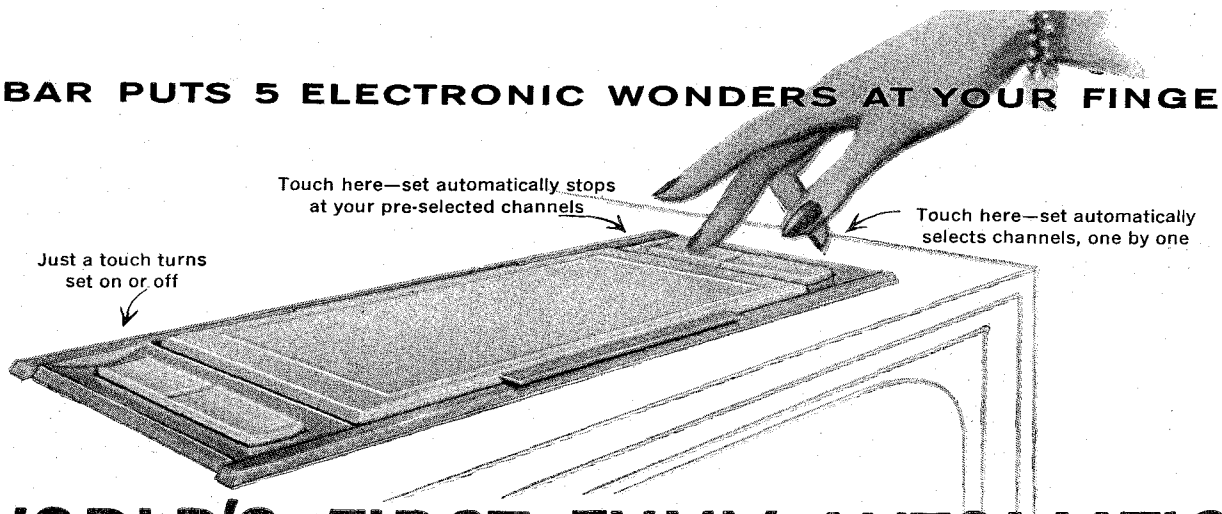
Old U.S. 70—a narrow two-lane road with 84 hairpin turns

Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on you roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CROSLEY TUNER-BAR PUTS 5 ELECTRONIC WONDERS AT YOUR FINGERTIP

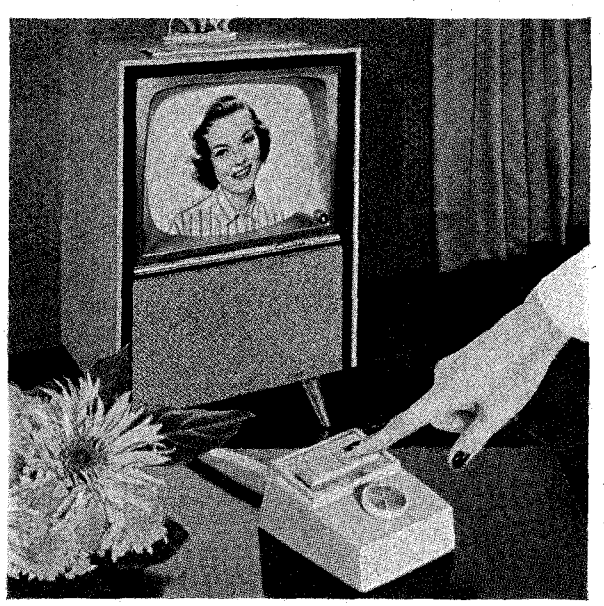

Touch here—set automatically stops at your pre-selected channels
Touch here—set automatically selects channels, one by one
Just a touch turns set on or off

CROSLEY...WORLD'S FIRST FULLY AUTOMATIC TV

CAN BE PRE-SET TO STOP ONLY AT THE CHANNELS YOU PREFER!

NEW AUTOMATIC TUNER-BAR

..."TRIGGERS" CROSLEY'S EXCLUSIVE COMBINATION OF 5 ELECTRONIC FEATURES!



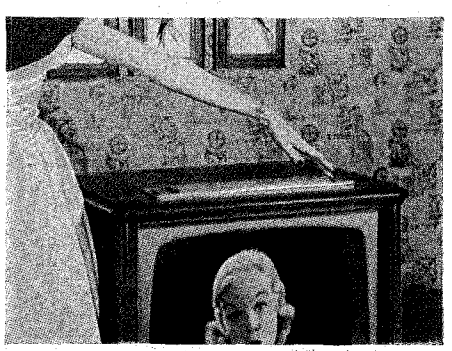
With Crosley's Automatic Remote Control you can turn set on or off, adjust volume, change stations—consecutively, or "skip-stop" to only those channels you have pre-selected. Note rich *Carrollton* Cabinetry—another Crosley exclusive.

No other TV allows such complete freedom of channel selection—at the set or by remote control! Now with new Crosley Tuner-Bar you can automatically tune to one station after another . . . or you can "skip-stop" to only the channels you have pre-selected.

In fact, once you touch Tuner-Bar, *all* of Crosley's Automatic Big 5 features swing into play! Your Crosley automatically controls focus, brightness and contrast • Automatically guards against picture distortions • Automatically controls volume • Automatically protects tube life • Automatically changes channels!

This is fully automatic television. And this is one more reason why the name Crosley is

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST
...RESPECTED FOR THE BEST!



Crosley's Automatic Tuner-Bar—key to the world's first *fully* automatic TV! A touch . . . and the finest in TV reception is yours!

crosley
TELEVISION
DIVISION OF **AVCO** MANUFACTURING CORP., CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

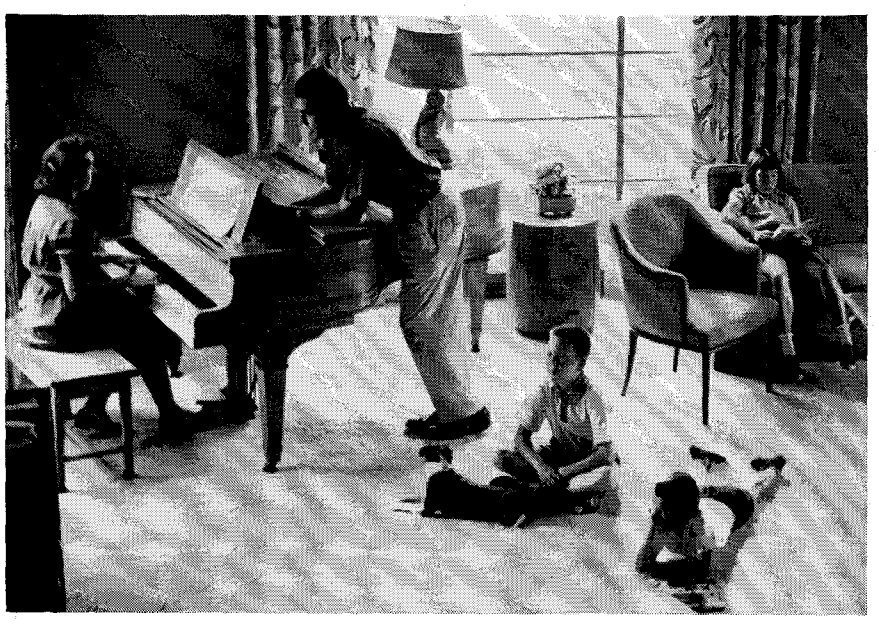
I'm Through With Football

(Continued from Page 39)

It was on game day that the weight of all this responsibility would hit me. It didn't bother me during the week. At least I never thought it did, although Beverly, my wife, says differently. She tells me that on Monday and Tuesday I'd be a model husband. Wednesday I'd begin to get edgy. Thursday and Friday I'd get progressively worse. By Saturday I wouldn't be fit to live with.

Of course, I refuse to believe that I was anything like that. I know I never had any trouble sleeping during the week. Even on Saturday night I'd drop off like a baby. But when I woke up on Sunday morning, the tension would be there. I could feel those butterflies. My stomach would really be jumping.

The most I could eat before a game would be an orange or two, a chocolate bar and sometimes a couple of poached eggs. I'd pass up the special meal that was prepared for the squad—steak served very dry, baked potatoes with no butter, lettuce without any dressing. I couldn't chew it. I couldn't get it down.



The Grahams at home in suburban Cleveland: Beverly, Otto, Duey, 9, David, 5, and Sandy, 8. The boys aren't required to play football—but they must take piano lessons.

The tension reaches its peak in the locker room. You're sitting there a long time with nothing to do. You try to concentrate your thoughts on the pass patterns you'll be using, so that they'll all come to you automatically during the game. You think about the different defensive players on the other team, and what your fellows should be able to do against them. Once you get on the field and start warming up, that lets off some of the tension. You forget it completely when the game begins. At the finish, you have a sudden feeling of release. Yet you're still keyed up. With me, it always would be hours before I'd unwind enough to eat a meal. About the only thing I'd want after the game would be a big, thick chocolate milk shake, which happens to be as strong a drink as I ever take.

The unwinding process can be very pleasant when your team wins and you do your share. But when your team loses and you're to blame—well, take our 1953 championship play-off with the Detroit Lions. They beat us, 17–16, because I completed only three passes for nine yards all afternoon. I'm hardly exaggerating when I say I was so miserable after that ball game that I could understand why people commit suicide.

A T quarterback in pro football goes through the wringer every week from September to December. He gets paid accordingly. That's all fair enough. Things are that way in any business. The biggest-salaried jobs are those that involve the most pressure and responsibility.

To begin with, the quarterback in the T formation has the responsibility of starting every play. You always take the ball from the center, and if you don't pass or run with it yourself, you hand off or pitch out to somebody. The best running back in the world isn't going to gain any ground unless you get the ball to him. You must give it to him as quickly as possible, and give it to him in the right spot.

Aside from any fumbling you may do yourself, you can cause fumbles by the other backs. For example, when you put that football into the stomach of a halfback going into the line of scrimmage, you should "look" the ball right in there. Your halfback isn't always going to be in exactly the same position. If you get careless and just hand the ball off to him mechanically, sometimes he'll get it too high or too low or off to the side. He won't have a good grip on it, and when he's hit, the ball will get away from him. It goes in the records as his fumble, but in reality it's your fault.

As important as the ball handling is, though, that part of being a T quarterback didn't worry me especially. Maybe it should have worried me more. My instructor was Blanton Collier, backfield coach of the Browns, who coaches Kentucky now. He used to tell me that if only I were as much of a perfectionist as Paul Brown, I'd have made a fair quarterback.

Let me be the first to agree that I'm not the fanatic about football that Paul Brown is. I didn't put in extra hours every day practicing fakes and handoffs and stuff. But we didn't go in for much razzle-dazzle on the Browns anyway. We concentrated on the basic maneuvers.

Ball handling is mainly a matter of timing and co-ordination between you, the center and the backs. If you work on it enough, it becomes almost instinctive. I worked on it enough so that this phase of the job never gave me any butterflies. The big thing they want from a T quarterback is the forward passing. A man might be the slickest sort of ball handler, but if he couldn't throw the football, he wouldn't be playing quarterback in the pros.

People are forever asking me why the pros pass so much—practically half the time in recent years. The answer is very simple. You have to throw the ball a lot if you're going to gain much ground against the tough defenses those professional teams put up. They're too big and skillful for you to get very far with a straight running attack. You need a good passing offense to loosen them up.

This is truer than ever, now that it's become the fashion for teams to use a variety of defenses. They use multiple defenses in colleges and high schools nowadays, but back when I broke in with the Browns, not even the pros went in for this. You'd come up against a six-man line most of the time, sometimes a five, and once in a while a seven. And they wouldn't switch very often from one to another. They'd stay pretty much in the same defense.

Today, of course, you have no idea what the defense is going to do. They line up one way, and then, as the ball is snapped, they may jump into something else. They charge at different angles. They loop, they veer, they do all kinds of crazy things. The purpose is to confuse your blockers on their assignments, and make it difficult for you to run off plays according to plan.

The result is that the game turns into a guessing contest. If you call a certain play, and they happen to use a defense that's vulnerable to it, you look good. But if they go into a defense that's rigged to stop that type of play, then you were dumb and the defensive signal caller was smart.

So luck has a great deal to do with whether your plays work, particularly the running plays. But with the forward passes, you can take some of the guesswork out of it, because then you set the pattern a little more. You can reduce the guesswork still further with the spread formations that are so common these days—ends split wide, flankers out even wider. This way, you can come close to forcing the other team into a set defense. And there are always ways of breaking through a set defense, assuming that the manpower is about equal.

One of the things we had the most success with on the Browns in recent years—because it tended to force a set defense—was a double-wingback type of spread formation. This was the real key to our one-sided victory in last year's championship play-off with the Los Angeles Rams. If ever a game was won in advance by the planning of our coaching staff, that was the one. I don't mean this as a reflection on Sid Gillman, of the Rams, who is a close friend of Paul Brown and very much like him as a coach. Gillman and his boys deserved a lot of credit for reaching the play-off game, because, in the opinion of many people around the league, including myself, the Rams were not the strongest team in their division.

Anyhow, our plan of attack against the Rams centered around that double-wingback spread formation. In the past it had been something we used sparingly—in the late stages of close games, as a rule, when we were having trouble moving the football.

Well, the Thursday morning before every game, Paul Brown holds a meeting with the offensive backs and ends at which they can give him their ideas on what tactics will work best against the coming opponent. At the Thursday session before our tenth game last year, when we were getting ready to play the New York Giants, Dub Jones and I spoke out for the double wing. We said, "It always goes well when we do use it. Why keep it just for emergencies? Why not play the whole ball game that way? If we have something that good, why hold back on it?"

EX-LAX HELPS
your child toward
HIS NORMAL
REGULARITY
...gently...overnight!

AT NIGHT, give him Ex-Lax, don't let constipation be a problem. He'll sleep undisturbed.

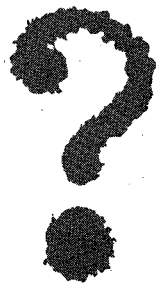
NEXT MORNING, he'll enjoy the closest thing to natural action. No upset. No discomfort.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH PROVES THAT:
1—Unlike some laxatives, Ex-Lax acts in the large intestine, not the stomach. Does not rob vital nutrition. **2**—Ex-Lax continues to help you—seldom, if ever, is it needed next night.

ENJOY the closest thing to natural action—*overnight* . . . get Ex-Lax.

15¢, 35¢, and 75¢ economy family size

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE
MORE FAMILIES USE EX-LAX THAN ANY OTHER LAXATIVE



no question about it
Webster Carbon Papers
have more
exclusive features
than any other brand

Measured scale edge on every carbon sheet prevents running over, makes carbon handling cleaner, easier.

Stays flat — even in extreme temperatures.

A weight and finish for every office need.

At leading stationers' everywhere
Make it clear . . . you want

WEBSTER DURAMETRIC
MULTI KOPY
CARBON PAPERS

FREE SAMPLE. Write on your office letterhead, specifying make of typewriter and number of carbons usually required. Address: F. S. Webster Co., 11 Amherst St., Cambridge 42, Mass.

MULTIKOPY DURAMETRIC WEBSTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUCK WITH HENDERSON NO. 1

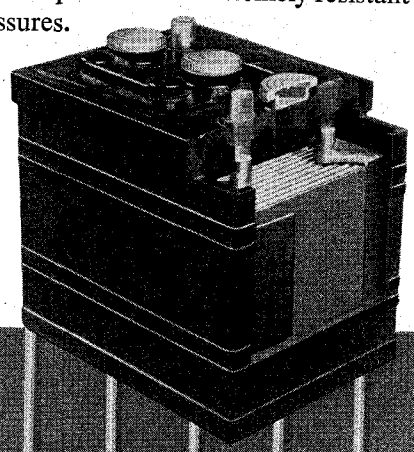
"U. S." ANNOUNCES

New Plastic Discovery

to give your battery 20% greater "starting" power

Don't be like Henderson, stuck with an inferior battery miles away from anywhere. Just be sure that the battery you buy carries the U. S. Sentinel Separator tag. Then you know you have a good battery—one that won't let you down when the going is tough.

U. S. Sentinel Battery Separators, made with a new plastic discovery, are your best protection against "shorts" caused by rotting and oxidation of ordinary separators. U. S. Sentinel Separators are extremely resistant to battery acids, heat and plate pressures. In frigid weather they help deliver all the power you need. Ask for, look for, the battery with the Sentinel tag on the battery post. United States Rubber, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20, N. Y.



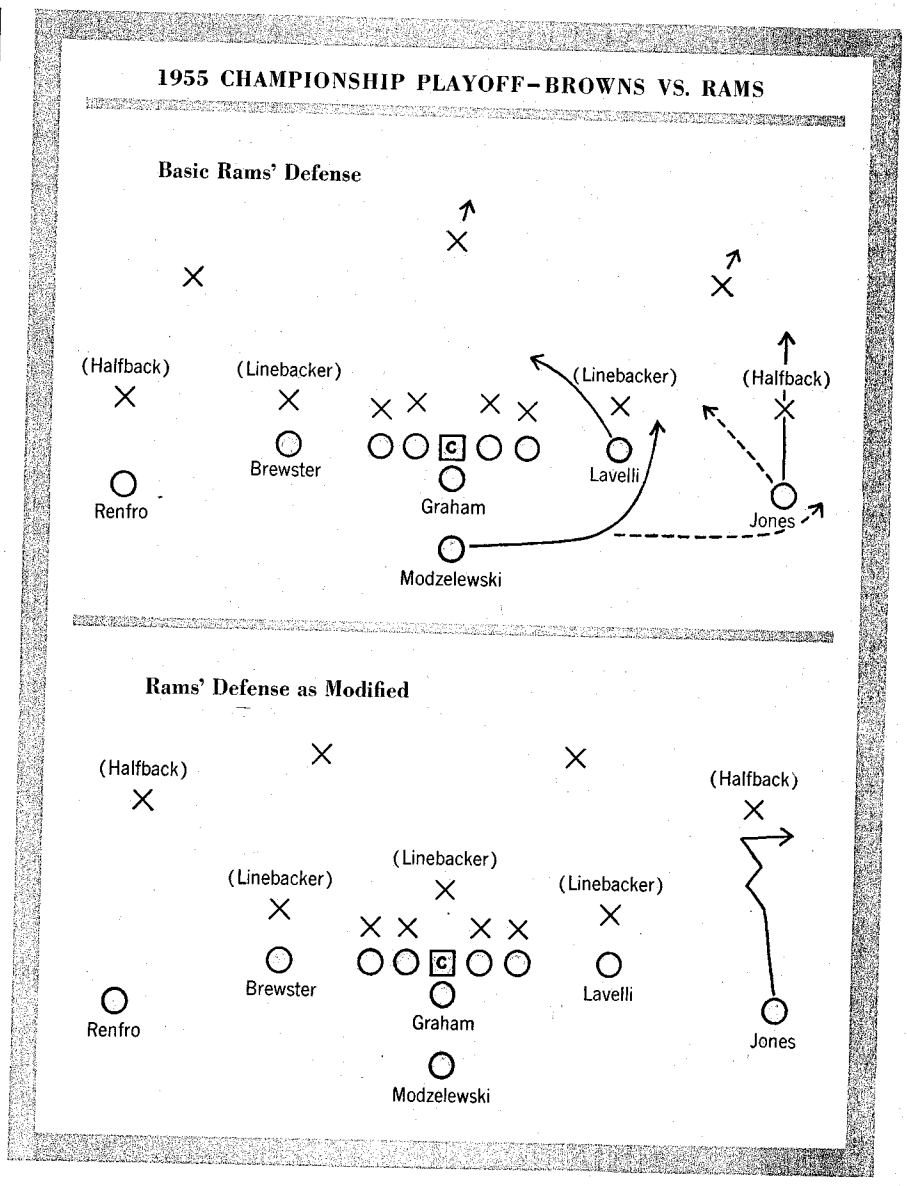
U.S. SENTINEL

BATTERY SEPARATORS

Guard the Life of Your Battery

NEW PLASTIC RIBS GIVE GREAT MECHANICAL STRENGTH

US RUBBER United States Rubber



The above strategy (described in text below) helped the Browns whip the Los Angeles Rams, 38–14, for their second straight title.

Paul agreed to try this plan, and we proceeded to roll up thirty-five points on the Giants, who had often held us down on other occasions with their so-called "umbrella defense." Unfortunately, our defensive team had one of its very rare off days that Sunday. The Giants scored thirty-five points too. So we only got a tie out of the game, but at least our offensive strategy had proved itself.

For the championship game with the Rams, Paul Brown decided to repeat this strategy. From the scouting reports he knew that the Rams had a set defense they'd been using all year whenever they encountered a double-wing spread. It was basically similar to the Giants' "umbrella defense," which is actually just a picturesque term for a zone type of defensive setup. If the Rams stuck to this against us, we knew just how to break through.

Here's how it all worked out. You can see exactly what I'm talking about if you take a look at the top diagram on this page. It just shows the high lights. I've skipped all the blocking assignments.

Well, this Rams' defense was designed primarily to stop passes, especially long passes. They had three deep men in the secondary guarding zones. Up front they had what amounted to a four-man line. There were men over each of our guards and each of our tackles. There was no middle linebacker. They did have linebackers over our ends, but primarily for the purpose of keeping the ends from catching forward passes. They'd try to hold up the ends at the line of scrimmage, and make things tough for them generally. There was much the same setup out on the flanks, where they had halfbacks playing opposite our wingbacks.

Now the fact that the Rams were doing without a middle linebacker to get more protection against deep passes left them open to runs up the center. The four men they did have in the middle would drop back off the line of scrimmage a bit anyway, to give themselves room to loop and maneuver. So with our five men up there, we could run a straight line buck with the fullback almost any time we wanted to, and push ahead for five or six yards.

What we did on forward passing was almost as simple. Our tactics were the same on both sides. I'll explain how we operated on the right side. There our right end, Dante Lavelli, had this big linebacker on him, Les Richter. Well, we'd have Lavelli cut toward the middle. At the same time we'd send our fullback, Ed (Mighty Mo) Modzelewski, through the area Lavelli had just left. Meanwhile our right wingback, Dub Jones, was keeping their halfback occupied way out wide, as much as twenty yards.

So as I dropped back to pass, all I had to do was watch Richter. He's one of the best linebackers in the league, but that day, whatever he did was bound to be wrong. If he went with Lavelli, I'd just toss the ball to Mo. On the other hand, if Richter started back to cover Mo, then I'd throw to Lavelli. Lavelli would be wide open, with no middle linebacker to bother him. And the middle safety man's first step was always back on our pass plays. So they couldn't possibly stop Lavelli before he'd made at least ten yards. On one play he went fifty yards for a touchdown.

Sometimes we'd vary it by having Dub Jones cut inside and having Modzelewski swing out wide—"flaring," we call this on the Browns. Once again, I'd look at Richter first, and if he was staying with Lavelli, that meant I'd have a receiver open in the wingback sector. Because if

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Rams' halfback out there decided to stay and cover Mo, that would leave Jones open, while, if he followed Jones, then Mo would be free. It's tough to bring down a powerful runner like Modzelewski in the open field—much tougher than at the line of scrimmage.

Late in the third quarter, when we had a 24–7 lead, the Rams finally changed their defense. They went into more of a standard defense against the double wing. We were ready for this one too. If they'd switched back and forth from one to another throughout the game, they'd have given us more trouble. As it was, they stayed in their original defense for more than half the ball game, and then swung over to the other the rest of the way.

Their second setup is shown in the bottom diagram. In this defense they put in a middle linebacker. They had only two deep men instead of three, and the halfbacks who had been covering our wingbacks dropped back quite a bit to play more of a zone.

This stymied our previous pass patterns, but it also opened up new ones. Chiefly, it gave us the opportunity to make greater use of our wingbacks going down the side lines. Before, they'd had two men in front of them—a halfback close up and a deep man almost directly behind him. Now they had only one man to worry about in breaking free to catch the ball. Any time you can create that situation, you're in business, because when a pro receiver has just one man to maneuver against going downfield, he almost always can get that step on him.

Near the end of the third quarter I hit our right wingback, Dub Jones, on a pass play down the side line that carried from the Rams' sixteen-yard line to the four, and set up our fourth touchdown. In the final quarter, when we had our fourth down and nine to go on their thirty-five, I connected on the same kind of play to our left wingback, Ray Renfro, who is an extremely fast runner. He went all the way for our fifth and last touchdown.

We completed fourteen out of twenty-five passes for 202 yards, and ran for 169 more. We won by a score of 38–14. As you can tell from that, it wasn't only our offense that was clicking. Our defensive unit also had a great afternoon. They intercepted a total of seven passes, six of them thrown by Norm Van Brocklin, a very fine quarterback who was having one of those bad days we all run into. Almost every time the Rams began to roll, our defensive team would take the ball away from them on an interception. That can kill a team quicker than anything else.

But it was the advance planning that made the biggest difference in that game. It wasn't the whole story, of course. You don't win football games on the blackboard. You may figure out unstoppable pass patterns, as we did, but they're unstoppable only if they're properly executed. If somebody in the line breaks down on his pass-protection block, or a receiver slips and falls, or the passer throws the ball poorly, then you don't complete the pass. You have to be at your best, and you're never at your best unless you're really fired up for the game. Desire is so important in a contact sport like football; it decides more games than tactics and strategy do.

It was a wonderful break for me to have my career end with a game like that last one. I'd always wanted to go out on top. I wanted this not only as a matter of personal pride, but also for practical reasons. I'm in the insurance business, and there's no question about it, if you have a well-known name, it helps to open those doors.

It takes some of the edge off an athlete's reputation when he finishes on a sour note. It would have been bad for me to retire after the 1953 season, when I performed so miserably in that championship play-off with the Detroit Lions. It so happens that 1953 was one of my best years as a pro. I led the league in passing that season, and had my highest percentage of completions—approximately 65 per cent. When 1953 was over, though, what people remembered most was the Lions' game. Of course, the failure of our passing attack against the Lions wasn't all my fault, any more than it was all Van Brocklin's fault when the Rams bogged down against us in 1955.

On the other hand, when I first retired after the 1954 season, that seemed the ideal time to stop. That was the year when we finally caught up to the Lions in the play-off, after kicking away the championship to them for two straight years. We piled up a 56–10 score on them in 1954. I passed for three of our touchdowns, and carried the ball over for three others.

So when I was persuaded to come back again in 1955, there was every likelihood that it would be an anticlimax, as when Joe Louis attempted a comeback after originally going out as the champ. Instead of that, we got to the play-off once more, and the boys and I had another big day. It was almost too good to be true. If you'd tried to write it as a fiction story, they'd probably have told you it was too unbelievable. Well, I got away with coming back once, and I assure you I'm not going to press my luck any further.

I've always been a lucky guy. I was blessed at birth with wonderful co-ordination. I don't say this boastfully, because it's something that was handed to me on a platter, so to speak. You have to have natural co-ordination to become a really good forward passer. You have to work at it, too, but the work isn't enough unless it's born in you.

Once, in the Browns' locker room, Pete Brewster took a wire coat hanger and pulled it out into a diamond shape. He held it up by the hook, standing about twelve or fifteen feet away from me, and said, "Let's see if you can throw the football through there."

He was giving me a target just barely wide enough for a football to pass through. I had no idea whether I could do it. I'd never tried. But I put the ball right through there ten times in a row, and it only touched the sides once or twice. This was nothing I deserved any medal for. I hadn't labored at it. It just turned out that I was able to do it.

I have two older brothers and a younger one, and although they all participated in sports, none of them was fortunate enough to have the exceptional physical equipment that I did. Of course, they can outshine me in other ways. My father, Otto Graham, Sr., played college baseball at Missouri State Teachers in Kirksville. He and my mother both were schoolteachers. They're still at it. Dad has been music director for many years at the high school in Waukegan, Illinois, the town where I was born and grew up. Mother is teaching at a country grade school outside Waukegan.

The Grahams weren't wealthy, by any means, but we didn't do any starving, either. All of us boys had chores around the house. My father was a strict disciplinarian. Naturally I didn't always appreciate this at the time, but I do now. There also was a lot of emphasis on music at our house. Everybody had to learn to play an instrument, and we had a regular family orchestra. I didn't always appreciate this, either, when we'd have a music session after supper while the other kids in the neighborhood were out playing. Today I wish I'd kept up with my music.

Sound your Z...you'll
SAVE COSTLY WEAR
FOR KEEPS
because—
Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean
Powerful engine under that hood, and good for thousands of miles of powerful satisfaction—if you let Pennzoil with Z-7 protect it against costly excessive wear! This different Pennsylvania motor oil has an all-oil body that takes engine heat and pressures in stride, prevents build-up of deadly deposits. Because it keeps your engine clean, close-fitting parts stay free-running and safe—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. Get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, now, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!
SAFE LUBRICATION
PENNZOIL
THE Tough-Film
MOTOR OIL
SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO
care FOR YOUR CAR
MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of my biggest ambitions in life right now is to learn to play the piano well.

When I was about eleven we moved from a pretty quiet neighborhood to one where the kids were a little more on the tough side. I got in with a gang of guys who used to go downtown and sneak things off the counters at the five-and-ten. I knew better, but when the other fellows started daring me and giving me talk like, "G'wan, you're chicken"—well, I'm afraid I didn't hold out very long.

This was around Easter time, and the easiest pickings were on a candy counter that stood between the two front doors to the store. I'd walk in one door and come right out the other, grabbing something as I went by. This kept up for about a week, and then one day the manager of the store caught me swiping a nickel whistle.

He took me down in the basement and really gave me a lecture. I was blubbering and scared to death. Somehow I had the presence of mind—if you want to describe it that politely—to hand him the wildest cock-and-bull story you ever heard. I told him I had a big brother who was forcing me to steal, so he could get money to take out his girl friend.

I gave the manager a fictitious name and address. I knew what would happen if any of this got back to my father. Ordinarily when he punished us he'd cut a switch off a tree. This time I was sure he'd saw off an entire limb.

Finally the manager turned me loose with a warning. My father never did find out about it until I told him the story many years later. So I got off more lightly than I deserved, but the experience still was enough to cure me of this sort of thing for life. Actually, it was another of my good breaks that my stealing got nipped in the bud like that, before it really became a habit.

Today I'm sometimes called on to give inspirational talks to groups of boys. I think I understand their problems, because I wasn't exactly a saint myself at times when I was growing up.

But my biggest interest as a boy was in athletics, fortunately. The different sports came easily to me. I'd work and work to perfect myself, only I didn't think of it as work. To me it was fun. For instance, I'd spend hours at the basket we had up over our garage, practicing trick shots and stuff. I did this just with the idea of pulling these stunts on the guys in our neighborhood pickup games and getting a good laugh out of it. I wasn't thinking about becoming a big basketball star.

I didn't think about the future at all. I had no idea that I'd become a professional athlete, and certainly not a professional football player. Pro football was something I fell into, the way I've been falling into good things all my life.

I was on the football, basketball and track teams at Waukegan High School. I didn't go out for baseball. I never cared for it very much, although I've played quite a bit of softball. Basketball was considered my best sport when I was in high school. My senior year I did make the all-state third team in football, but in basketball I made the all-state first team.

It was as a basketball player that I got a scholarship to Northwestern University in 1939. I was recruited by Ade Schumacher, the assistant athletic director. He's a top executive of the Rexall Drug Company now and still one of my closest friends and advisers. Anyway, I wasn't one of the freshmen they figured on for football, and it didn't occur to me to go out for it on my own.

What I did do that fall was play on a fraternity team in the intramural touch-football league. It was a six-man team, and four of my teammates were fellows who had been outstanding high-school-football players, but for some reason weren't playing football in college. As you can imagine, we had a team that walked away with the intramural championship. Some of the varsity coaches came out and saw us. I was throwing all the passes, and they invited me to report for spring football practice. If it hadn't been for this, I'd never have played college football, let alone pro.

Near the end of spring practice I got a knee injury which led to my dropping out of classes the next year, and then returning as a sophomore in 1941. The biggest "name" player on the team that year was Bill DeCorrevont, a senior. He had been a terrific phenom in high-school football in Chicago—I think in one important game he carried the ball something like ten times and made nine touchdowns.

People expected him to be just as outstanding at Northwestern, and he never quite did it, although he was a very good football player. I think the answer was that in high school he was older and more developed than the other boys. In college the gap had closed. Anyway, I wound up alternating with him my sophomore year as tailback in Pappy Waldorf's singl wing offense.

The situation helped attract attentic to me—a green kid taking away part the experienced DeCorrevont's job. I my senior year I was making the A American lists. This taught me then a there that publicity is the biggest fact in creating All-Americans. There were least five backs on our squad who cou do everything better than I could, exce for passing. They could run better—; though I did considerable running in c lege myself—and they could tackle b ter. As for blocking—why, I've harc ever blocked in my life. However, I w the guy getting the biggest build-up. It goes to show why some All-America don't make out too well in professio football, whereas some of the unpul cized players from small schools beco stars.

I played a lot of basketball at Nor western too. I still didn't have any ide about a career. Originally I planned prepare for medical school, but in junior year I switched. A premed cou is tough to carry when you're in vars sports. I didn't know where I'd get money to go to medical school, and ac ally I didn't want to be a doctor anyw It was more my parents' idea. Sc changed over to the School of Educat

> The best suggestion box has a diamond ring in it.
>
> RAYMOND DUNCAN

and majored in music. I didn't really h my heart in that, either.

I was immature, like a great many lege kids. They go because it's the th to do. Either their families send them they get an athletic scholarship or so thing. My last year I wasn't looking m beyond the military service I faced a naval-aviation cadet—this was warti and I was in the Navy V-Five progr Frankly, I'd have been in the ser sooner if Northwestern hadn't kept gling things to hold me as long as poss for sports. First they had me in V-Se and then they shifted me to V-Five.

When I did go into uniform in e 1944, the Navy also made maximum of me as a football and basketball pla at places like Colgate University Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Of cou they were training me as a pilot Then, when I was at Glenview, Illinoi 1945, a good future dropped right my lap. Paul Brown, who was coachi Navy team at Great Lakes, came d and signed me for his Cleveland Bro a new team in a new professional lea the All-America Conference, that scheduled to open up, once the ended. My contract called for a $7 starting salary, which sounded g then, but the biggest inducement—e cially since I wanted to get married— that in the meantime they would pay $200 a month for the duration.

It was 1946 before I actually be playing professional football. I thou I'd learned a good deal about the gam college and service football. Like a lo other fellows before and since, I soon covered that I was just a beginner. have no idea of how many extra re ments they go in for in pro ball. In own specialty of forward passing, I to find that the college passing game elementary by comparison. It still is tell you more about that next week.

Editors' Note: This is the first of t ticles. The second will appear next

discover new leisure . . .

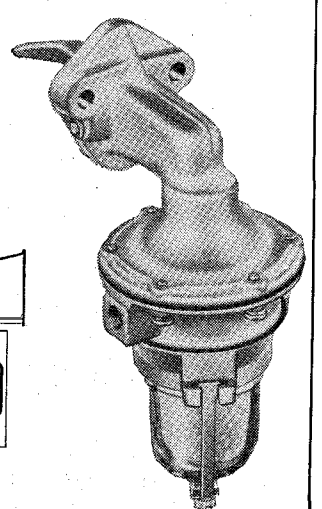
by driving relaxed . . .

DEPEND ON THE RELIABLE

CARTER

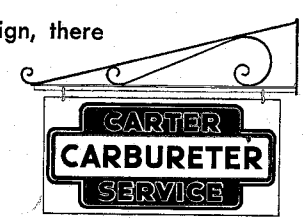
POWER CENTER®

FUEL PUMP



It's fun to drive a smooth-running car . . . and with a dependable CARTER Power Center Fuel Pump you find new leisure in pleasant motoring.

Wherever you see this sign, there are CARTER fuel system specialists for service. Or look under CARBURETER in the yellow pages of the phone book.



CARTER CARBURETOR
DIVISION OF INDUSTRIES
INCORPORATED
ST. LOUIS 7, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture of Poise

SHE's sure of herself, and why wouldn't she be! She knows she's a joy to look at—that her 1956 figure does things for her dress.

It's her wholesome eating habits that keep the modern woman's waistline slender. Her up-to-date taste for the less filling foods works wonders for her looks—and for her health.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, goes right along with this sensible trend in diet. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

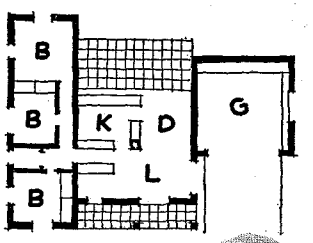
SHOW-HOUSE®

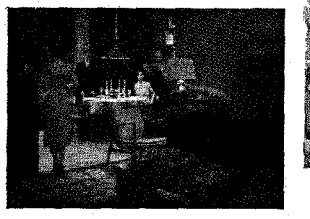
TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

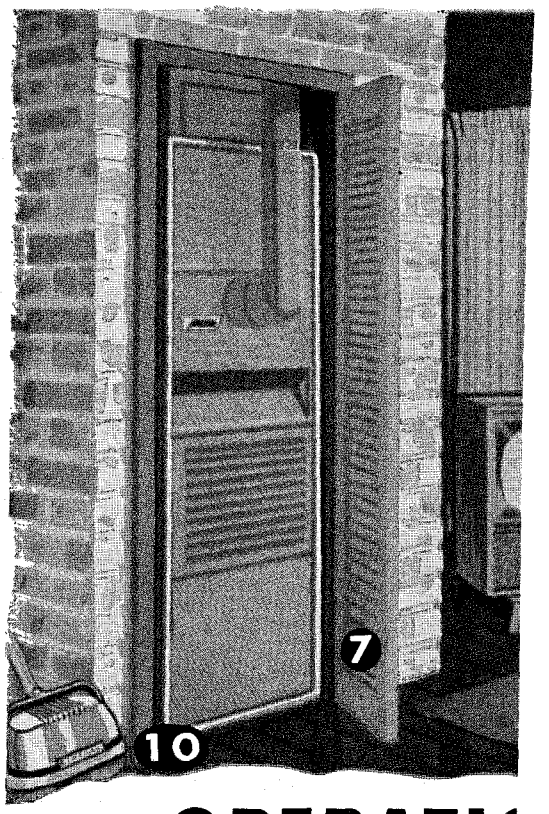
NUMBER 19 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS BY SHOW-HOUSE, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

COPYRIGHT 1956 SHOW-HOUSE

ART: ELDRIDGE KING





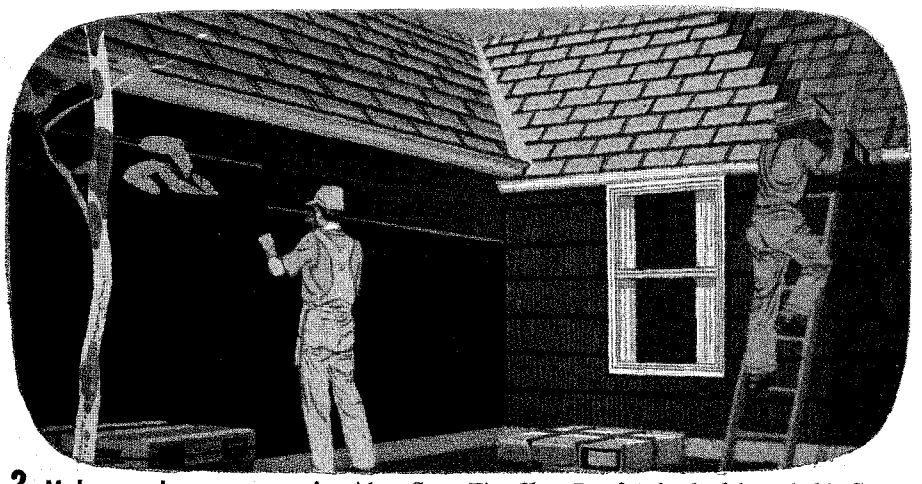


1. If you should die, will you leave your family a home — or an unpaid mortgage? . . . A new Mortgage Protection Plan developed by New York Life guarantees immediate funds to pay off in full a remaining mortgage in the event of your death—and—the cost is only a few dollars a month . . . small in comparison to your mortgage payments. New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan can guarantee that your family will not be forced to give up their home and find a less desirable place to live. We urge you to ask your New York Life Agent today about this plan that protects your family life. Check coupon for further details. **New York Life.**

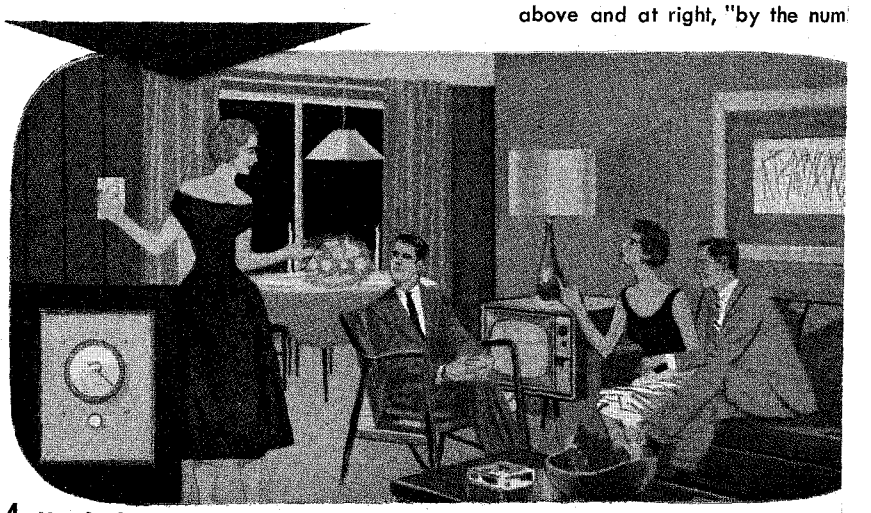
OPERATI

made this a BETTER ho

Smart remodeling added big and comfort to this ranch-type Post house. Above, left, we show "before "after" views. The products that the transformation possible are above and at right, "by the num

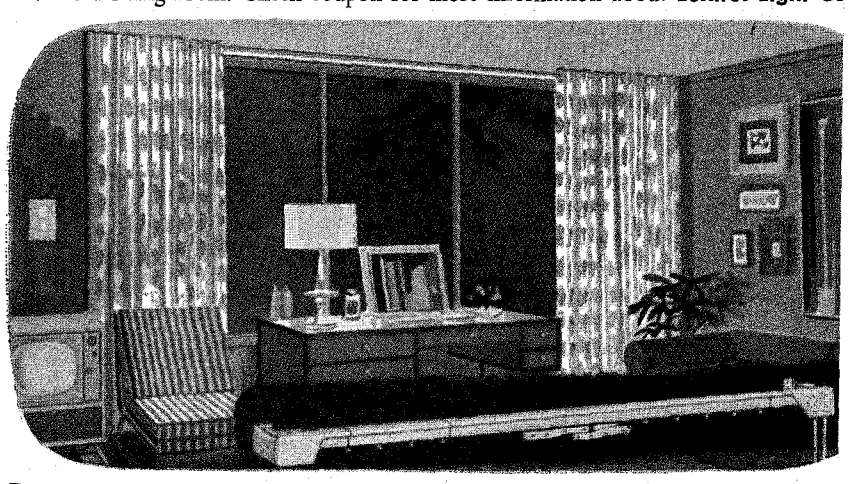


2. Make your home new again with a Carey Fire-Chex Roof and colorful, washable Carey Ceramo Sidewalls. Carey asbestos-plastic Fire-Chex are 24 times stronger than ordinary asphalt shingles . . . have far greater resistance to wind and hail. Only Fire-Chex shingles carry a Class "A" fire-safety rating. 11 handsome Shadow Blends and solid colors. Carey Ceramo Sidewall Shingles won't rot, burn or fade . . . ceramic-type surface never requires painting. Washing restores Ceramo's bright color. You can buy Ceramo in 9 deep-tone and pastel colors and whitest white. Check coupon for details. **The Philip Carey Mfg. Company.**



4. Here's the most magical—and newest!—in home lighting. It's Luxtrol Light Co A turn of a dial dims or brightens the lights in the room . . . from dark to bright and bri dark or to any lighting level in between. You can set the light for any activity, mood or task . . . bright for reading and sewing, soft for quiet conversation or television viewing. L replaces the ordinary "on-off" wallswitch. It is an efficient transformer (*Not* a rheostat show it in *every* room. Follow the arrow above to see the range of lighting in our Lu controlled living room. Check coupon for more information about **Luxtrol Light Co**

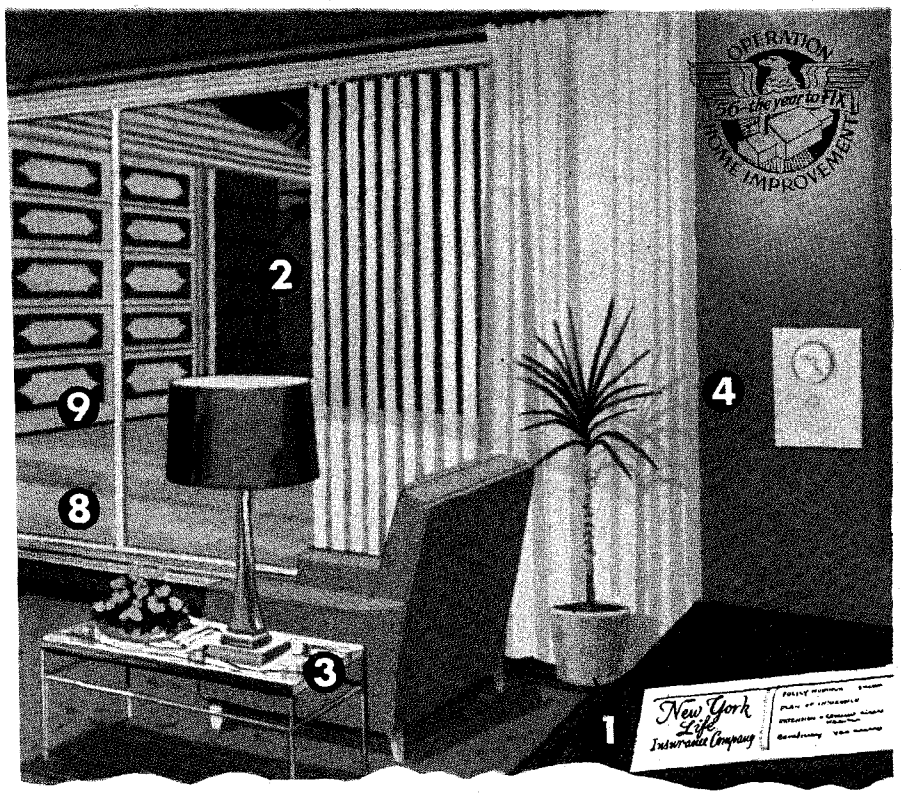
3. You can transform an old house with genuine Formica® . . . the laminated plastic with *dozens* of uses. In our house, we've used Formica to resurface old furniture . . . for kitchen worktops and cabinets . . . for table tops, built-ins and easy-to-care-for walls. In our truly livable kitchen above, we've *doubled* the counter space, *quadrupled* storage, and beautified the entire room. You can, too, if you'll look in your Classified phone book under "Plastics" for your Formica fabricator or dealer. Small monthly payments can make Formica as easy to pay for as it is to install. For samples and illustrated instructions, check the coupon. **Formica.**



5. For room effects that *win applause,* we add beauty and interest to *all* our windov style ideas and drapery hardware by Kirsch. Case in point is this bed-sitting room usi urious streamlined Kirsch *Superfine* adjustable traverse . . . smo-o-th-operating, so r so versatile! In our featured room at the top of the page we show another Kirsch pr smooth, dust-free *metal* Vertical Traverse Blinds. This exciting new product combi beauty of draperies and the wonderful control of light and air you get *only* with blinc your copy of "*Window Inspirations*" with 40 full-color pictures, check our coupon. **Kirs**

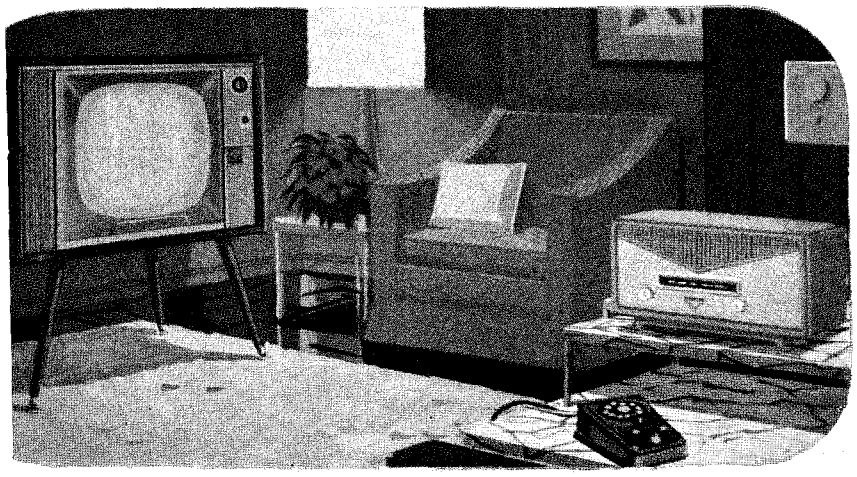
FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

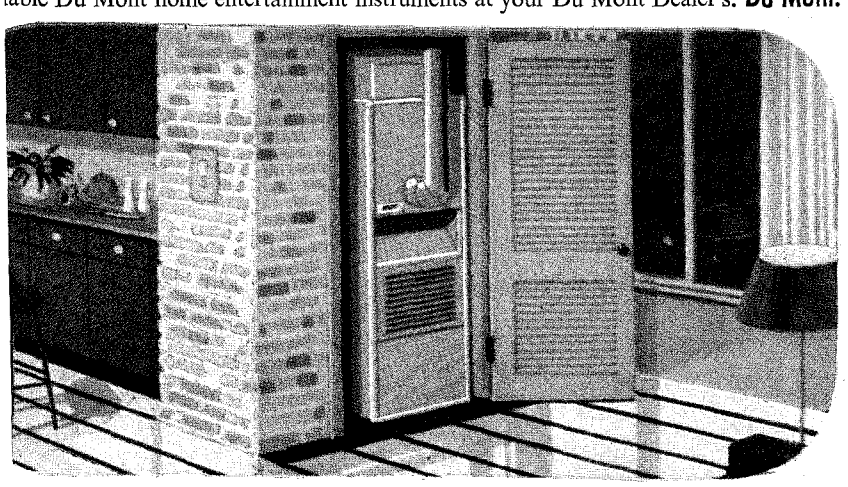


...OME IMPROVEMENT...

ew York Life Mortgage Protection Plan. ❷ Carey Ceramo Sidewall ıgles and Fire-Chex Roofing Shingles. ❸ Formica Laminated Plastic ıable tops, work tops, built-ins, and walls. ❹ New Luxtrol Light ·ol. ❺ Kirsch Drapery Hardware and "Verticals." ❻ Du Mont Telesets, and Radios. ❼ Janitrol Heating and Air Conditioning. ❽ Rusco ıg Glass Doors, Prime Windows, and Combination Windows and s. ❾ The "Overhead Door" with Ultronic Opener. ❿ Electric Floor ıine by General Floorcraft, Inc. . . . See them all on these two pages.

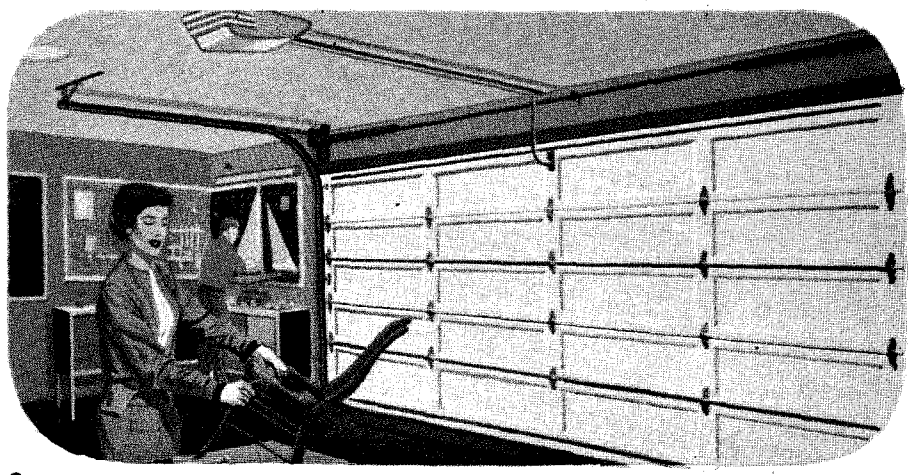


e best seats in our house are all around our Du Mont TV, Hi-Fi and radios. Here in ing room is one of the newest Du Mont Telesets—the "Shelby". And see our Du Mont -Matic accessory on the step table at right. With it, you can *dial* station, volume, and ıess from your *chairside*. Also within handy reach is a new Du Mont table radio—the ıco"—sweet in sound and line. In the Floorcraft view, below right, see our Du Mont ınit with its exclusive Dynacoustic sound chamber. Why not see and try the beautiful, lable Du Mont home entertainment instruments at your Du Mont Dealer's. **Du Mont.**

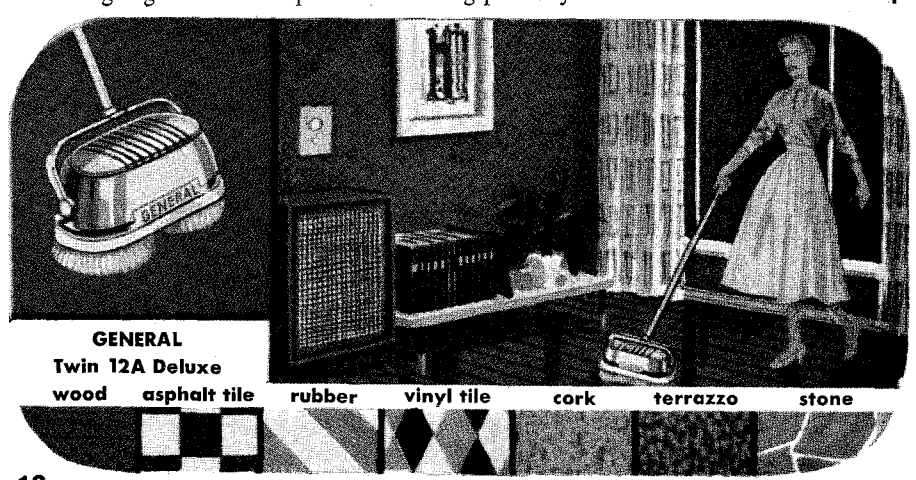


ık twice about comfort . . . once for winter . . . once for summer! Make your new a Janitrol Win-Sum-Matic. You'll enjoy the finest automatic heating. And, whenever h, it's easy to add healthful summer cooling at low, low cost with Janitrol's exclusive)N system. We show the Win-Sum-Matic in a closet off the kitchen. See the handsome ' Yard Compressor (used for cooling) through the window. It's thrifty! Doesn't use ɔf water. Whether you're building or remodeling, Janitrol equipment will fit your house lget. To see how to "comfortize" your home, new or old, check the coupon. **Janitrol.**

8. This is an age of big windows . . . slim-lined windows . . . like the Rusco White Beauty Prime Windows in our house. They're finished in satin-smooth baked enamel (a Rusco exclusive) Bonderized to hot-dipped galvanized steel! In fact there's no window made with all the advanced quality features offered by Rusco. So, when you build a *new* home it will pay you to ask your builder for Rusco. Or, if you want the best value in combination windows or doors for your present home—in white or *any* color—insist on Rusco. Check coupon for news about Rusco Prime Windows, Combination Windows and Doors, and Sliding Glass Doors. **Rusco.**



9. Modernize your garage into a snug, family-hobby room by day . . . into a weather-tight car harbor by night, with The "OVERHEAD DOOR." Make your carport into a liveable, extra room . . . perfect for hobbies, ideal for children's play. So well-balanced that even a child can raise it manually. Here we show the Ultronic radio-opener which acts automatically at the touch of a button on your car dash. Think of the convenience and safety for your wife opening a locked, lighted garage on a rainy night without leaving the car! Remodeling starts with the garage door—most prominent moving part of your home. **Overhead Door Corp.**



10. From General Floorcraft, Inc., makers of the world's most complete line of Floor Machines, comes America's most versatile Electric Floor Machine—the *General Twin 12 A.* It polishes, scrubs, waxes, dry-cleans, buffs, sands, refinishes floors, cleans rugs—quickly, economically, quietly. It is the perfect Floor Polisher for homes of distinction! *And*—for *institutional and industrial use*, General offers a wide range of portable, *maintenance-free* Heavy Duty Floor Machines and Commercial E-Con-O-Vac Vacuum Cleaners—each with many *exclusive* improvements. For complete details, mail the coupon. **General Floorcraft, Inc.**

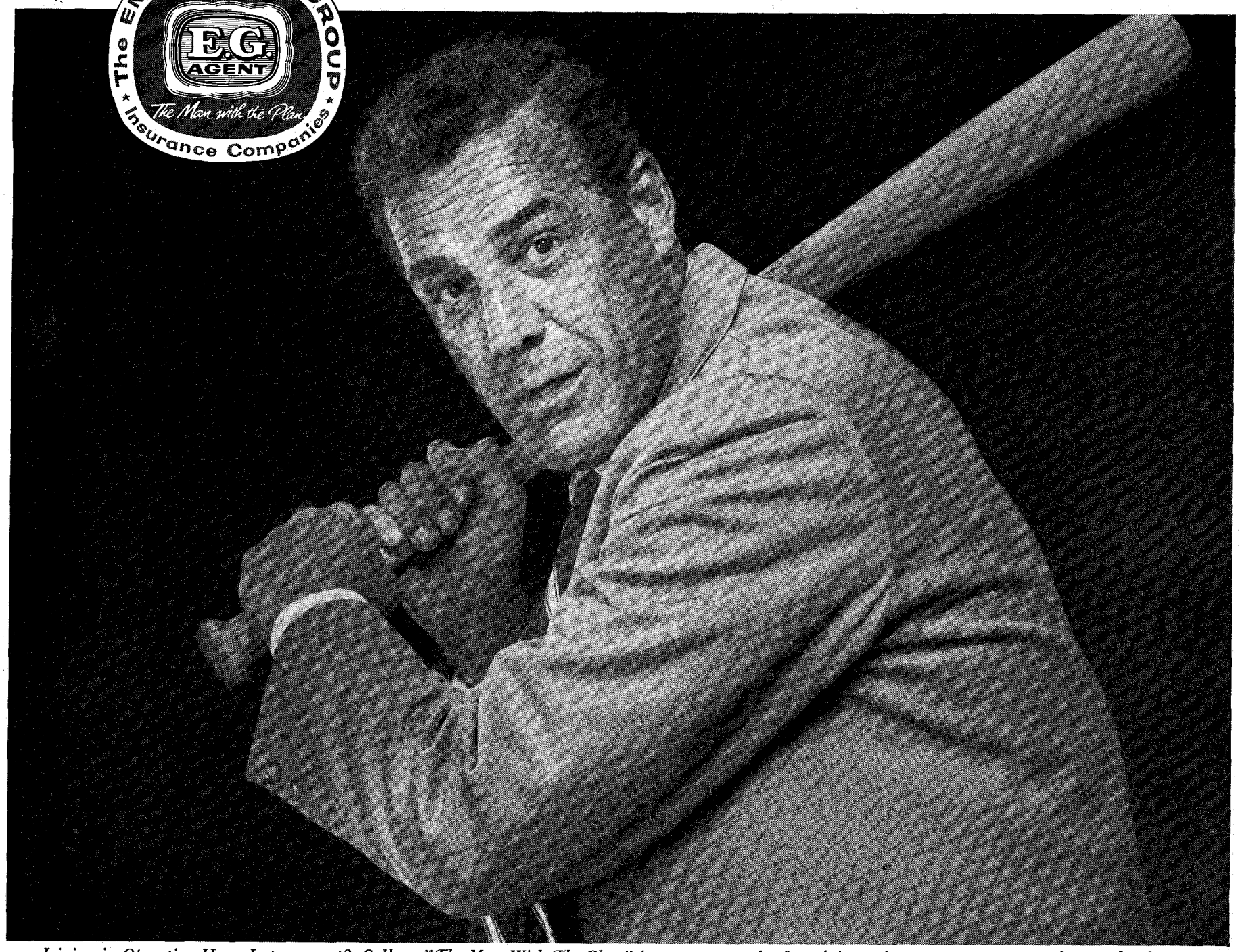
SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

1. NEW YORK LIFE: ☐ Booklet: "There's Money in Home Maintenance—Your Money."
2. CAREY: Free, full-color booklets tell you about ☐ Fire-Chex and ☐ Ceramo.
3. FORMICA: ☐ Free Do-it-Yourself Packet and Actual Samples.
4. LUXTROL LIGHT CONTROL: ☐ Free booklet "Light As You Like It."
5. KIRSCH: ☐ "Window Inspirations:" big, full-color book of window decorating ideas, 50¢ ☐ Free folders on "Verticals."
6. DU MONT: ☐ Free buying guides for better home entertainment.
7. JANITROL: ☐ *Free booklet:* "The Best Years of Your Life Begin With Janitrol Air Conditioning."
8. RUSCO: ☐ Prime Windows and Sliding Glass Doors for New Houses. ☐ Combination Windows and Doors for Existing Houses.
9. OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION: ☐ Free Folder, Save 29,000 Steps a Year. ☐ An Extra Room at Lowest Cost, 25¢.
10. GENERAL FLOORCRAFT: Free Booklets: ☐ For Home Use—"Floor Beauty the Easy Way" ☐ For Industrial or Institutional Use.

This coupon good until Dec. 31, 1956. Please print clearly your name and address in margin.

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO GMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Joining in Operation Home Improvement? Call on "The Man With The Plan" in your community for advice on insurance to cover your increased valuation.

He goes to bat for you

Everybody knows that winning World Series teams are composed of seasoned professionals, each man a star in his *own* position. Many of us, in our everyday affairs, try to be the *whole* team and do all the slugging ourselves. Nine times out of ten we don't get to first base.

If you think about it, that's poor strategy when you could oftentimes call on people, better qualified in their particular field, to hit for you. Like, for instance, your local Employers' Group Insurance Agent.

Here's an experienced professional who's able to step up to "home" plate and give you expert coaching concerning your particular insurance needs. He is set up to relieve you of *all* the details that go with keeping your insurance affairs in order at all times. He watches premium and renewal dates, advises you when changes in coverage might be made to your advantage, helps process claims, etc. . . . he's a valuable all round performer!

This man runs his own independent business in your community. Your interests and personal service are his first and last concern. Look up this good neighbor now. Write to: The Employers' Group Insurance Companies, 110 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts and learn the name of "The Man With The Plan" in your community.

THE Employers' Group
INSURANCE COMPANIES

Fire, Casualty and Marine Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

110 MILK STREET, BOSTON 7, MASSACHUSETTS

The Man with the Plan

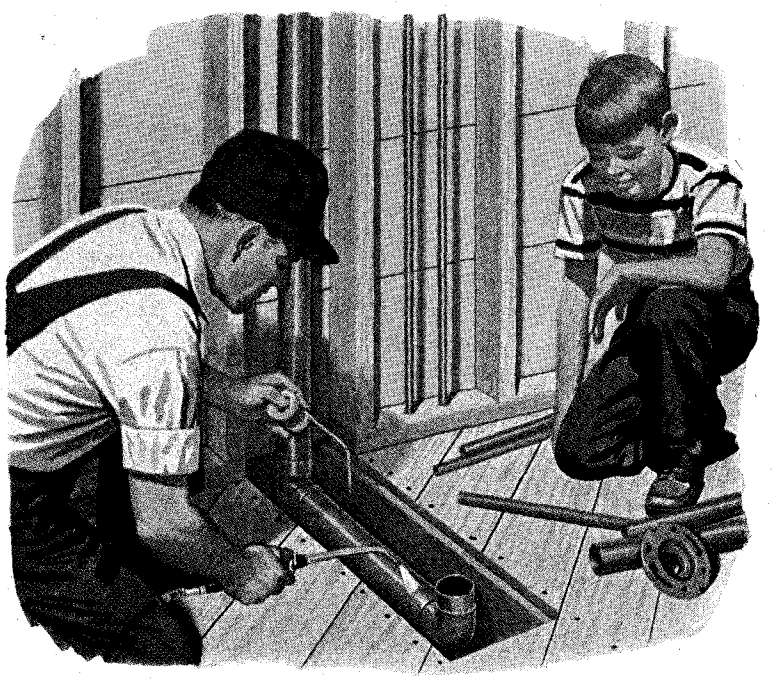
THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY ASSURANCE CORP. LTD. · THE EMPLOYERS' FIRE INSURANCE CO. · AMERICAN EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE CO. · THE HALIFAX INSURANCE CO OF MASSACHUSETTS

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO IMPROVE A HOME . . . ONCE AND FOR ALL!

New Life For Your Kitchen...Replace rust-clogged pipes without tearing down walls. Chase copper water tube "snakes" easily through small spaces. Once in, it's in for good...*never* to clog with rust!



Add An Extra Bathroom...Use easy-to-install Chase copper tube for water and drainage lines. The cost? Many builders say that it costs no more to install Chase copper tube than rustable pipe!

Stop Those Leaks In Your Roof! Use Chase copper flashing around chimneys, over doors and windows, and in roof "valleys." Remember, of all metals, only copper fights weather so well for so long!

Dress Up The Outside Of Your Home...Get extra protection, too! Use Chase insect wire screening in bronze or aluminum. Chase copper gutters, downspouts stand up best under weight of snow, ice; resist corrosion.

Make it a permanent "Fix" with Chase® Copper!

Planning to repair or remodel your home? Before you start, remember it's just as easy and far more economical in the long run to make those improvements *permanent!* And, what is more permanent than Chase copper? This most lasting of metals just naturally defies time and weather, resists corrosion, remains in top-notch "working order" for years. Consider this too—if you ever offer your house for sale. Prospective buyers know that Chase copper products mean extra value, comfort, convenience!

Look ahead when you improve your home this year. Use Chase copper building products for improvements that *last!* See your local architect, builder, plumber, or roofer.

OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT '56 ... the year to FIX

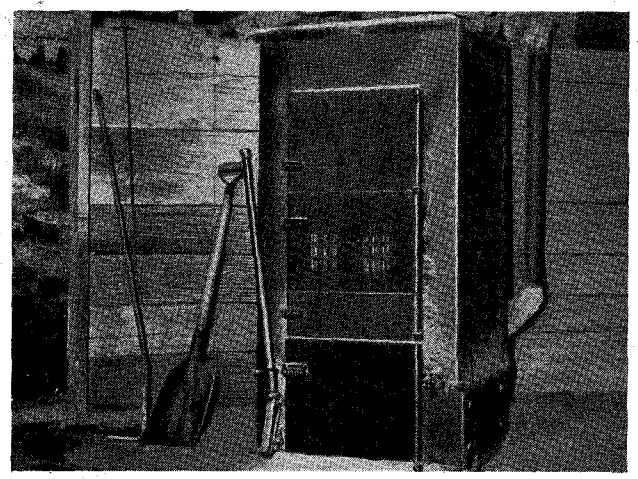
Chase BRASS & COPPER CO.
— INCORPORATED —
WATERBURY 20, CONNECTICUT

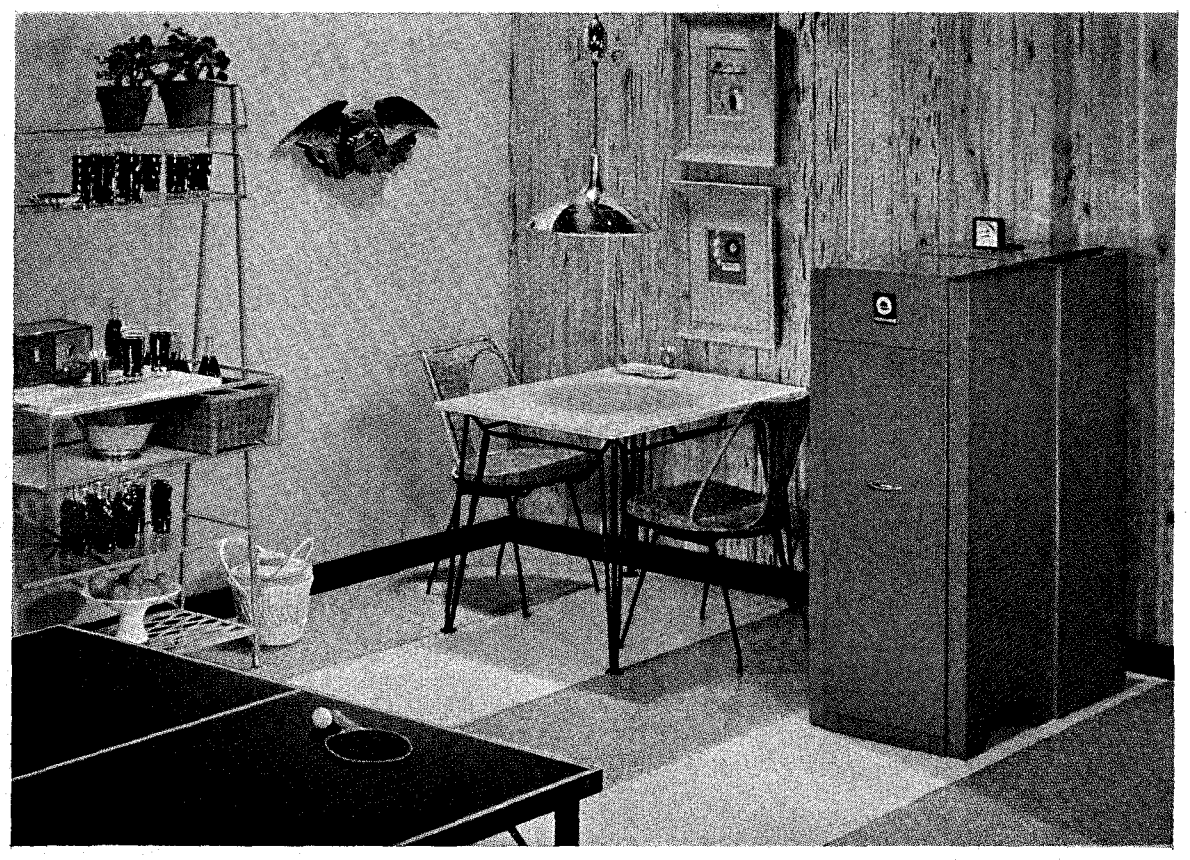
Subsidiary of ***Kennecott Copper Corporation***

Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Charlotte, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, San Francisco, Grand Rapids, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mo., Los Angeles, Seattle, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Waterbury, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Rochester, St. Louis

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





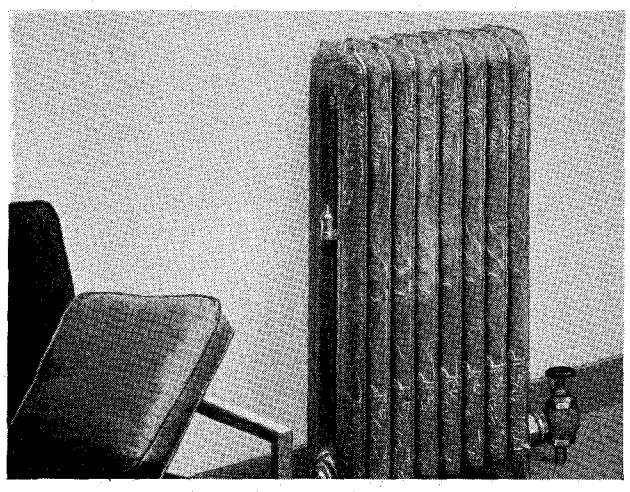
CHANGE THIS TO A NEW AMERICAN-Standard BOILER

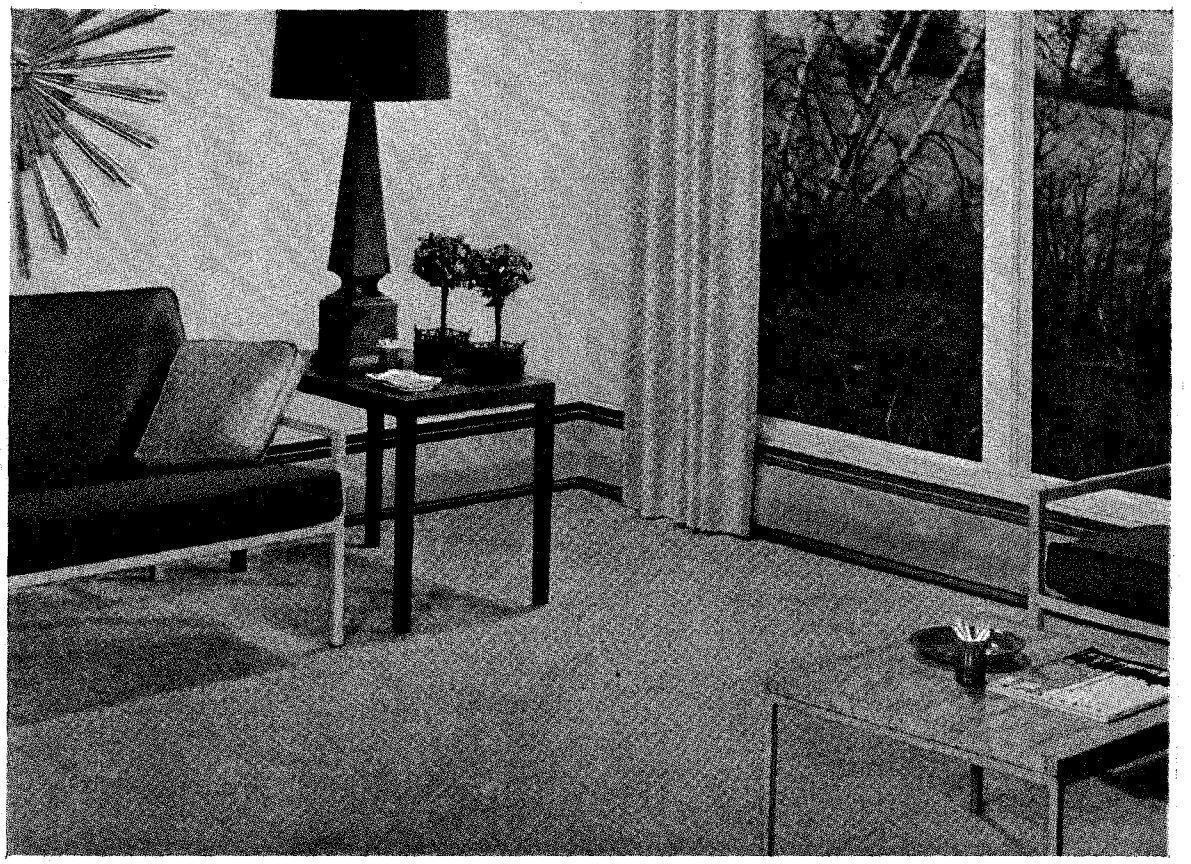
FOR AS LITTLE AS $3.18 A WEEK*

Don't suffer through another winter with an old, worn-out heating unit that eats fuel, yet fails to heat your home quickly, dependably.

Switch to a brand-new American-Standard boiler, like the one above. It will deliver clean, even, economical heat to every room in the house. This completely automatic boiler is made of long-lasting, corrosion-resistant cast-iron to give years and years of dependable service.

And $3.18 a week* is all you pay for this cast-iron boiler that will outwear any ordinary heating unit by many years. For more information see your American-Standard retailer. He is listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone book under "heating equipment." *PLUS INSTALLATION





CHANGE THIS TO NEW AMERICAN-Standard BASEBOARD HEATING

FOR AS LITTLE AS $2.20 A WEEK*

Furniture won't fit? One way to get more wall space is to switch from radiators to modern baseboard heating panels. *Now* see how you have more freedom to arrange furniture with trim baseboard heating panels that can be painted any color you please.

These smart heating panels not only deliver heat when you need it, but allow you to arrange furniture where you want it. These new panels take the place of ordinary baseboards . . . won't interfere with wall-to-wall carpeting or full length draperies.

Remember $2.20 a week* is all it costs for baseboard heating panels for the average 6-room house. For more information fill out and mail the coupon to the left. AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING & HEATING DIVISION, 40 W. 40th St., New York 18, N. Y. *PLUS INSTALLATION

American-Standard, Dept. HP-96A, 39 W. 39th St., New York 18, N.Y.
Please send me your booklet HEATING MODERN HOMES WITH WATER. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover handling.
I am modernizing ☐ building ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

County_____ State_____

See American-Standard products on NBC-TV's programs:
TODAY, starring Dave Garroway · HOME, starring Arlene Francis

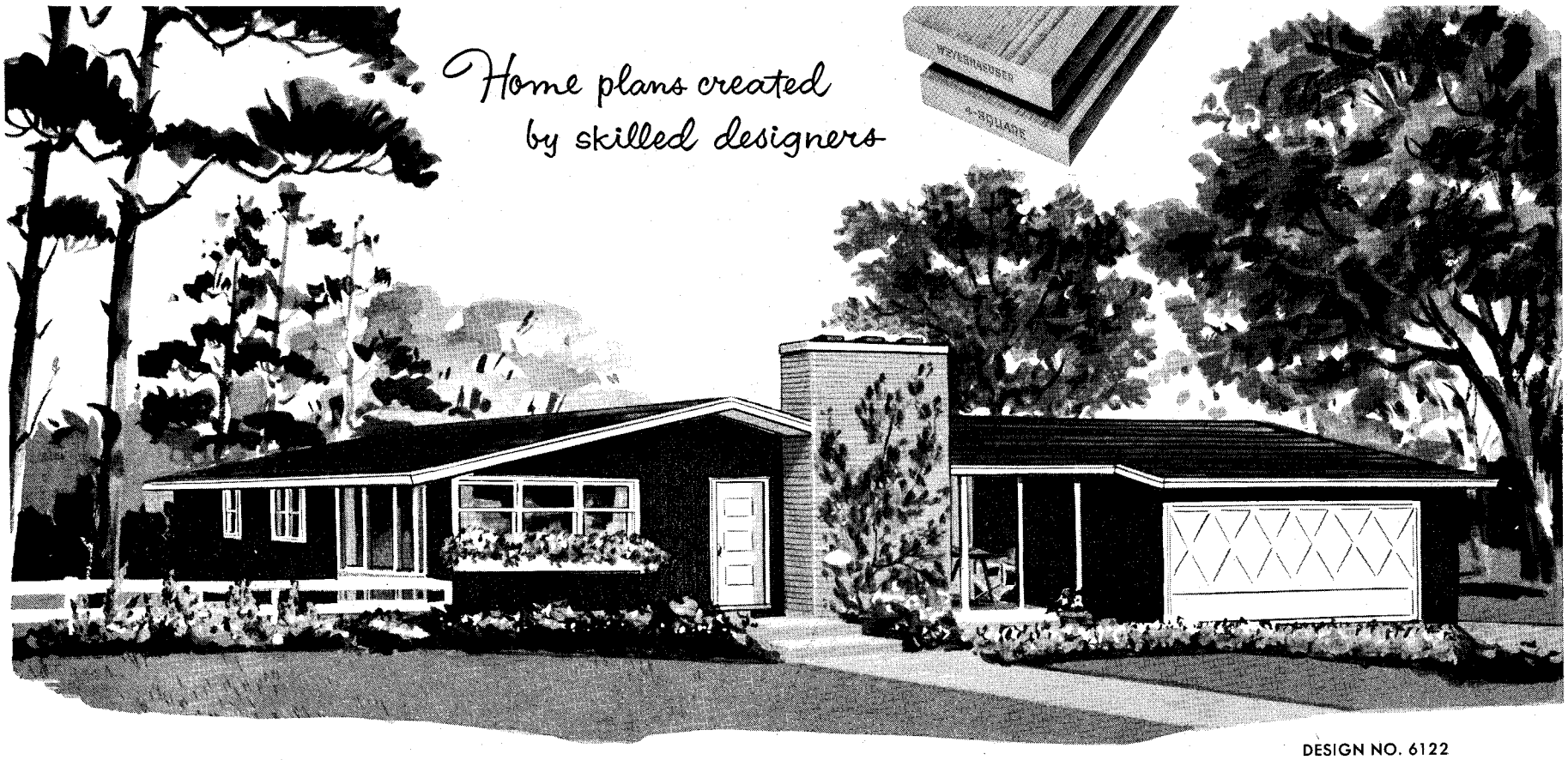
Cleaner, more even heat with

AMERICAN-Standard

HOT WATER HEAT

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DESIGN NO. 6122

SEE SCORES OF

Home Plans and Remodeling Ideas

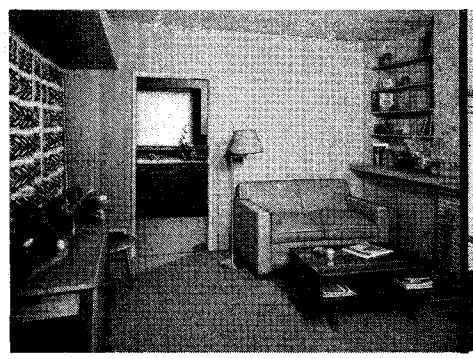
IN THE WEYERHAEUSER 4-SQUARE HOME BUILDING SERVICE

PLANS for this beautiful new home . . . and scores of others . . . are available through your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer. Each home in the 4-Square Service is professionally designed to offer you beauty and comfort as well as structural durability. Modern functional planning assures extra value for your building dollars.

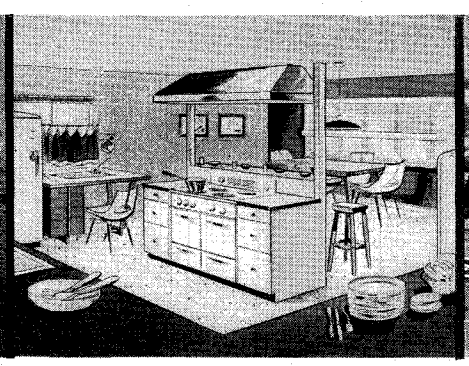
This valuable Service also contains many excellent ideas for improving your present home with paneling, wood siding, shingles, new kitchens, fences, and garages.

Study the complete Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service . . . select your new home plan or pick out remodeling ideas . . . at the office of your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer. There is no cost nor obligation.

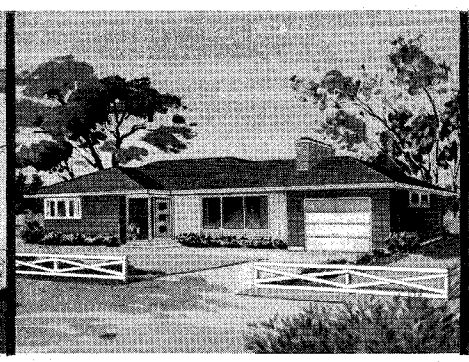
At the same time, ask your dealer to help you in the selection of such items as fine kiln-dried Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber, lovely Western panelings, plywood, sidings, and flooring. Mail coupon below for helpful planning books.



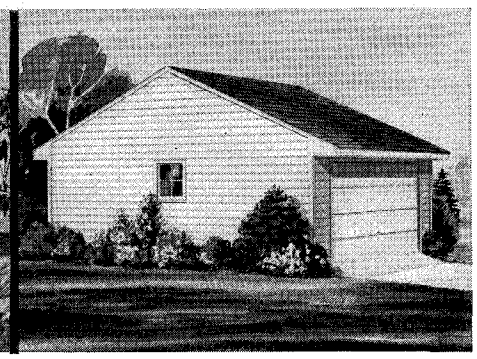
Give your living room new life and new charm with genuine Weyerhaeuser 4-Square paneling. The full-color book, "Ideas For Decorating with Wood Paneling" shows many interesting treatments.



A modern kitchen not only simplifies household tasks but can serve as a center for family activities. See the special section on kitchens in the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service portfolio.



Want to see how a new wood fence will add beauty to your home? Use the Fence Selector at the office of your Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Lumber Dealer, or mail coupon for folder showing 20 fence designs.



Solve your storage problems with a Garage-Plus-Storage—there is room for bulky items, plus a work bench. See many plans in the Weyerhaeuser 4-Square Home Building Service.

Send for these

VALUABLE BOOKLETS

The coupon will bring you exciting plans and ideas—plus the special Furniture Arrangement Guide to show how your furniture can be placed in the home above.

OPERATION '56—the year to FIX HOME IMPROVEMENT

WEYERHAEUSER SALES COMPANY

P.O. Box 5000, Dept. 3106, St. Paul, Minnesota

- Please send me the literature I have checked. I enclose_____¢.

☐ Two booklets illustrating and describing more than 50 designs in the 4-Square Home Building Service. Also, "Professional Pointers for Home Planners," and "Furniture Arrangement Guide" for Design No. 6122...25¢

☐ Two colorful new idea books—"Sidings for Ideal Homes of Wood" and "Ideas for Decorating with Wood Paneling"—and folder showing 20 fence designs.....25¢

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO HOMEDEPOT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

J & L — A GREAT NAME IN STEEL

Your beautiful new kitchen starts with J&L steel

If you're building a new home, or doing something about your old kitchen, be sure you get the beautiful kitchen you deserve—with handsome cabinets of steel! Steel cabinets are easier to keep clean and, of course, more sanitary. They are fire-proof, never shrink, warp or splinter and they *keep* their good looks.

You can get steel cabinets in gleaming white or warm colors, built around your range, refrigerator or other kitchen appliances. Or you can choose the new built-in refrigerators, ovens, sinks, dishwashers offered by the makers of modern kitchen appliances. Whether your kitchen's done over or brand new, you'll find that steel cabinets and modern appliances just naturally belong together.

Your beautiful kitchen—the kitchen that's easier to live with day in and day out—starts with steel!

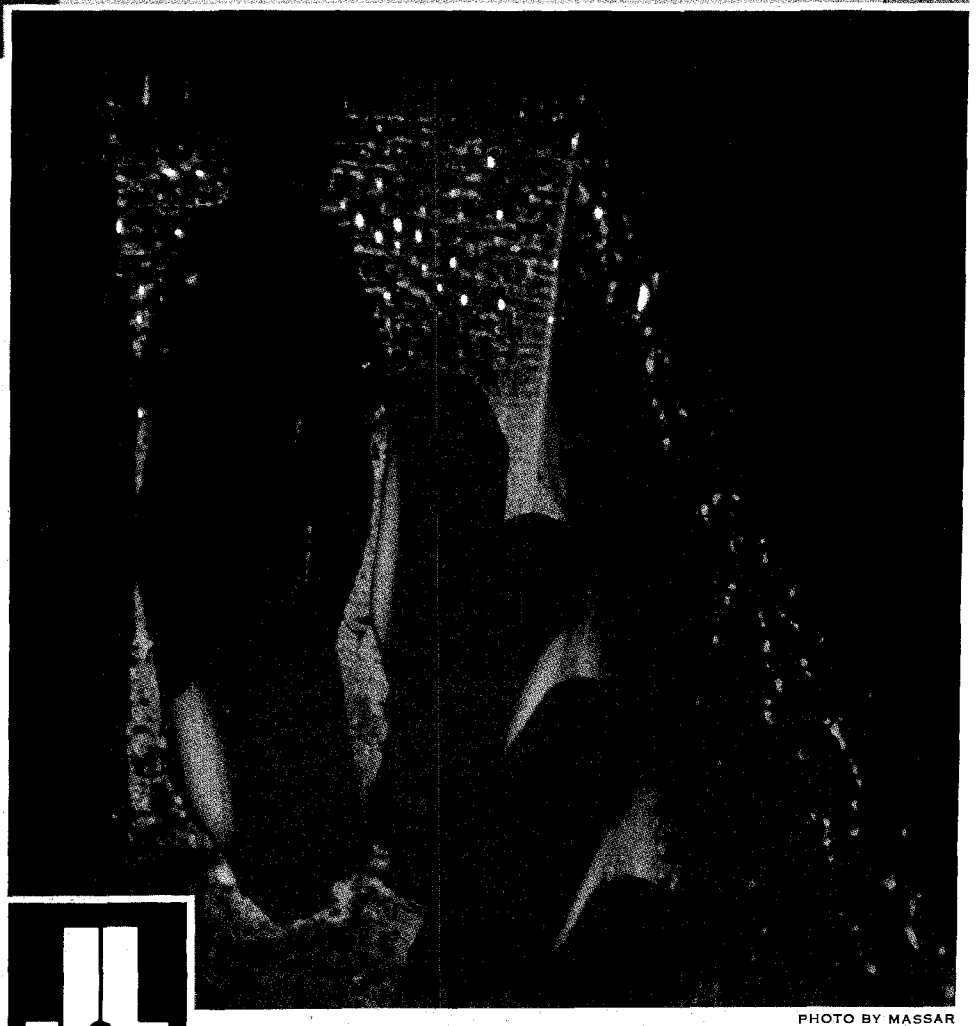


PHOTO BY MASSAR

Your beautiful new kitchen starts with glowing ingots of steel like these shown in a soaking pit in one of J&L's mills. In the soaking pit the ingots are heated uniformly before going to the giant rolls of the blooming mill—first shaping operation in the making of steel products.

Jones & Laughlin
STEEL CORPORATION · PITTSBURGH

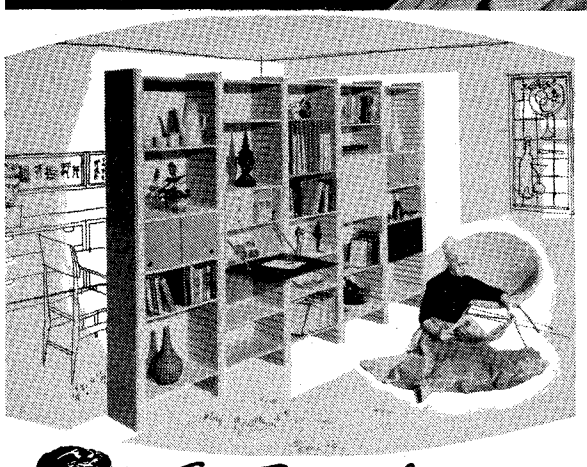
STEEL

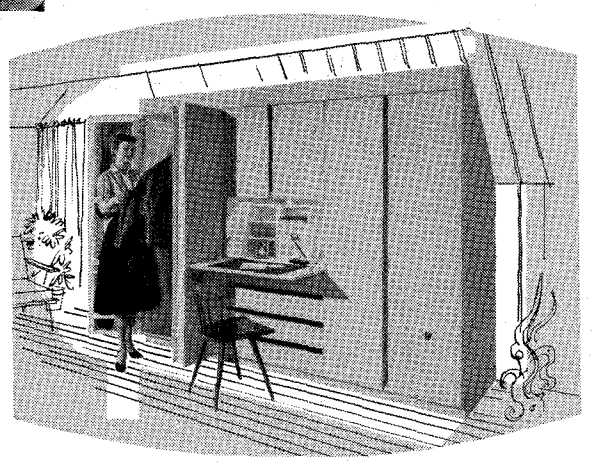
FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

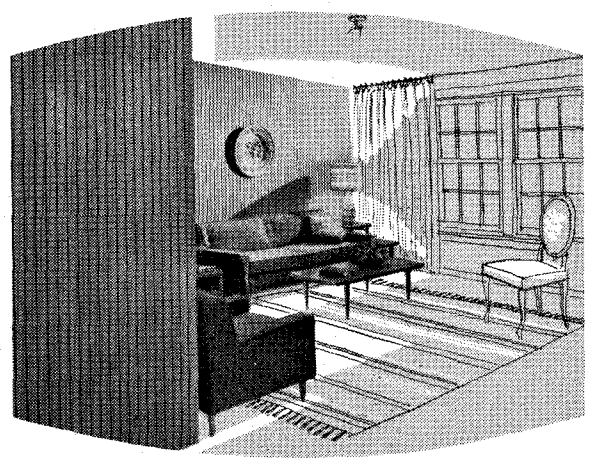
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on NBC-TV HOME *Arlene Francis and Hugh Downs* **show why**

You can Afford Expensive Ideas with Fir Plywood





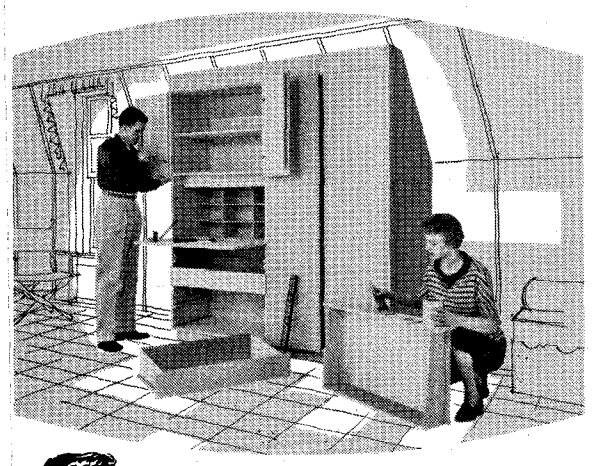


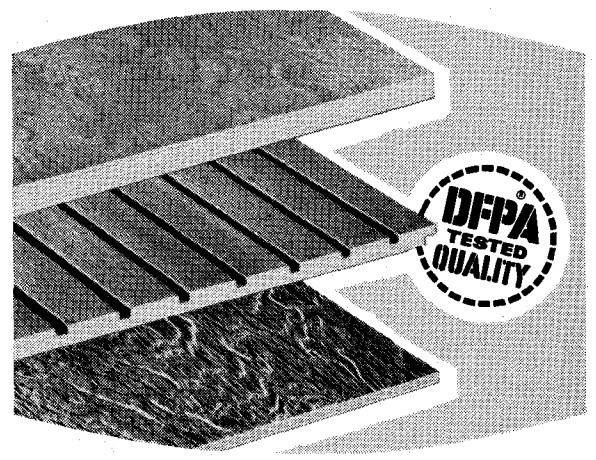
Fir Plywood compliments your good taste....fits your plans and your budget

High style, low cost! Versatile fir plywood, simple, functional lines make this *Storage Unit** good looking, inexpensive. Basic idea is easily adapted to any room.

Fir Plywood *Wardrobe and Desk** fits under sloping ceilings, provides valuable storage. Ideal for remodeled attic bedrooms. See your lumber dealer for fir plywood. Mail coupon below for free plans.

Remodel quickly, easily, inexpensively with *Texture One-Eleven**. New grooved panels have smart vertical shadow line, natural wood texture. Use for dramatic feature walls, decorative accent paneling.





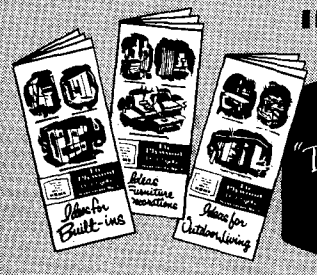
Make home improvements family-fun jobs! Do-it-together with easy-to-use Fir Plywood

Fir plywood's made to order for modern young-at-heart families who plan and work together. Helps take the work out of woodworking, makes experts of amateurs.

This handsome *Chest** makes an ideal family project. Simple enough for beginners, styled to please the discriminating. Smooth, fir plywood takes any finish – light stains or modern, deep-tone paints.

Fir plywood is real wood in large, light, easy-to-handle panels. Sizes and grades for every job – inside and out – plus smart textured panels. Always look for the DFPA-Industry quality grademark.

IDEAS FOR YOUR HOME FROM NBC-TV HOME



FREE "Do-it-together" **PLANS FOLDERS**

* New fully illustrated booklets contain plans and complete step-by-step instructions for making all items shown above—plus scores of other valuable building and remodeling ideas. All are architect-designed for easy building with inexpensive fir plywood. Mail coupon at right today.

SEE YOUR LUMBER DEALER FOR FIR PLYWOOD

DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD ASSOCIATION
Dept. SEP-4, Tacoma 2, Washington (Good USA Only)

Please send FREE plans booklets checked below:

☐ Ideas for Built-Ins ☐ Ideas for Furniture and Decorations ☐ Ideas for Outdoor Living

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He can haunt the finest home!

You measure the real value of a house – the one you own, plan to buy or sell – in terms of comfort and convenience over the years. That's why it's so important to make sure "Skimpy Wiring", the electrical troublemaker, isn't lurking about.

"Skimpy Wiring" causes blowing fuses, tripping circuit breakers, flickering lights, sluggish appliances and "nervous" TV pictures. In fact, this sly household pest is responsible for all sorts of electrical annoyances that take the pleasure out of everyday living.

However, you can do away with "Skimpy Wiring" for good – make that home a safer, better place to live in. Just call in an electrical contractor or your local power company. They'll show you how easy it can be, how little it can cost, to give your home full HOUSEPOWER with *copper* wiring!

Get FREE Booklet: Write for "The ABC of Home Wiring". Address Kennecott Copper Corporation, Dept. S96, Box 238, New York 46, N. Y.

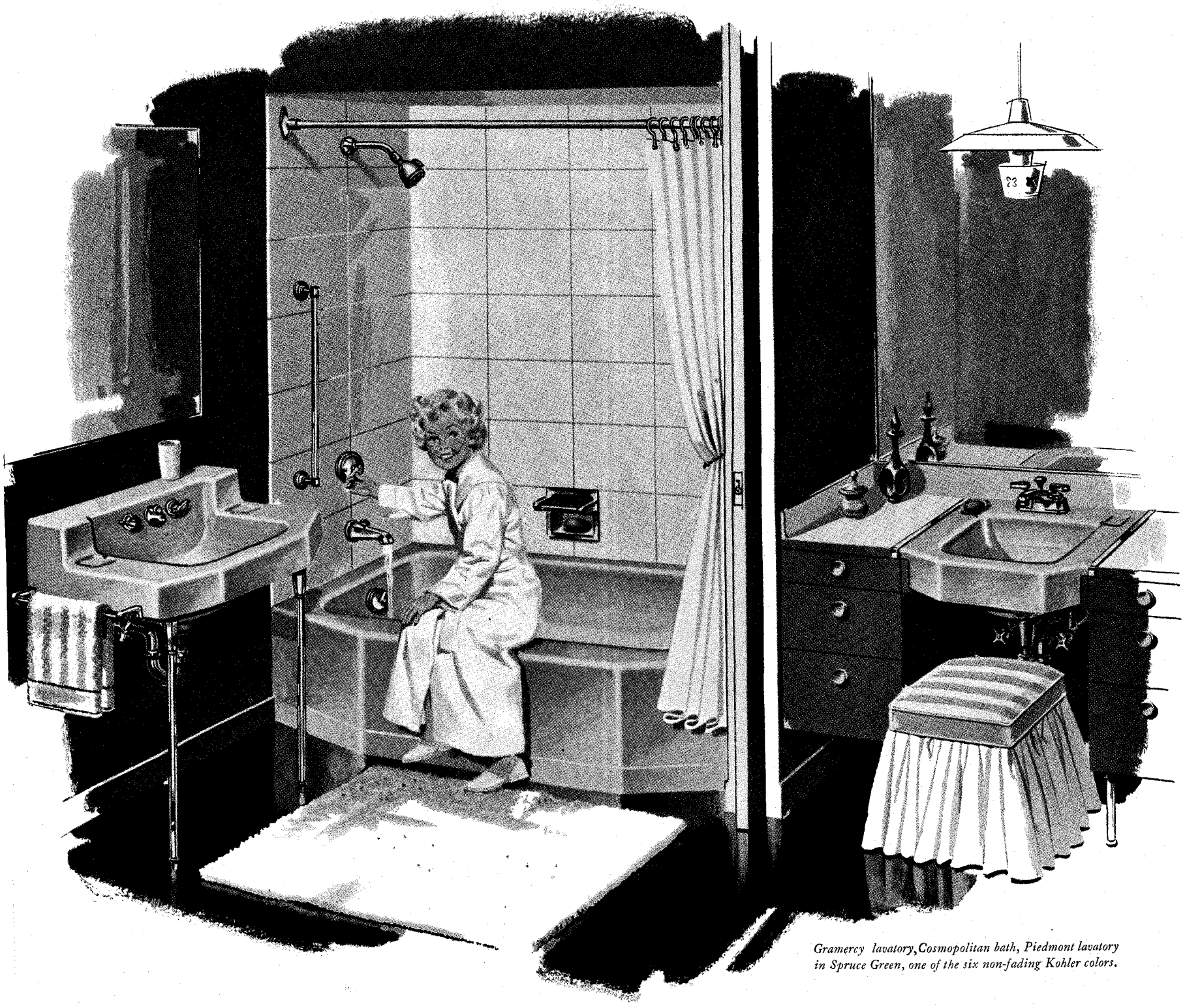
OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT '56 – the year to FIX

Kennecott Copper Corporation

Fabricating Subsidiaries: Chase Brass & Copper Co. • Kennecott Wire and Cable Co.

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gramercy lavatory, Cosmopolitan bath, Piedmont lavatory in Spruce Green, one of the six non-fading Kohler colors.

KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES

First quality only

KOHLER QUALITY is the best assurance of satisfaction in plumbing fixtures and fittings. Superior design, close inspections, the use of time-tested materials, insure beauty as well as reliability.

Your Kohler bathroom with two lavatories—such as the vitreous china Gramercy and Piedmont above—affords time-saving double service. The Piedmont can be built into a counter or cabinet that adds dressing-table convenience.

The sparkling, glass-hard surfaces of Kohler fixtures are easy to keep clean. The lustrous enamel of the Cosmopolitan bath is fused to a non-flexing base of iron, cast for rugged strength and rigidity. Chromium-plated, all-brass fittings match the fixtures in style and serviceability. Consult your Kohler dealer. Write for booklet 13-J.

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin. Established 1873

KOHLER OF KOHLER

PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO MYZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if you live with your water heater...

You've never seen a water heater like this—a water heater that actually *helps* show off the beauty of your kitchen, laundry, utility room, or basement recreation room. Never before a water heater so practical. It's completely square, to fit flush against the wall and beside other appliances or cabinets. You can install storage cabinets right over it. And its sparkling trim comes in colors—Yellow, Pink, Turquoise, or Brushed Chrome. Or you can paint the trim yourself, any color you like. The lower panel pulls off for easy access to controls.

But the best news is this. Behind that smart and stunning new cabinet is a water heater tank that's lined with Rheemglas, made from the famous Rheem FRIT that stands up better and resists the chemical action of hot water.

Look for your Rheem Plumbing-Contractor's name in the Yellow Pages. Ask for the facts and complete folder on this new Rheem Water Heater, and all the others.

...you'll love this new RHEEM

YOU CAN RELY ON Rheem

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMATIC STORAGE WATER HEATERS

SEATTLE, SOUTH GATE, CALIF., HOUSTON, CHICAGO, SPARROWS POINT, MD.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA, ALASKA AND HAWAII.

TRIMMED IN THE COLOR YOU WANT:

PINK TURQUOISE YELLOW BRUSHED CHROME

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

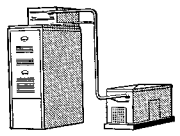
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rely on

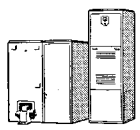
Rheem

to bring new comfort and convenience to your home

Look at these Rheem products before you buy...

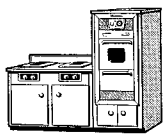


Summer Air Conditioning
—revolutionary new Rheemaire cuts the operating cost of cooling your home almost in *half;* "Year 'Rounder" combination furnace and air conditioner; plus a complete line of water- and air-cooled add-on conditioners and window units.



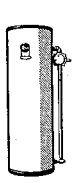
Furnaces
—complete line, gas-or oil-fired, high-boy, low-boy, counterflow models, plus space heaters of the floor, wall or small space type. You can get Rheem heat to fill any need—fit any space.

Rheem Wedgewood Gas Ranges
—new, dramatically styled ranges with 3-way Select-A-Broiler. Enjoy true "custom" cooking in a broiling compartment that quickly becomes a rotisserie with two spits, a regular grill broiler, or a deep pan broiler for barbecuing.



Built-in gas oven and surface units,
with automatic controls, available in four decorator colors. Surface units designed for any type gas—fit into top of any standard 24" cabinet of steel or wood. Oven can be installed in brick, wood or plaster wall.

Rheem Wedgewood Clothes Dryers
(gas or electric), with the exclusive Clothes Saver Compartment for the most delicate fabrics—even nylons, orlons. The Wedgewood drys up to 20 lbs. of regular clothes *at the same time* it is drying your delicate fabrics.



Water Softeners
—with *fifteen* models to choose from, there's a Rheem softener right-sized for your family. And, to suit your budget, you can get anything from a semi-automatic tank to a Rheem softener that does *everything* . . . so completely automatic you don't even have to push a button!

How Will the South Go?

(Continued from Page 31)

Carolina, after firing a few furious, random shots at Fort Sumter, as is the Gamecock custom, can be expected to join the family circle.

With much of the glamour worn off Ike, and Southern Republicans slouching back into their historic post-office-patronage role, the possibilities are slim that in any Dixie state the Republicans will run nearly so strongly as they did in 1952.

Throughout the South, of course, stanch States' Righters have lifted angry voices, damning Republicans and Democrats alike, and third-party tickets or slates of unpledged electors will probably appear on several Southern ballots. But no splinter-party movement has yet set the South aflame, as happened in 1948 when the Thurmond-Wright ticket carried South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, and political soothsayers now predict that, barring some great explosion over the segregation issue, no effective South-wide third-party movement will arise.

"We won't go trailing off again after some Pied Piper who'll lead us over the hill to nowhere," one Southern politician said. "This time the third-party movement's got no leaders. They are mostly just a bunch of walleyed fellers doing a lot of hollering to get their name in the papers."

Though the eight states named above can be pretty strongly counted on to back the Democratic ticket, elsewhere in the South the picture begins to blur. In Texas, the Republicans exude confidence, and even the most optimistic Democrats admit it will be touch-and-go between Ike and Adlai. In Florida, which went Republican in 1952, no competent observer there will deny that the possibility is strong that the state will stay in the Republican ranks. In Virginia the issue is in doubt, and victory for the ticket there will depend to a great degree on how Sen. Harry Byrd uses or withholds his powerful influence.

It would be an error to assume that those states which may be counted safely in the Democratic column will troop to the polls this year full of wild enthusiasm for the ticket. Deep in the bosom of every Southern political leader lies a lingering mistrust of Adlai Stevenson's so-called "moderate views" on the civil-rights issue. Deep in the hearts of many also is a bitter animosity, amounting almost to hatred, toward Estes Kefauver, a Southerner whom many Southerners regard as a traitor to his Dixie heritage for his views on racial matters. Nor is the platform on which Stevenson and Kefauver must campaign one to cause rejoicing in the South.

"It wasn't what we wanted," said former Gov. John S. Battle, of Virginia, bitterly. "It was just the best we could get."

"We have drunk our cup of hemlock," said Georgia's Gov. Marvin Griffin, as the convention adopted the civil-rights plank—with Georgia voting "No" on both the "moderate" majority report that passed and the stronger, minority report that was beaten down.

"We accepted Stevenson with reservations and Kefauver with regret," one Southern politician summed up. "And the platform plank we swallowed with about the same pleasure a small boy feels when he's taking a dose of castor oil."

In South Carolina, though, one platform framer argued that the civil-rights plank was not at all unpalatable, from the Southern point of view.

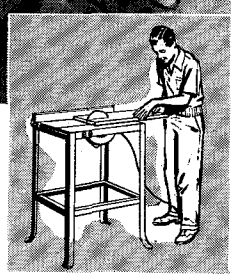
"It was weak," he said joyfully, "in many respects meaningless and, at the worst, ambiguous."

The South's misgivings about the ticket, and the platform as it referred to education and civil rights, were clearly reflected in the convention balloting. Alabama gave only fifteen and a half of its twenty-six votes to Adlai Stevenson, splitting the remainder among a grab bag of other states' favorite sons. Georgia stuck with its nominee, Rep. James C. Davis, a fiery segregationist, under a banner bearing a rhyme that would have caused Ogden Nash to wince: "The Lord Save Us With James C. Davis." Mississippi cast its twenty-two votes for Lyndon

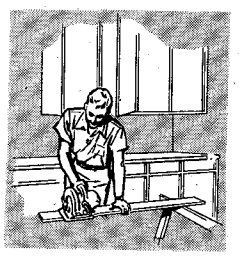
How can Adlai please both the South and Northern liberals on the civil-rights issue?
"All he's got to do is have his picture taken with Mrs. Roosevelt once in a while,"
Southerners say. "That won't make the South mad, and the Negroes will get the point."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SKIL Saw makes it easy to please your family!



Convert SKIL to a tilting arbor table saw with optional SKIL table. $39.95



Make cabinets, cupboards, closets easy weekend projects with SKIL Saw!

Extra rooms, extra storage spaces, are easy to build.

SKIL helps make you an expert craftsman —even on your first project!

You get a lot of pleasure from building something with your own hands. Something that your family can enjoy . . . and point to proudly because *you made it!* Cabinets or shelves for your wife . . . a rumpus room for the children . . . these and dozens of other things they've wanted *you can build yourself* with this handy SKIL Saw.

Lightweight yet powerful . . . easy to handle . . . the SKIL 6″ Saw illustrated above has plenty of power for woodworking and home projects. Cuts through plywood, sheathing, siding, even stone or metals. Bevels, miters, rips lumber. Built-in bevel and depth adjustment for accurate cutting. *Safer*—automatic blade guard and trigger-type switch. *Rugged* powerful motor, sturdy die-cast aluminum housing. **Model 526—Only $49.95**

Look for this
SKIL Tool Center
at your nearest SKIL Dealer. See and try the world's finest-quality power tools today!

Send for 32-project "Do-it-yourself" booklet! Valuable, easy-to-follow instructions.

SKIL Corporation, Dept. SP-96
5033 Elston Avenue, Chicago 30, Illinois.
In Canada: SKIL Tools Ltd., Toronto 9, Ont.

Please send me 32-page "Homemaker's How-To-Do-It" Booklet. I enclose 25¢.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SKIL BUILDERS TOOLS

Made only by SKIL Corporation, formerly SKILSAW, Inc.
Factory Branches in ALL Leading Cities

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

Johnson; South Carolina stayed with its governor, George Bell Timmerman; Texas stuck with favorite son Johnson, and Virginia went down with its former governor, John S. Battle, who fought so valiantly to water down the civil-rights plank. Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana and North Carolina liked Mr. Stevenson, but Speaker Sam Rayburn's attempt to make his victory unanimous was greeted by the other Southern states with stony silence. Their banners were moved into the aisle for the Stevenson victory snake dance, but the delegates themselves remained glumly in their seats.

In the balloting for the vice-presidency, the South's antagonism to Kefauver could hardly have been expressed more bluntly if the delegates personally had sought out the senator and punched him in the nose. Florida backed Kefauver, but North Carolina and Alabama were badly split, and Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina and Texas all voted solidly for Senator Kennedy, of Massachusetts, a Catholic. This was an indication to some that religious prejudice was dead in the South. More accurately, perhaps, it was a measure of the ill regard in which the politicians of these states held Kefauver.

"We backed Kennedy because we had to have some rock to cling to," one Southerner explained. "Nobody knew much about him. Nobody asked him what his views on integration were, which was probably a good thing. He might have turned out to be worse than Kefauver, Humphrey or Soapy Williams. Then we wouldn't have had any place to go."

The Deep South's reluctant decision to support the Democratic ticket, in fact, is a reflection of this feeling that in this election year the South has no other place to go.

"There is no haven for us in the Republican Party. There is no answer for us in a third party," says Governor Griffin. "If I knew any other way to make the South's voice stronger in the councils of the party and the nation, I'd take it. But there is no other way. So I'll support the Democratic ticket and do all I can for it."

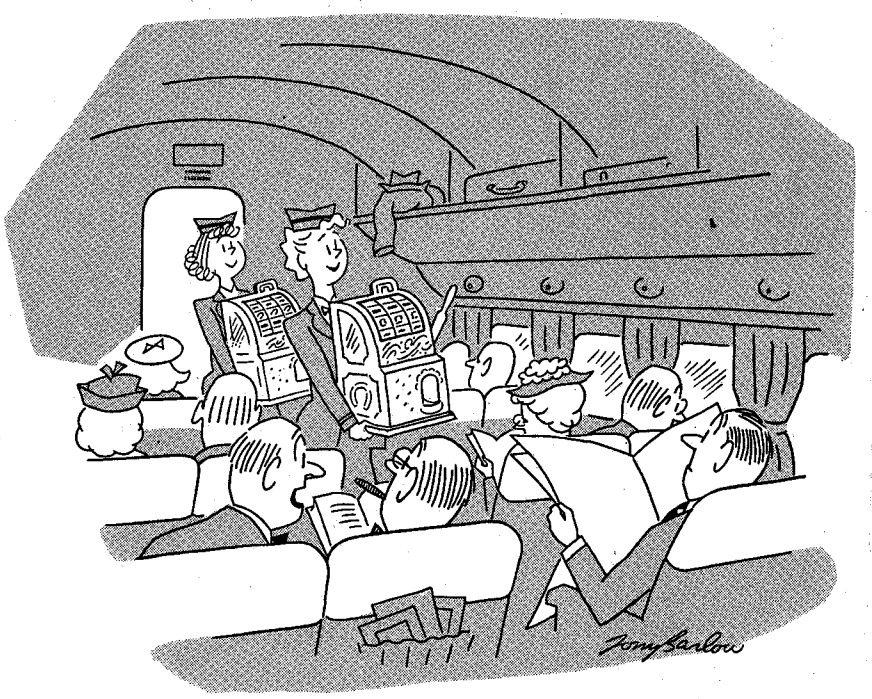
Back of the South's determination to back the party and its platform lies the strong conviction that the South would be better off, so far as the civil-rights issue is concerned, with any Democrat in the White House—even Averell Harriman—than it would be with a Republican there.

This reasoning is based in part on information that some Southern congressmen are quietly passing on to the voters back home. Their argument goes like this: There are in the House of Representatives at Washington roughly 100 Republican congressmen who come from districts where the race issue is not particularly hot, one way or the other. When a Republican administration introduces a strong civil-rights bill in the House, these Republican congressmen will support it out of party loyalty. But, if a Democratic administration should introduce a similar measure, 90 per cent of them, the Southerners believe, would quietly go along with their Southern confreres in killing it.

Southern political leaders holding national office are also pointing out that schizophrenic voting is dangerous—that any breakaway from party regularity to support a Republican for President gives aid and comfort to the enemy. It encourages the Republicans in the South to fight harder in local elections, and endangers the region's domination of House and Senate committees. Deep down, the South knows that no matter how the Democrats and Republicans may have softened their platform planks under pressure from the South, both parties are going to continue to push, and push hard, for civil-rights legislation as soon as Congress reconvenes. Dixie's only protection, therefore, is to retain control of the committee and subcommittee chairmanships, where Southerners can throw every roadblock possible in the path of bills that will be offensive to the South.

As one Southerner put it, "We can fight on the ground we stand on now, with majorities in the House and Senate. But if we can provide a solid block of votes to help put a Democrat in the White House, we are in that much stronger a position. That's why we can't afford to vote Republican this year, nor split off to support some splinter party that might cost us our seniority and our standing as Democrats."

In the light of these arguments, which have a compelling force in the South, there is little prospect that anything the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket could do would lure the hard-core Southern states into the Republican ranks. There is, on the other hand, much that Stevenson and Kefauver could do or say that still could send them roaring off the reservation into some third-party camp. Nobody seems



"We must be over Nevada now." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to believe, however, that this is likely to happen.

"We know Stevenson has got to hold the Negro vote in the North," one politician said. "We know that to do it he's going to have to make some pretty strong statements on civil rights. We just hope he doesn't say anything uncalled for that will set our people down here afire. If he did, even this late, we couldn't hold them in line. We wouldn't try to."

Many Southerners seem to feel that if Mr. Stevenson, in his campaign utterances, does not go beyond his California speech—the one from which the South took comfort for its moderate tone and its "no-troops-or-bayonets" assurance—all will remain serene below the Mason and Dixon's line. Many also feel that there's no reason for him to speak out much more strongly than he has already spoken, even to assure the Negroes in key districts of the North that he has not abandoned their cause.

"All he's got to do is have his picture taken with Mrs. Roosevelt once in a while," they say. "That won't make the South mad, and the Negroes will get the point."

If Mr. Stevenson can hold the eight Southern states which now appear firmly n his grasp, he will come to election day

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Hard to Live With

The man on whom fault-finding falls
As though on armor plate
Is lucky, but he makes a most
Exasperating mate.

By Ruth Chadwick

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

ith eighty-two electoral votes in his ocket. If in addition he can woo Texas, lorida and Virginia back into the Demcratic ranks, he will have a nest egg of 28—only five less than half the 266 eeded to win.

Democratic mathematicians, their wits iarpened by hope and wishful thinking, in easily figure where the extra 138 votes in come from. All Mr. Stevenson will ave to do, they say, is pick up a handful f percentage points in the dozen states hich gave him from 45 to 49.9 per cent f their vote last time.

The optimistic feeling that the balance in be tipped toward the Democrats this ear is based on two assumptions. One, iat time has dimmed the memory of the sues which cost the Democrats dearly '52—the anger over the mink-coat, ness-in-Washington" scandals; the mmunists and queers in the State Deirtment hullabaloo; the Korean-war alemate; the feeling that Mr. Stevenson as actually a puppet of Mr. Truman ie Democrats are very grateful to Mr. uman for laying this ghost forever by ving the back of his hand to Mr. evenson at Chicago). They are also unting strongly on the fact that for any voters Mr. Eisenhower has lost a eat deal of his power to enchant. The eat war leader of '52—a symbolic ther of his country then—is now, they y, just another Republican politician.

The above deals with matters, though, iich are beyond the scope of this article, iich attempts only to interpret the mood d feeling in the South during the lull in e political storm—after the tempest of e conventions had died down and be-e the cyclone winds of the campaign d begun to blow full force.

Based not only on interviews with politicians but with objective nonpartisan, or mildly partisan, observers in each state, the following summary is subject, of course, to human errors of evaluation and interpretation, and to sudden changes as the sentiment of the voters shifts in response to campaign pleas and accusations.

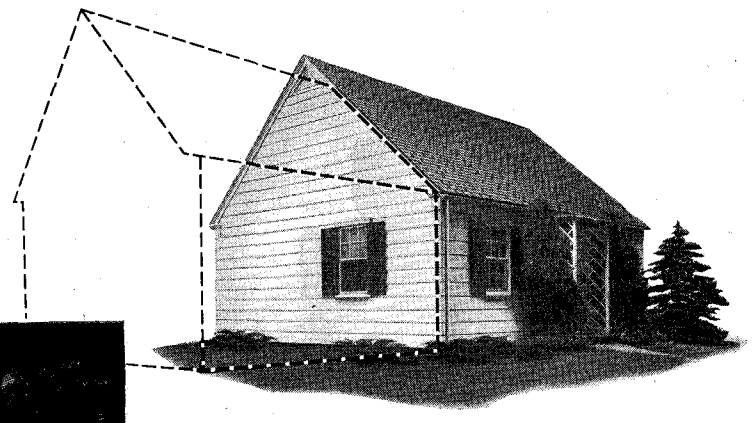
It begins with three of the four Southern states which went for Ike last time, and may do so again: Texas, which gave the President a majority of 133,590 in 1952; Florida, which went Republican by 99,086; and Virginia, where the Republicans triumphed by 80,360 votes.

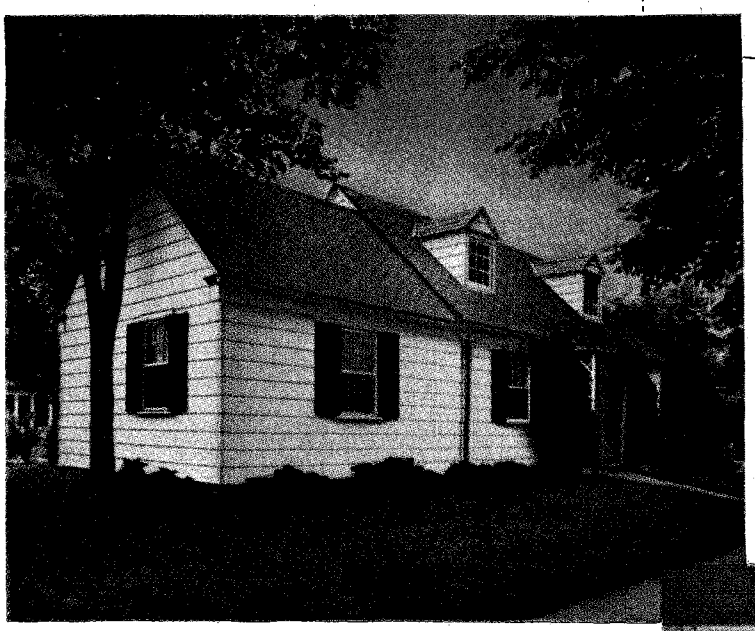
Texas is touchy. In the pungent phrase of Speaker Sam Rayburn, "There are too many big-rich oil men there, and too many fat-cat newspapers, all of them Republican," for a Democratic candidate to feel too confident of capturing Texas' twenty-four electoral votes. But Mr. Sam believes it can be done. Texas at heart is still Democratic. The Republicans did not convert the hosts of crusading amateurs who fought for Ike in '52 into a deep-going grass-roots organization, and the Republican "party" in Texas today could hold its caucus in a broom closet.

Democrats point out that Mr. Stevenson knowingly tossed Texas' vote away in 1952 when he told Gov. Allan Shivers, prior to the campaign, that he favored Federal ownership of tidelands oil. That issue has been resolved, and no longer possesses the power to move Texans to foaming anger against the Democratic nominee. Nor is Texas likely to break off to follow some splinter-party candidate because of anger over the race issue. In East Texas, the subject is as explosive as

MASONITE

INSIDE...OUTSIDE...
ALL AROUND
YOUR HOUSE



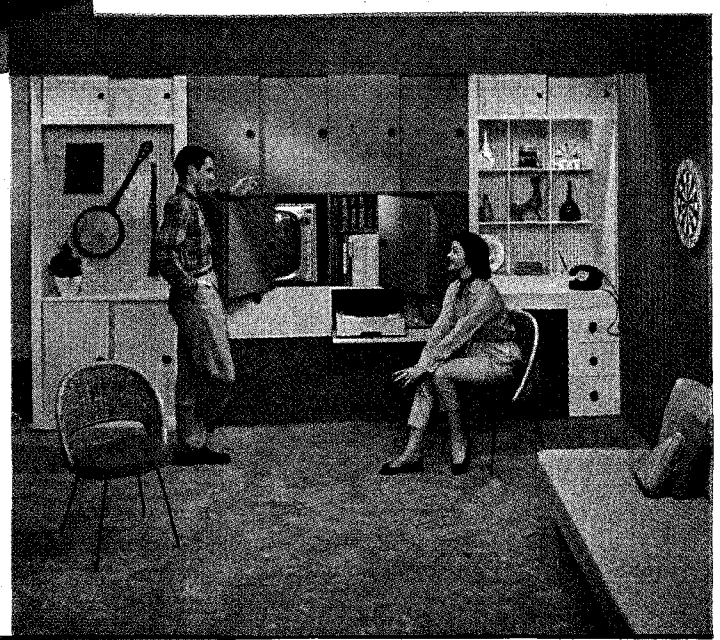


On the outside—no finer exterior materials for attractive room additions than these strong, dense, grainless panels that defy the weather. They take and hold paint beautifully.

• **Shadowvent® Siding.** No visible nails to "freckle" the surface. Lower application costs and extra years of service.

For other handsome exterior effects that will style your home in the modern manner Masonite offers:

• Panelgroove
• Ridgegroove
• Ridgeline



On the inside—this combination gameroom-guestroom is a typical example of the way your imagination and these sturdy panels can add comfort and fun to your life at home.

• **Panelgroove.** New, vertical grooved panels with hidden joints create a luxurious background for family activities.

Among the other popular Masonite products that will beautify and improve your home are:

• Peg-Board® panels
• Panelwood®
• Tempered Presdwood®
• Marlite® plank, block and panels

"Masonite Brand Products" of Masonite Corporation

OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT '56...the year to FIX

MASONITE PRODUCTS

MASONITE® CORPORATION
Dept. SEP-929, Box 777,
Chicago 90, Ill.

Send me your free "gameroom-guestroom" plan and more information about how Masonite can help me improve my home.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
Zone ..... *County* .....

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO HAZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is in Georgia, Alabama or Mississippi, but in South and West Texas, where there are few Negroes, it causes no uproar.

The Republican support in Texas, the Democrats point out, will come mainly from the very wealthy and from the archconservative newspapers of the big and archconservative cities. Against their money and editorial influence, though, will be opposed the political genius and persuasive powers of Speaker Rayburn and Sen. Lyndon Johnson, who in a battle for control of the party at the precinct level have already unhorsed Governor Shivers, who led the fight for Ike in '52. Texas' ultraconservative Sen. Price Daniel fought Mr. Stevenson bitterly last time for his views on offshore oil. In his campaign speeches for governor this year, Daniel praised the platform highly and he is now counted as being safely back in the Democratic corral.

With Johnson, Rayburn and Daniel all tub-thumping for the cause, the Democrats feel fairly confident. Their optimism is tempered, though, by an awareness of certain basic changes that have been taking place in Texas, the political implications of which are not yet fully understood. The state over the past twenty years has grown slightly more urban than rural. The great growth of its cities and their vastly increased wealth may have made profound changes in old patterns of political thought. Industrialization and urbanization, the Republicans say, have brought with them an Eisenhower-type conservatism. Men with money in the bank, they argue, tend to become less "liberal" in the Democratic interpretation of the term. The Democrats, on the other hand, predict that organized labor in Texas will follow the pattern of labor elsewhere, and favor the party which has always identified itself with the interests of the workingman.

However strong may be the influence of new wealth, and new people, though, the tendency this time to see Ike as a man, not as a messiah; the absence of any vital local issue, such as tidelands oil; the influence of Rayburn, Johnson and Price Daniel, may well swing the Lone Star back into the Democratic galaxy. But it won't be easy, for there are strong forces pulling it toward the Republican orbit.

"Texas is changing," one observer explained. "She is beginning to think like one of the big Eastern states. People down here are studying more about making money than they are about preserving a way of life that grandpa knew. Texas is beginning to look on her Southern neighbors as poor relations who brood too much on the past. If a big depression hit, Texas would stampede back to the Democrats in a hurry. But right now that Republican 'peace, progress and prosperity' slogan sounds pretty good down here."

In Florida, the chances of a Democratic victory are slimmer, perhaps, than they are in Texas. Florida is now a Southern state merely in the geographical sense. Every four years some 200,000 new people, old and young, move into Florida, to live and work, bringing with them the political attitudes of other regions. Their influence is strongest, of course, around St. Petersburg, the haven of the aged, which sends a Republican to Congress, but they have diluted the die-hard Democracy of all regions of the state.

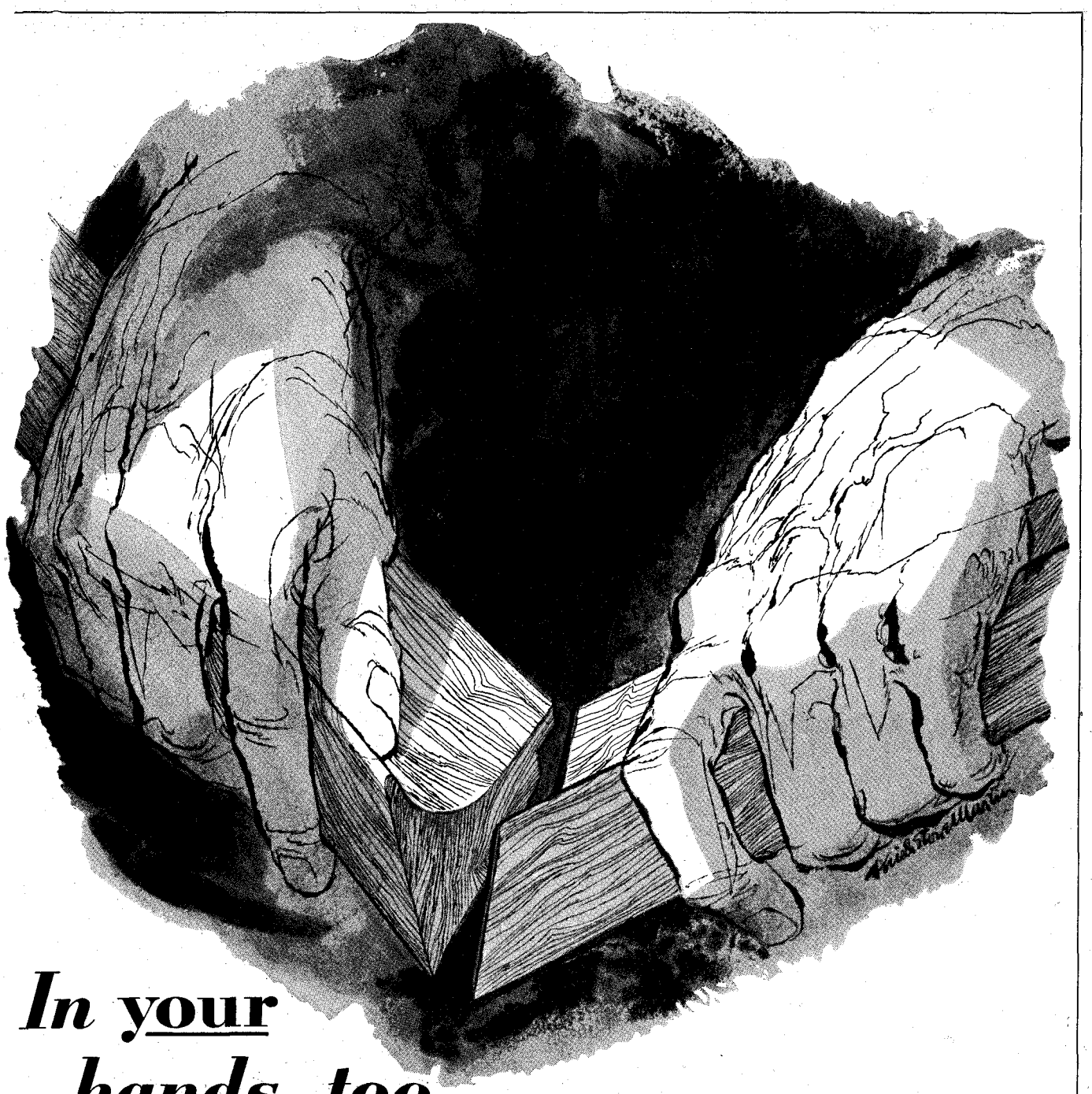
The attitude of the state's "senior citizens" has undergone a great change in the past two decades. Twenty years ago they were profoundly concerned about old-age pensions, welfare, medical care and public assistance of various kinds, and they looked to the Democrats to provide these things. Today they are coupon clippers, living on annuities, company retirement funds, small nest eggs squirreled away during their working years. "Peace, progress and prosperity"—but without inflation that would weaken the buying power of their fixed incomes—has a deep appeal to them also, and they look to the Republicans to provide this stability.

Florida's farmers also differ in their attitudes from their Southern neighbors. Big-scale ranchers and truck growers and producers of citrus fruit, their huge operations give them an advantage in a free market, and they are not interested in the subsidies the small farmer depends on for survival.

Decided Opinion

By Jane Merchant

I weigh possibilities
On a large scale.
Suppose I do this?
Suppose I should fail?
Suppose I do that?
Suppose I'm derided?
Then, finally, fully,
Entirely decided,
I smile at the heavens
And beam at the sun.
Most any decision
Is better than none.



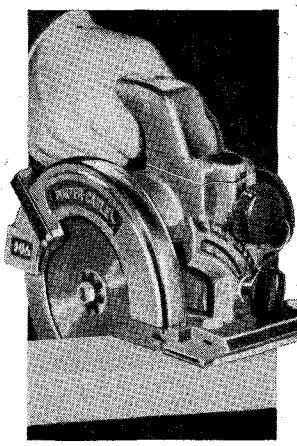
In your hands, too...

professional results with professional tools

The pride and satisfaction of a job well done come often to the man who uses Porter-Cable *quality* electric tools. Fifty years of leadership have made them the choice of *professional* craftsmen—the men who know power tools best.

The Porter-Cable name on *any* tool means it's the *finest* of its kind—in design, in performance, in ease of use, in ruggedness for long years of service.

And above all, in *value—for often as not, Porter-Cable quality costs no more!* Porter-Cable Machine Company, 6219 N. Salina St., Syracuse 8, N. Y.



Compound miter joint illustrated made with the new Porter-Cable Model 146 Saw—heavy-duty professional capacity at remarkably low cost. Write today for full information and name of your nearest dealer.

Porter-Cable
Quality Electric Tools

SAWS • SANDERS • DRILLS • ROUTERS • SHAPERS • PLANES

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The influx of new people and new business has brought about the development of a new political philosophy in Florida that is dominantly moderate to conservative, and Florida likes its political leaders to reflect this point of view. On farm and labor matters, Sen. Spessard Holland consistently votes with the Republicans more often than many Republicans do, without rebuke from his constituents. Former Sen. Claude Pepper, most liberal of New Dealers, was beaten in 1950 by George Smathers, and has never been able to make a comeback.

There is a strong anti-Nixon feeling in the state, observers say, and Ike is not nearly so popular as he was in '52. But the people who denounce the President most strongly are not the Democrats who voted for him last time, but disappointed independents who think he has not been nearly conservative enough.

Florida, in short, is a Southern state inhabited by non-Southerners with strongly conservative—that is, Republican—leanings. The Democrats, however, are far from ready to admit that all is lost. The party could not have put together a stronger combination, they say, than the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket. Both men trudged the state in the primaries, speaking to and shaking hands with thousands, and their combined vote was some 490,000. Assuming that at least this many will still vote Democratic in the fall, the Democrats, anticipating that the Republicans and the Democrats-for-Ike will campaign far less fiercely than they did in '52, when Ike got 544,000 votes, feel they have a fighting chance to win.

In the words of one observer, though, "It's too tight to tell yet." Much will depend on how strongly Senators Holland and Smathers fight for the ticket. In '52, they made no speeches for Stevenson. This year they are expected to take the stump, though nobody anticipates that they will try to set the Everglades on fire.

In Virginia, where the segregation issue is far hotter than in Texas or Florida, the issue is in doubt. Ike and the Republicans must bear the onus of the Supreme Court decision on the schools. On the other hand, Virginia's delegates came back from Chicago to find the electorate none too happy about either the Democratic platform or the candidates. A Stevenson-Kennedy slate would have been fairly acceptable, but Kefauver hurt the ticket. At the same time, nobody likes Nixon too well, for they remember bitterly his tribute to "a great Republican Chief Justice."

"When all the choice you've got is between two pieces of moldy bread," said one tidewater politician, "all you can do is pick the one with the least mold on it."

Faced with this unhappy choice, the indications are that the campaign in Virginia will be desultory and apathetic. The Democrats-for-Eisenhower will take the field again, but with little of the almost fanatic zeal they displayed in '52. Governor Stanley and the state's elected officials are expected to support the ticket, but without any noticeable show of enthusiasm.

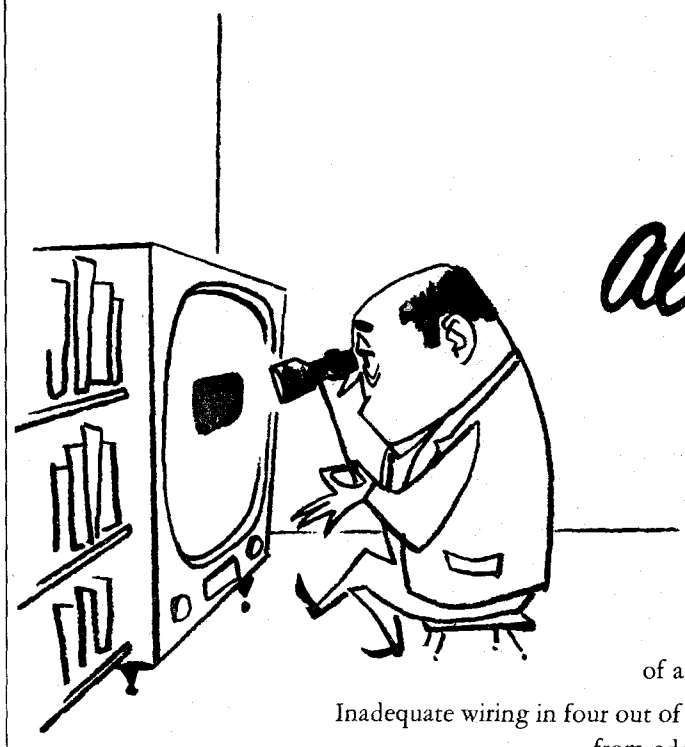
"With the Truman albatross off his neck, Stevenson stands a much better chance than he did in 1952," one politician said. "The fact that Ike has lost a lot of his glamour will help him too. But he's no shoo-in, as of now, by any manner of means."

In the last analysis, though, Virginia observers say, the issue hinges on Sen. Harry Byrd, a Democrat more conservative in his views than the late Sen. Robert Taft. If Byrd should withhold his blessing from Stevenson, as he did in 1952, the Republicans are in. If he gives Stevenson a pat on the head, the Democrats can win.

Tennessee, which went to Ike by a thin 2437 votes in 1952, this year can be safely counted in the Democratic column. The reasons for the switchback are various. One is that Tennessee, where public power is held in reverence by most of the people, still remembers Ike's description of TVA as "creeping socialism." Another is the fact that starry-eyed hosts who banged the drums so fervently for Eisenhower in 1952 are disillusioned in 1956. So far as Tennessee is concerned, their great crusade was a fiasco. As soon as election was over, control of the party, and of patronage, was seized by the Old Guard Taft-type Republicans led by Rep. B. Carroll Reece. The newcomers to the ranks, in the words of one observer, have been "kicked around, booted out and denied both recognition and access to the feed trough."

Another helpful factor is the presence on the ticket of Sen. Estes Kefauver, a native, if not particularly a favorite, son. Even to those Tennesseans who dislike him, he is still preferable to Mr. Nixon, whose anti-TVA views are anathema in Tennessee. The nominees will also have the strong support of Sen. Albert Gore, and the vocal, if insincere, blessing of Gov. Frank Clement, who at the convention nursed the forlorn hope that his keynote speech would catapult him to a place on the ticket.

Throughout the remaining Southern states, the big question is not whether they will go Republican, but whether or not some chance remark by the Democratic nominees will send them bellowing off into the political swamps behind a third-party candidate. As noted above, this possibility seems remote. Alabama, which



all joking aside

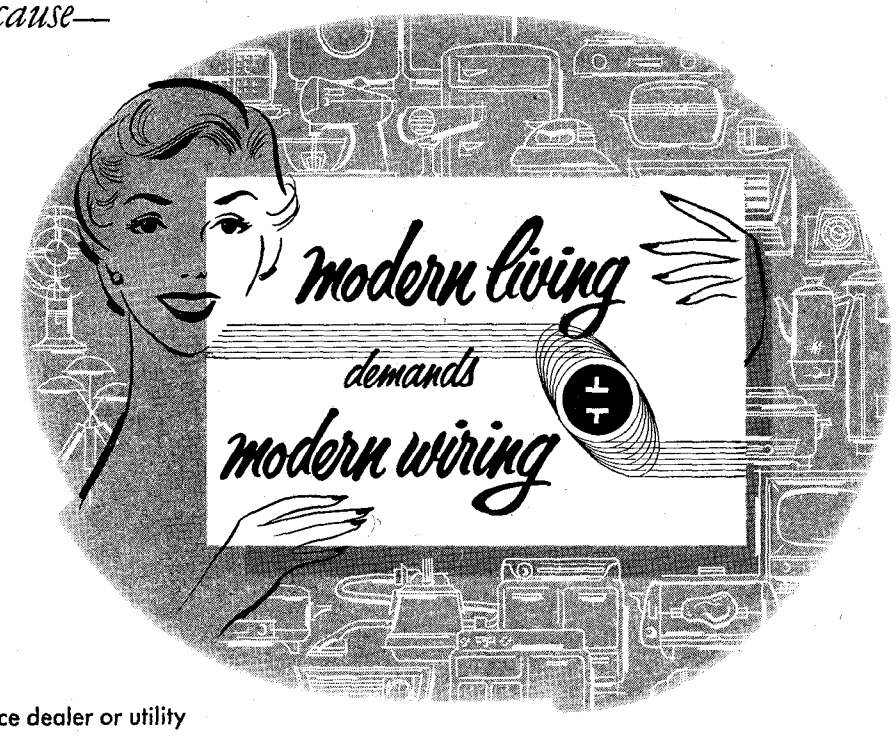
What he *needs* is more
HOUSEPOWER. Shrinking TV pictures . . .
frequent blackouts . . . octopus tangles . . .
slow-heating appliances
which mean overheated wires—all are signs
of an outdated electrical system.

Inadequate wiring in four out of five homes today—even many new homes—keeps people
from adding electrical equipment they need and want.
Most of them can't fully enjoy even the appliances they already have.

Don't let lack of wiring spoil your home life. Often, just a
little more wiring is all that's needed. In any case, you can
easily bring your home's wiring up to date. Modern wiring
is moderate in cost and there's no muss or inconvenience.

You actually owe *Modern Wiring* to yourself and your family—

because—



Your electrical
contractor, appliance dealer or utility
can help you. Or write:

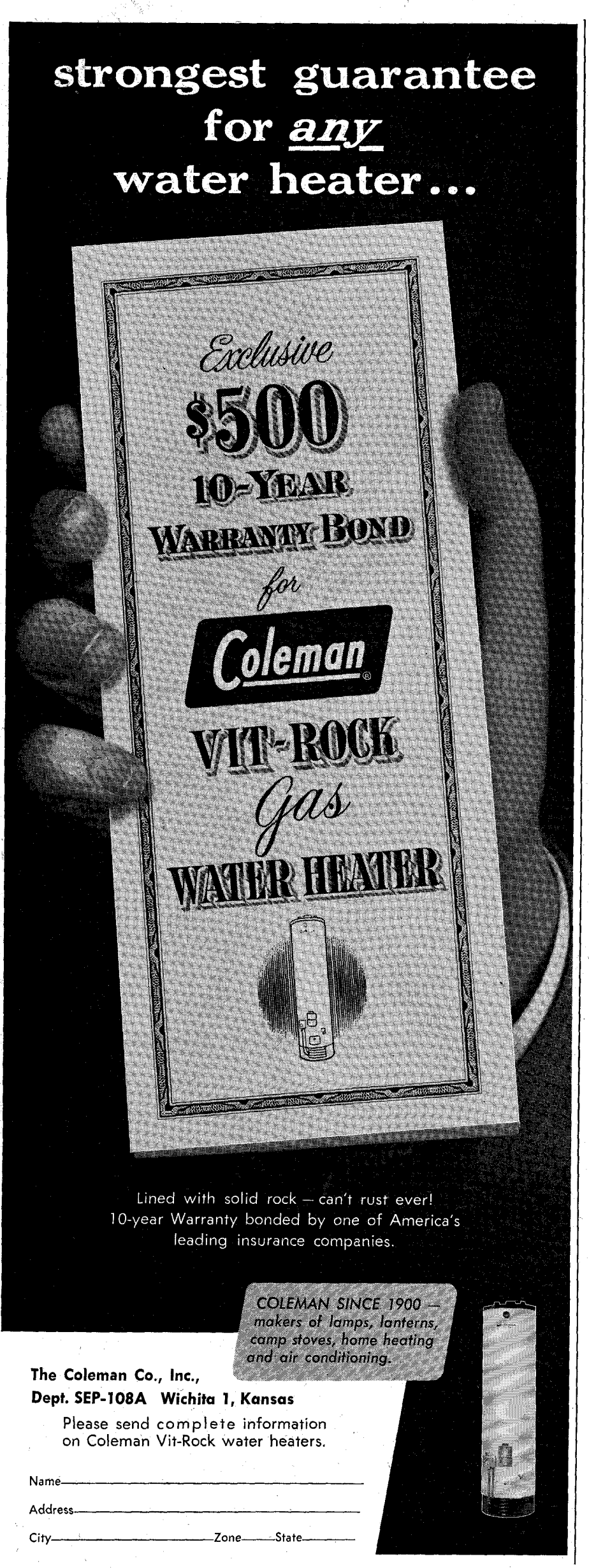
ADEQUATE WIRING SERVES AND SAVES

NATIONAL ADEQUATE WIRING BUREAU
A Non-Profit Educational Organization
155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT '56-the year to FIX

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



has not voted Republican since 1872, won't do so this year, and Ike is not expected to run as well as he did in 1952, when Stevenson won by 125,000 votes. Nor is a strong third party likely to arise, "Unless," as one observer expressed it, "Stevenson announces he's going to appoint Autherine Lucy his women's campaign manager." No real third party has emerged so far, and the newly elected Democratic National Committeeman, a fervent White Citizens Councilor and author of Alabama's interposition, or nullification, resolution, has argued against such a movement.

In Georgia, the picture is much the same. So long as Mr. Stevenson remains moderate in his statements on the school-mixing issue, the state, which has never bolted the party in its history, will go along with him as it did in 1952.

In Arkansas, a hard core of vociferous States' Righters will plump for a third-party ticket, observers say, but with the governor and most state officials working for Stevenson, the state will go Democratic, as usual.

In Mississippi, at first, there was a great deal of angry muttering about the presence of Kefauver on the ticket, and threats of bolting to a third party filled the air. Then, somehow, the word got around that, after all, he won his place in a fair and open fight, and it would serve no good purpose to desert the party on his account. When both Governor Coleman and Senator Eastland came out for the ticket, that sewed it up. Mississippi is expected to give Stevenson an even greater majority than in 1952, when he triumphed by nearly 60,000 votes.

Louisiana, which was touch-and-go in '52, with then-Gov. Robert F. Kennon leading the crusade for Ike, this year seems to be safely in the Democratic ranks, with Gov. Earl Long fervently beating the drums for Stevenson. Death of the tidelands issue works to the advantage of the Democrats there, the States' Rights group has shown little sign of strength, the state as a whole was pleased with Stevenson's nomination, felt the civil-rights plank was "acceptable under the circumstances," and is not greatly upset about Kefauver, taking comfort in his proven qualities as a vote getter among the farmers of the Midwest. In '52 Ike came within 39,000 votes of winning. All signs indicate he will finish farther back this time.

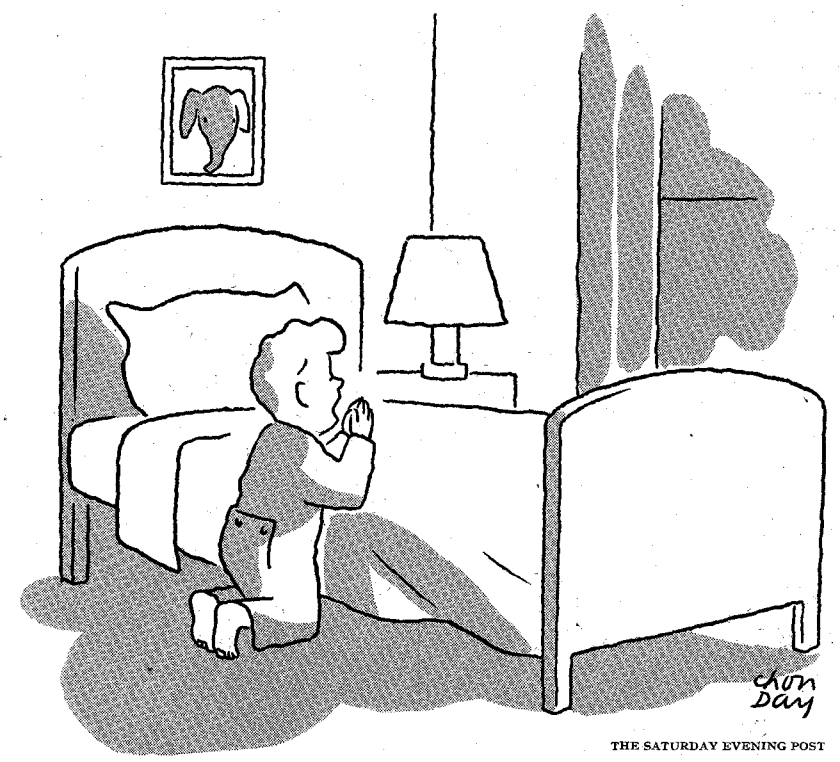
North Carolina, too, barring sudden upheavals now unforeseen, can be counted on to go down the line for the ticket. There is no powerful sentiment against Kefauver there, and Stevenson, in a sense, is looked upon as a favorite son. His sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives, has a home there, and the nominee is a frequent visitor. North Carolina, in fact, seconded his nomination at Chicago, as sixty-four years ago it seconded his grandfather's nomination for Vice-President when he went on the ticket with Grover Cleveland. He carried the state in '52 by 94,000 votes. He is equally well liked today.

In the first weeks after the convention, the South looked warily toward South Carolina, expecting some great explosion there with States' Rights imams preaching a holy war which might sweep the region from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. The revolt took place, but not with its expected violence. When the recessed state Democratic convention reconvened to ponder the results of the Chicago meeting, it thunderously denounced the Republicans and all their works, came out stanchly for the Democratic nominees, and beat down an effort to put unpledged electors on the ballot.

"There's no use quitting the church," one Gamecock orator argued, "just because you don't like the preacher."

Angry dissidents, unimpressed by this argument, led by a son of the once-famed Sen. "Cotton Ed" Smith, immediately formed a "South Carolinians for Independent Electors" group and set out to get the 10,000 names needed to put an independent slate on the ballot. The splinter movement showed little of the strength, however, which in 1948 carried the state for Strom Thurmond and, in 1952, almost gave it to Eisenhower. Gov. George Bell Timmerman gave it no support, and its White Citizens Council leaders lacked the stature of James Byrnes, who led the revolt against the party in 1952. Both Byrnes and Thurmond signed the petition, but this time they did not give their all to the rebels.

With the South Carolina convention ending not with a bang, but a sputter, the Democratic high command breathed a little easier. With the exception of the three doubtful outposts—Texas, Virginia and Florida—for the first time since 1944 the party's inner citadel, the Deep South, seemed safe against all invaders. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . God bless sister, God bless mommy, God help daddy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 43)

of the same hand and brought up the hammer in his free hand. Fifteen seconds later he was standing on the ledge.

Working quickly and surely, catlike in his balance on the slippery, shelving rock, he hammered a spike into the face of the cliff, securely and at a downward angle, about three feet above the ledge, dropped a clove hitch over the top and kicked the rest of the coil over the ledge. Then, and only then, he turned round and looked below him.

Less than a minute had passed since the caïque had struck, but already she was a broken-masted, splintered shambles, sides caving in and visibly disintegrating as he watched. Three men were standing by what was left of the wheelhouse. Three men—suddenly he realized

... ...

Leap-Year Lyric

By R. H. Grenville

Love, to him, was a gaudy ribbon,
A feather to stick in the band of his hat;
A charming adornment, a gay little gimmick,
But nothing more serious than that.

Love, to her, was a hearth fire blazing—
A beacon brighter than any torch.
It was "His" and "Hers" on the bathroom towels
And a bassinet on a sheltered porch.

And how did it all work out, you wonder?
Did their idyl end like a sad, sweet book?
The bride wore a beautiful, bouffant gown:
The bridegroom, a slightly bewildered look.

... ...

that Casey Brown was missing; realized, too, that the engine was still running, its clamor rising and falling, then rising again, at irregular intervals. Brown was edging the caïque backward and forward along the cliff, keeping her as nearly as humanly possible in the same position, for he knew their lives depended on Mallory—and on himself.

"The fool!" Mallory swore. "The crazy fool!"

The caïque surged back in a receding trough, steadied; then swept in against the cliff again, heeling over so wildly that the roof of the wheelhouse smashed and telescoped against the wall of the cliff.

"Come on, for God's sake!" Mallory shouted desperately. "She'll be gone in a minute! The rope—use the rope!"

A tremendous boost from below by Andrea, Mallory's long arm reaching out, and Stevens was on the ledge, sitting with his back to the cliff and hanging on to the spike, dazed still and shaking a muzzy head, but safe.

"You're next, Miller!" Mallory called. "Hurry up, man! Jump for it!"

"Just a minute, boss!" he bawled. "I've forgotten my toothbrush!"

He reappeared in a few seconds, but without the toothbrush. He was carrying the big green box of explosives, and before Mallory had appreciated what was happening, the box, all fifty pounds of it, was curving up into the air, upthrust by the Greek's tireless arms. Automatically, Mallory's hands reached for and caught it. He overbalanced, stumbled and toppled forward, still clutching the box; then brought up with a jerk. Stevens, still clutching the spike, was on his feet now, free hand hooked in Mallory's belt; he was shivering violently, with cold and exhaustion and an oddly fear-laced excitement. But, like Mallory, he was a hillman at home again.

Within thirty seconds, with all five men working furiously, the remainder of the equipment was on the ledge. The caïque was down by the stern, the poop deck covered and water pouring down the engine-room hatchway as Brown struggled up the rope, the fo'c'sle awash as Miller grabbed the rope and started after him, and as Andrea reached up and swung in against the cliff his legs dangled over an empty sea. The caïque had foundered, completely gone from sight.

The ledge was narrow, not three feet wide at its broadest, tapering off into the gloom on either side. Worse still, apart from the few square feet where Stevens had piled the gear, it shelved sharply outward, the rock underfoot treacherous and slippery. Backs to the wall, Andrea and Miller had to stand on their heels, hands outspread and palms inward against the cliff, pressing in to it as closely as possible to maintain their balance. But in less than a minute Mallory had another two spikes hammered in about twenty inches above the ledge, ten feet apart and joined with a rope, a secure lifeline for all.

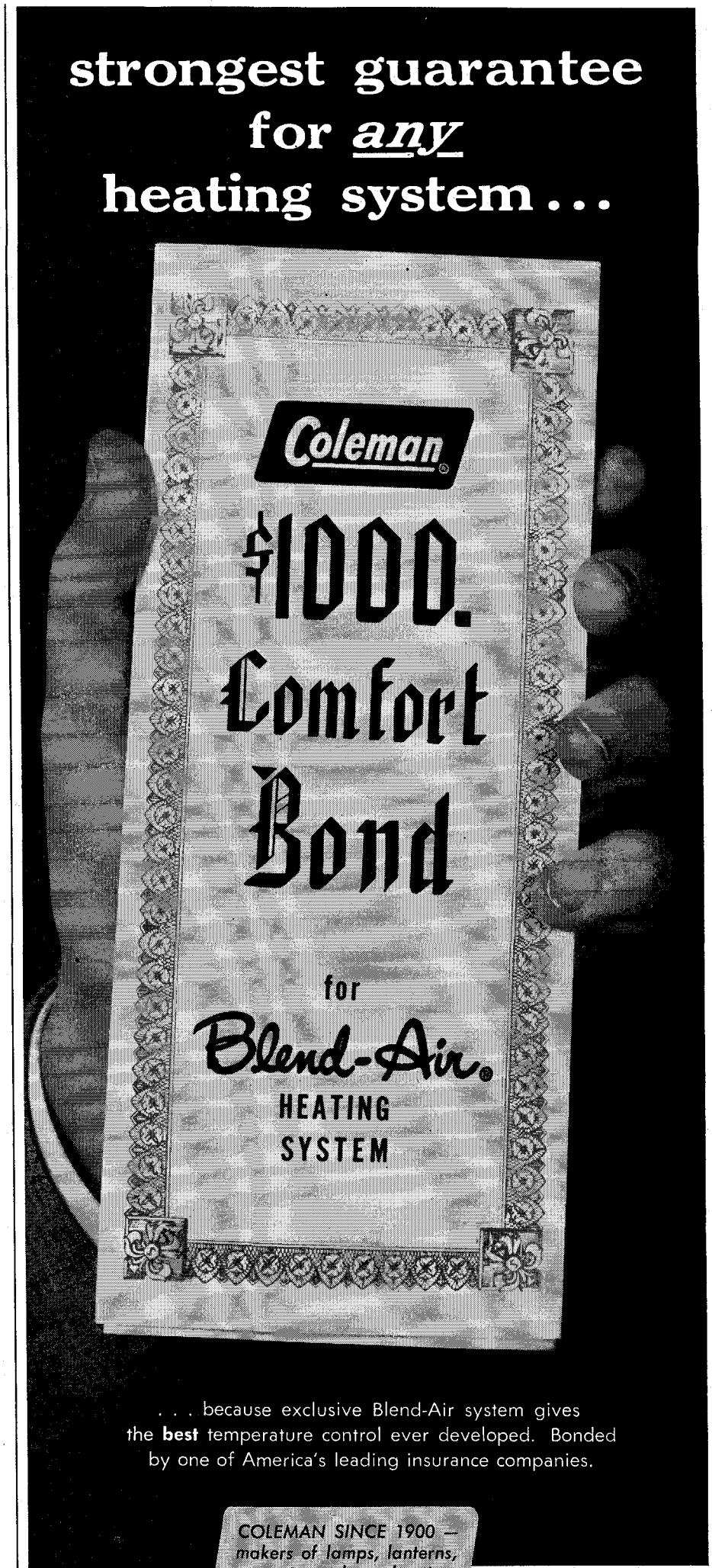
Wearily Miller slid down to a sitting position, leaned his chest in heartfelt thankfulness against the safe barrier of the rope. He was still ashen-faced and exhausted from long hours of labor and seasickness, but when he spoke, it was with a voice of utter sincerity.

"My heaven!" he said reverently. "Ain't this wonderful!"

Ninety minutes later, Mallory wedged himself into a natural rock chimney on the cliff face, drove in a spike beneath his feet and tried to rest his aching, exhausted body. *Two minutes' rest*, he told himself, *only two minutes while Andrea comes up.* The rope was quivering and he could just hear, above the shrieking of the wind that fought to pluck him off the cliff face, the metallic scraping as Andrea's boots struggled for a foothold on that wicked overhang immediately beneath him. He would have to tell Andrea to be more careful on the remaining twenty feet or so that separated them from the top.

At least, Mallory thought wryly, no one would have to tell him to be quiet. He couldn't have made any noise with his feet if he'd tried—not with only a pair of torn socks as cover for his bruised and bleeding feet. He'd hardly covered the first twenty feet of the climb when he'd discovered that his climbing boots were quite useless, and had removed them with great difficulty, tied them to his belt by the laces—and lost them, had them torn off, when forcing his way under a projecting spur of rock.

The climb itself had been a nightmare, a brutal gasping agony of hanging on by finger tips and toes, of driving in a hundred spikes, of securing ropes, then inching on again up into the darkness. It was a climb such as he had not ever made before, such as he knew he would not ever make again.



. . . because exclusive Blend-Air system gives the **best** temperature control ever developed. Bonded by one of America's leading insurance companies.

COLEMAN SINCE 1900 — *makers of lamps, lanterns, camp stoves, home heating and air conditioning.*

The Coleman Co., Inc.,
Dept. SEP-108 Wichita 1, Kansas
Please send complete information on Coleman Blend-Air Heating and Cooling.
I use ☐ Gas, ☐ Oil.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State_____

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO ...ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...makes every cut and packs a lot of power"

"I like an electric saw that makes every cut on any building job and packs a lot of power. That's why I like my new Stanley 6½" Builders Saw. And I found it easier to use. If you want a competitively priced electric saw that's really powerful and easy to use, you can't do better than this Stanley H68."

A 6½" Heavy Duty Builders Saw

$64.95

This is a heavy duty saw, and like all Stanley saws, it is completely ball bearing and powered by a Stanley motor . . . made to deliver full power at the blade. The exclusive Stanley "Motor-Saver" drive protects and preserves this power against the shock from sudden impact should blade strike nails or other foreign objects.

Stanley saws are designed for easy use. The saw has balance in all cutting positions . . . this one cuts a 2 x 4 at 45° and the handle permits a firm grip however you hold it. And the exclusive Stanley "Free-Start" Guard never sticks at any angle of cut . . . always give maximum blade coverage.

H668 Kit $80.95

"and the case is perfect"

"And one more thing; the way to buy this saw is in the saw kit. You get an extra blade, a ripping gauge, grease and a wrench, and the case is perfect."

Ask your dealer about Stanley H68 and H668. He has them or can get them for you. For free illustrated catalog describing the complete line of Stanley saws, saw kits, accessories and other electric tools, write Stanley Electric Tools, Division of The Stanley Works, 719 Myrtle St., New Britain, Conn. Ask for Catalog 400.

STANLEY

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

Hand over hand up the rope, easily, powerfully, Andrea hauled himself over the smoothly swelling convexity of the overhang, legs dangling in mid-air. He was festooned with heavy coils of rope, girdled with spikes that protruded from his belt at every angle. Quickly he hauled himself up beside Mallory, wedged himself in the chimney and mopped his sweating forehead. As always, he was grinning hugely.

Mallory looked at him, smiled back. Andrea, he reflected, had no right to be there. It was Stevens' place, but Stevens had still been suffering from shock, had lost much blood; besides, it required a first-class climber to bring up the gear, to coil up the ropes as he came and to remove the spikes—there must be no trace left of the ascent. So Mallory had told him, and Stevens had reluctantly agreed, although the hurt in his face had been easy to see.

Mallory gestured at the rock chimney.

"Thirty feet, Andrea," he said softly. His breath was still coming in painful gasps. "It'll be no bother; it's fissured on my side and the chances are that it goes up to the top."

Andrea looked up the chimney speculatively and nodded in silence.

"Better with your boots off," Mallory went on. "And any spikes we use we'll work in by hand. No noise."

"Even on a night like this—high winds and rain, cold and black as a pig's insides—and on a cliff like this." There was neither doubt nor question in Andrea's voice; rather it was acquiescence, unspoken confirmation of an unspoken thought.

Mallory nodded, waited while Andrea worked home a spike, looped his ropes over it and secured what was left of the long ball of twine that stretched four hundred feet below to the ledge where the others waited. Andrea then removed boots and spikes, fastened them to the ropes, eased the slender, double-edged throwing knife in its leather shoulder scabbard, looked across at Mallory and nodded in turn.

The first ten feet were easy. Palms and back against one side of the chimney and stocking-soled feet against the other, Mallory jackknifed his way upward until the widening sheer of the walls defeated him. Legs braced against the far wall, he worked in a spike as far up as he could reach, grasped it with both hands, dropped his legs across and found a toehold in the crevice. Two minutes later his hand hooked over the crumbling edge of the precipice.

Noiselessly and with an infinite caution he fingered aside earth and grass and tiny pebbles until his hands were locked on the solid rock itself, bent his knee to seek lodgment for the final toehold; then eased a wary head above the cliff top, a movement imperceptible in its slow-motion, millimetric stealth.

The darkness below the high horizon of the lifting hills beyond was just one degree less than absolute; shapes and angles, heights and depressions were resolving themselves in nebulous silhouette, contours and shadowy profiles emerging reluctantly from the darkness, a darkness suddenly no longer vague and unfamiliar, but disturbingly reminiscent in what it revealed, clamoring for recognition. And then abruptly, almost with a sense of shock, Mallory had it. The cliff top before his eyes was exactly as Monsieur Vlachos had drawn and described it—the narrow, bare strip of ground running parallel to the cliff, the jumble of huge boulders behind them, and then, beyond these, the steep scree-strewn lower slopes of the mountains. The first break they'd had yet, Mallory thought exultantly, but what a break! The sketchiest navigation, but the most incredible luck, right bang on the nose of the target—the highest point of the highest, most precipitous cliffs in Navarone—the one place where the Germans never mounted a guard because the climb was impossible. Mallory felt the relief, the high elation wash through him in waves. Jubilantly he straightened his leg, hoisted himself halfway over the edge, arms straight, palms down on the top of the cliff. And then he froze into immobility, his heart thudding painfully in his throat.

One of the boulders had moved. Seven, maybe eight yards away, a shadow had gradually straightened, detached itself stealthily from the surrounding rock, was advancing slowly toward the edge of the cliff. And then the shadow was no longer "it." There could be no mistake now—the long jack boots, the long greatcoat beneath the waterproof cape, the close-fitting helmet were all too familiar.

Gradually, every movement as smooth and controlled as possible, every soft and soundless breath a silent prayer, Mallory slipped back over the edge of the cliff. Still the guard advanced, making for a point about five yards to Mallory's left, but still he looked away, his ear turned into the wind. And then Mallory was down, only his finger tips over the top, and Andrea's great bulk was beside him, his mouth to his ear.

"What is it? Somebody there?"

"A sentry," Mallory whispered back. His arms were beginning to ache from the strain. "He's heard something and he's looking for us."

Suddenly he shrank away from Andrea, pressed himself as closely as possible to the face of the cliff, was vaguely aware of Andrea doing the same thing. A beam of light, hurtful and dazzling to eyes so long accustomed to the dark, had suddenly stabbed out at an angle over the edge of the cliff, was moving slowly along toward them. The German had his torch out and was methodically examining the rim of the cliff. From the angle of the beam, Mallory judged that he was walking along about a couple of feet from the edge. Slowly, inexorably, the beam approached. Even at that slant, it was bound to catch them. With a sudden sick certainty Mallory realized that the German wasn't just suspicious; he knew there was someone there, and he wouldn't stop looking until he found them. And there was nothing they could do, just nothing at all. Then Andrea's head was close to his again.

"A stone," Andrea whispered. "Over there, behind him."

Cautiously at first, then frantically, Mallory pawed the cliff top with his right hand. Earth, only earth, grass roots and tiny pebbles—there was nothing even half the size of a marble. And then Andrea was thrusting something against him and his hand closed over the metallic smoothness of a spike; even in that moment of desperate urgency, with the slender, searching beam only feet away, Mallory was conscious of a sudden brief anger with himself—he had still a couple of spikes stuck in his belt and had forgotten all about them.

His arm swung back, jerked convulsively forward and sent the spike spinning away into the darkness. The metallic clatter of the spike striking a boulder fell upon his ear like a benison. The beam wavered for a second, stabbed out aimlessly into the darkness and then whipped round, probing into the boulders to the left. And then the sentry was running away from them, slipping and stumbling in his haste. He'd gone less than ten yards when Andrea was over the top of the cliff like a great black cat and was padding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

noiselessly across the ground to the shelter of the nearest boulder. Wraithlike, he flitted in behind it and was gone, a shadow lost among shadows.

The sentry was about twenty yards away now, the beam of his torch darting fearfully from boulder to boulder, when Andrea struck the haft of his knife against a rock, twice. The sentry whirled round, torch shining along the line of the boulders; then started to run clumsily back again, the skirts of the greatcoat fluttering grotesquely in the wind. Slowly, gauging his time and distance, Mallory raised his head.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help me! I'm falling!"

The soldier checked in midstride and spun round, less than five feet from the rock that hid Andrea. For a second the beam of his torch waved wildly around, then settled on Mallory's head. For another moment he stood stock-still; then the carbine in his right hand swung up, and the left hand was reaching down for the barrel. Then he grunted once, a violent and convulsive exhalation of breath, and the thud of the hilt of Andrea's knife striking home against the ribs carried clearly to Mallory's ears, even against the wind.

Mallory stared down at the dead man, at Andrea's impassive face as he wiped the blade of his knife on the greatcoat, rose slowly to his feet, sighed and slid the knife back into its scabbard.

"So, my Keith!" Andrea reserved the unctilious "captain" for company only. This is why our young lieutenant eats his heart out down below!"

"That is why," Mallory acknowledged. "I knew it—or I almost knew it. So did you. Too many coincidences—the German caïque investigating, and now this." Mallory swore, softly and bitterly. "There's been a leak somewhere. How else could they have known that we were to land here?" Mallory paused, dismissed the thought and caught Andrea by the arm. "The Germans are thorough. Even though they must know it's almost an impossibility to land on a night like this, they'll have a dozen sentries scattered along the cliffs." Unconsciously Mallory had lowered his voice. "But they wouldn't depend on one man to cope with five. Or——"

"Signals," Andrea finished for him. "Perhaps flares."

"No, not that," Mallory disagreed. "Give their position away. Telephone. It has to be that. Remember how they were in Crete—miles of field-telephone wire all over the shop?"

Andrea nodded, picked up the dead man's torch, hooded it in his huge hand and started searching. He returned in less than a minute.

"Telephone, it is," he announced softly. "Over there, under the rocks."

"Nothing we can do about it," Mallory said. "If it does ring, I can't answer because they've probably got a password. It would be just like them." He turned away, stopped suddenly. "But someone's got to come sometime—a relief, sergeant of the guard, something like that. Probably he's supposed to make an hourly report. Someone's bound to come—and come soon. Andrea, we'll have to make it fast!"

"And this poor devil?" Andrea gestured to the huddled shadow at his feet.

"Over the side with him." Mallory grimaced in distaste. "Won't make any difference to him now, and we can't leave any traces. The odds are they'll think he's gone over the edge—this topsoil's crumbly and treacherous. You might see if he's any papers on him; never know how useful they might be."

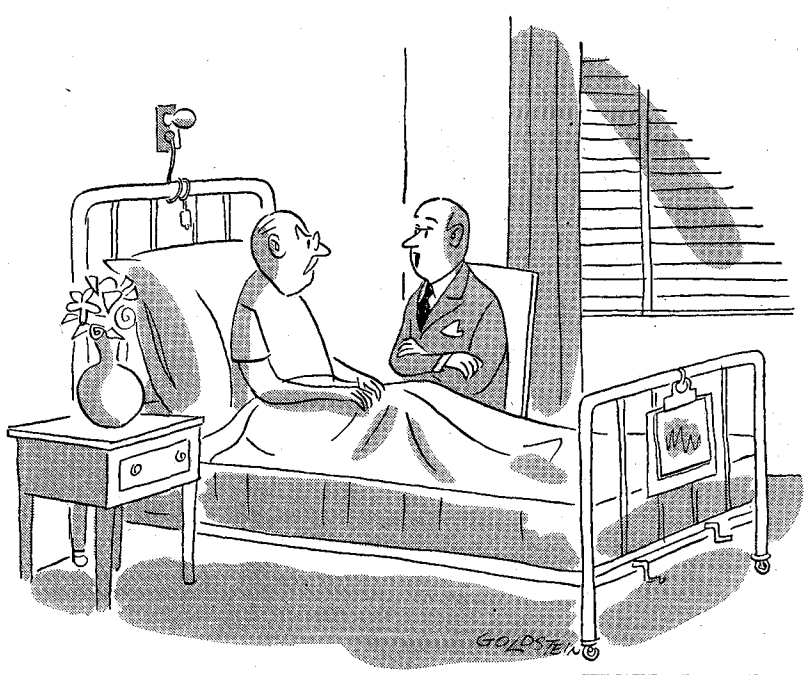
"Not half as useful as these boots on his feet." Andrea waved a large hand toward the scree-strewn slopes. "You are not going to walk very far there in your stocking soles."

Five minutes later Mallory tugged three times on the string that stretched down into the darkness below. Three answering tugs came from the ledge, and then the cord vanished rapidly down over the edge of the overhang, drawing with it the long, steel-cored rope that Mallory payed out from the coil on the top of the cliff.

The box of explosives was the first of the gear to come up. In less than three minutes the ammunition box lay beside him on the cliff top; five minutes later the firing generator, guns and pistols, wrapped in sleeping bags, and their lightweight, reversible tent, white on one side, brown-and-green camouflage on the other, lay beside the explosives.

A third time the rope went down into the rain and the darkness, a third time the tireless Andrea hauled it in, hand over hand. Mallory was behind him, coiling in the slack of the rope, when he heard Andrea's sudden exclamation. Two quick strides and he was at the edge of the cliff, his hand on the big Greek's arm.

"What's up, Andrea? Why have you stopped?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Everything at the office is proceeding as if you were there, sir—we're losing our shirts."

This easy-to-clean rubber tile is available in 26 decorator colors.

"I've improved my home with the one rubber tile that

CLEANS AS EASILY AS A CHINA PLATE

B.F.Goodrich rubber floor tile!"

Right now at your floor covering dealer's is the *one* rubber tile that's *porcelain-smooth* — free of dirt-catching pores. It's B. F. Goodrich rubber tile. Touch it. *Feel* it. Feel the difference it makes in ease of cleaning. The dirt glides right off it! Only B. F. Goodrich has the "*super-density*" that makes this possible . . . plus all the comfort, quiet and beauty of luxurious rubber flooring. Why wait? It costs only $39 for enough tile to cover an 8′ x 10′ room. What's more, you can have *any* B. F. Goodrich flooring on an FHA or VA loan.

OPERATION '56 — the year to FIX HOME IMPROVEMENT

"Agatine" Tile • Koroseal Tile • Asphalt Tile • Rubber Cove Base

B.F.Goodrich

B. F. Goodrich Co., Dept. SP-5, Flooring Division, Watertown 72, Mass.
Please send me, without obligation, folder showing all the colors of your rubber tile.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

©1956, The B. F. Goodrich Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save on heating . . . be more comfortable

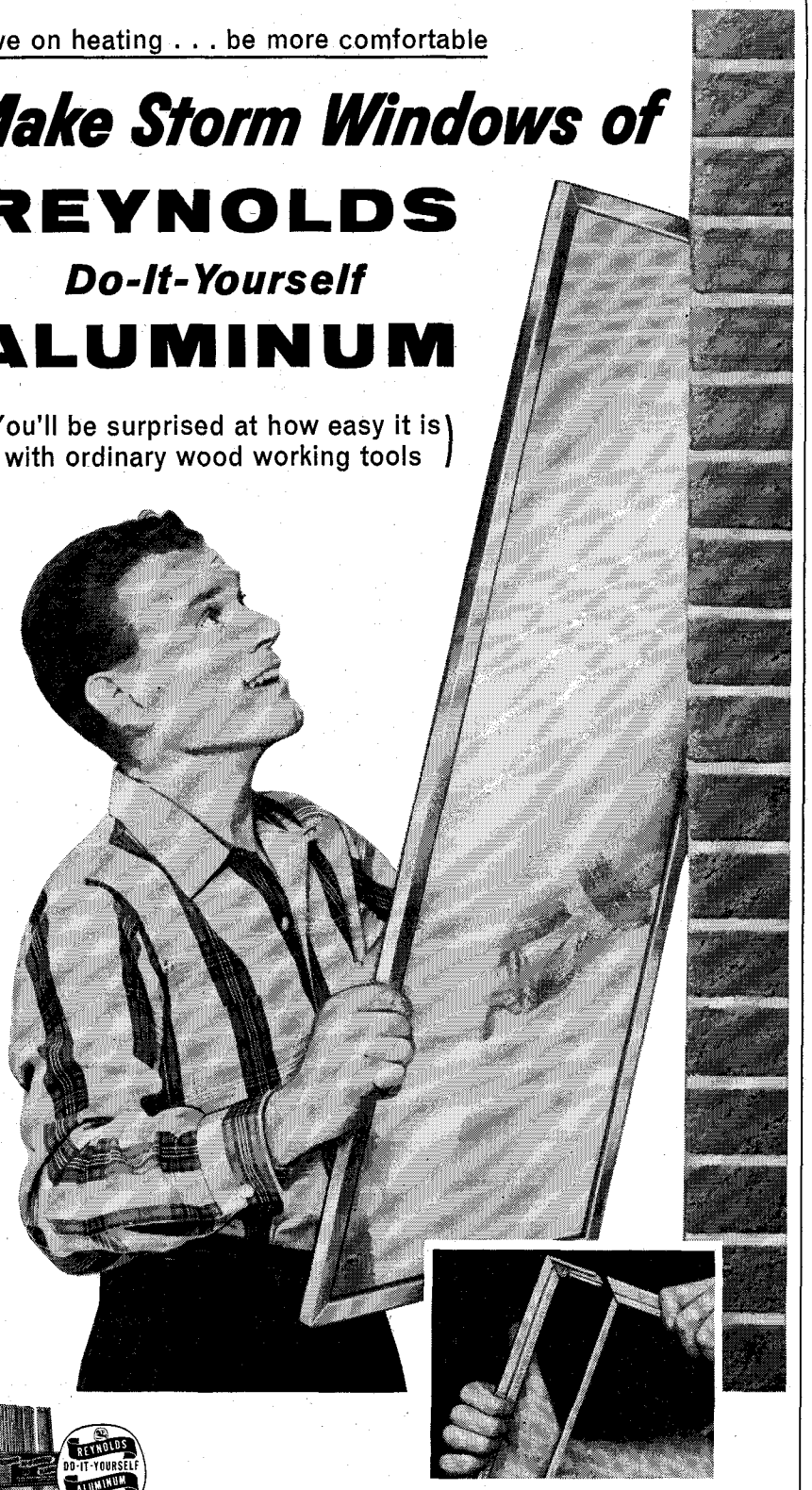
Make Storm Windows of

REYNOLDS

Do-It-Yourself

ALUMINUM

(You'll be surprised at how easy it is with ordinary wood working tools)



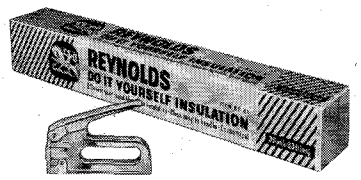
Storm windows of light, strong, rustproof Reynolds Aluminum can be yours this year. They'll never need paint, never warp or rot, last a lifetime. And you'll save by making them yourself—especially if your home has windows of several sizes.

Reynolds Do-It-Yourself Aluminum storm windows match perfectly with interchangeable Do-It-Yourself screen frames. You can make storm windows and *replace just the lower half* with screens in the Spring.

Your hardware or lumber dealer has everything you'll need —aluminum frame sections, hangers and fasteners plus complete *Free* instructions. Make your storm windows now and save a substantial part of their cost on this year's fuel bill.

Call Western Union Operator 25 for name of the Reynolds Do-It-Yourself Aluminum dealer nearest you.

INSULATE WITH ALUMINUM, TOO! Reynolds Do-It-Yourself Aluminum Reflective Insulation is pure aluminum foil bonded to both sides of kraft paper. It reflects up to 95% of the sun's radiant heat in summer, helps conserve fuel in the heating season. No other material more effectively seals out moisture and vapor. And aluminum adds flame resistance. When applied to your attic or unfinished walls with an Arrow staple gun Reynolds Aluminum Reflective Insulation is as easy to use as Reynolds Wrap.



REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY, 2499 SOUTH THIRD ST., LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

Makers of Reynolds Wrap—"All America's First Choice"

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

He broke off, peered through the gloom at the rope in Andrea's hand, saw that it was being held only between finger and thumb. Twice Andrea jerked the rope up a foot or two, let it fall again; the weightless rope swayed wildly in the wind.

"Gone?" Mallory asked quietly.

Andrea nodded. "Somebody tied a knot." Just for a moment the giant's voice sounded tired. "They didn't tie it too well."

Mallory made to speak, then flung up an instinctive arm as a great, forked tongue of flame streaked between the cliff top and unseen clouds above. "My heaven," Mallory murmured. "That was close. We'd better make it fast, Andrea; this cliff is liable to be lit up like a fairground any minute. What was in that last load you were bringing up?"

"The food," Andrea said gently. "All the food, the stove, the fuel and the compasses."

For five, perhaps ten seconds, Mallory stood motionless. And then Andrea's great hand was on his shoulder, and he was laughing softly.

"Just so much less to carry, my Keith. Think how grateful our tired friend, Corporal Miller, is going to be. This is only a little thing."

"Yes," Mallory said. "Yes, of course. A little thing." He turned abruptly, tugged the cord, watched the rope disappear over the edge.

Fifteen minutes later, in drenching, torrential rain, Casey Brown's bedraggled head came into view over the cliff edge. He was expressing himself fluently in basic Anglo-Saxon, and with cause. He had had the assistance of two ropes on the way up—the one stretched from spike to spike and the one used for raising supplies, which Andrea had kept pulling in as he made the ascent. Casey Brown had secured the end of this round his waist with a bowline, but the bowline had proved to be nothing of the sort, but a slipknot, and Andrea's enthusiastic help had almost cut him in half. He was still sitting on the cliff top, exhausted head between his knees, the radio still strapped to his back, when two tugs on Andrea's rope announced that Dusty Miller was on his way up.

Another quarter of an hour elapsed, an interminable fifteen minutes when, in the lulls between the thunderclaps, every slightest sound was an approaching enemy patrol, before Miller materialized slowly out of the darkness, halfway down the rock chimney. He was climbing steadily and methodically, then checked abruptly at the cliff top, groping hands pawing uncertainly on the topsoil of the cliff. Puzzled, Mallory bent down, peered into the lean face; both the eyes were clamped tightly shut.

"Relax, corporal." Mallory advised kindly. "You have arrived."

Dusty Miller slowly opened his eyes, peered round at the edge of the cliff, shuddered and crawled quickly on hands and knees to the shelter of the nearest boulders. Mallory followed and looked down at him curiously.

"What was the idea of closing your eyes?"

"It's like I told you, boss," Miller complained, "back in Castelrosso. When I cross a street and step up onto the sidewalk I gotta hang on to the nearest lamppost. Oh, brother! Was I scared!"

The sharp, high-pitched, call-up buzz of the telephone cut abruptly through the darkness on the cliff top. And then it buzzed again and kept on buzzing, peremptory in its harsh insistence.

"They will keep on ringing until they get an answer," Andrea murmured. "And when they get no answer, they will come. They will come quickly and soon."

"I know, I know." Mallory shrugged. "We have to take that chance—certainty rather. The question is: how long will it be before anyone turns up?" Instinctively he looked both ways along the windswept cliff top; Miller and Brown were posted one on either side about fifty yards away, lost in the darkness.

"I hope not before Stevens gets here," Andrea said. "He should be up in two or three minutes." He paused; then went on quietly, "But they are going to come running." The phone stopped ringing as suddenly as it had started. "They are going to come now."

"I know. I hope Stevens ——" Mallory broke off, spun on his heel and said over his shoulder, "Keep your eye open for him, will you? I'll warn the others we're expecting company."

Mallory moved quickly along the cliff top, keeping well away from the edge. He hobbled rather than walked—the sentry's boots were too small for him and chafed his toes cruelly. He stopped abruptly as something hard and metallic pushed into the small of his back.

"Surrender or die!" The drawling, nasal voice was positively cheerful; after what he had been through on the caïque and the cliff face, just to set feet on solid ground again was heaven enough for Dusty Miller.

"Very funny," Mallory growled. "Very funny indeed." He looked curiously at Miller. The American had removed his oilskin cape—the rain had ceased as abruptly as it had come—to reveal a jacket and braided waistcoat even more sodden and saturated than his trousers. It didn't make sense. But there was no time for questions.

"Did you hear the phone ringing just now?" he asked.

"Was that what it was? Yeah, I heard it."

"The sentry's phone. His hourly report, or whatever it was, must have been overdue. We didn't answer it. They'll be hot-footing along any minute now, suspicious and looking for trouble. Maybe your side, maybe Brown's. So keep your eyes skinned."

"I'll do that, boss. No shootin', huh?"

"No shooting. Just get back as quickly and quietly as you can and let us know. Come back in five minutes anyway."

Mallory hurried away, retracing his steps. Andrea was stretched full length on the cliff top, peering over the edge. He twisted his head round as Mallory approached.

"I can hear him. He's just at the overhang."

"Good." Mallory moved on without breaking step. "Tell him to hurry, please."

Ten yards farther on, Mallory checked, peered into the gloom ahead. Somebody was coming along the cliff top at a dead run, stumbling and slipping on the loose gravelly soil.

"Brown?" Mallory called softly.

"Yes, sir. Somebody's coming, and coming fast!"

"How many?" Mallory asked quickly.

"Four or five at least." Brown was still gasping for breath. "Maybe more—four or five torches, anyway."

"How far away?"

"Hundred yards—not more than a hundred and fifty."

"Go and get Miller. Tell him to get back here fast."

Mallory ran back along the cliff edge and knelt beside the huge length of Andrea.

"They're coming, Andrea," he said quickly. "From the left. At least five, probably more. Two minutes at the most. Where's Stevens? Can you see him?"

"I can see him." Andrea was magnificently unperturbed. "He is just past the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overhang ——" The rest of his words were lost, drowned in a sudden, violent thunderclap, but there was no need for more. Mallory could see Stevens now, climbing up the rope, strangely old and enfeebled in action, hand over hand in paralyzing slowness, halfway now between the overhang and the foot of the chimney.

Mallory swore. "What's the matter with him? He's going to take all day——" He checked himself, cupped his hands to his mouth. "Stevens! Stevens!" But there was no sign that Stevens had heard. He still kept climbing with the same unnatural overdeliberation, a robot in slow motion.

"He is very near the end," Andrea said quietly. "You see, he does not even lift his head. When a climber does not lift his head, he is finished." He stirred. "I will go down for him."

"No." Mallory's hand was on his shoulder. "Stay here. I can't risk you both. . . . Yes, what is it?" He was aware that Brown was back, bending over him, his breath coming in great heaving gasps.

"Hurry, sir; hurry, for God's sake!" A few brief words, but he had to suck in two huge gulps of air to get them out. "They're on top of us!"

"Get back to the rocks with Miller," Mallory said urgently. "Cover us. . . . Stevens! Stevens!" But again the wind swept up the face of the cliff and carried his words away.

"Stevens. For heaven's sake, man. Stevens." His voice was low-pitched, desperate, but this time some quality in it must have reached through Stevens' fog of exhaustion and touched his consciousness, for he stopped climbing and lifted his head, hand cupped to his ear.

"Some Germans coming!" Mallory called through funneled hands, as loudly as he dared. "Get to the foot of the chimney and stay there! Don't make a sound! Understand?"

Stevens lifted his hand, gestured in tired acknowledgment, lowered his head and started to climb up again. He was going even more slowly now, his movements fumbling and clumsy.

Mallory caught Andrea's arm. It was beginning to rain again, not heavily yet, and through the drizzle he'd caught sight of a hooded torch beam probing among the rocks thirty yards away to his left. "Over the edge with the rope," he whispered. "The spike at the bottom of the chimney will hold it. Come on; let's get out of here!"

They inched back from the edge, squirmed round and headed back for the rocks, pulling themselves along on their elbows and knees, completely exposed until they were among the rocks and safe.

In a moment Miller was beside them.

"Plenty of time, plenty of time," he whispered sarcastically. "Why didn't you wait another half hour?" He gestured to the left, where the flickering of torches, the now clearly audible murmur of guttural voices were scarcely twenty yards away. "We'd better move farther back. They're looking for him among the rocks."

"For him or for his telephone," Mallory murmured in agreement. "You're right, anyway. Watch your guns on these rocks. Take the gear with you. And if they look over and find Stevens, we'll have to take the lot. No time for fancy work and never mind the noise. Use the automatic carbines."

Andy Stevens had heard, but he had not understood. It was not that he panicked, was too terrified to understand, for he was not afraid. Fear is of the mind, but his mind had ceased to function, drugged by the last stages of exhaustion,

Dramex®

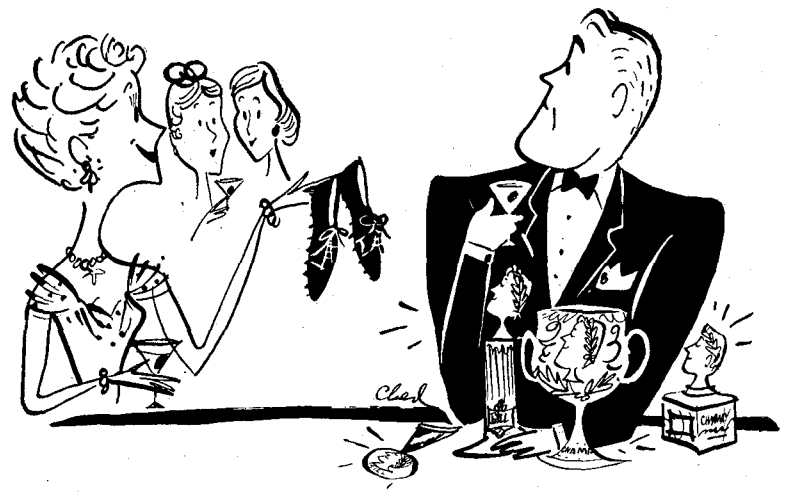
makes sad rooms into glad rooms

*TRADE MARK
© 1956 T. R. CO.

IT REPLASTERS AS IT PAINTS

Plaster cracks, blemishes quickly vanish under one decorative coat of Dramex, the miracle interior finish. No streaking . . . No dripping . . . No odor. No finer way to solve your cracked plaster problem. Choice of washable Ready Mix or economical powder form. In colors, wherever you buy paint.

THE REARDON COMPANY
ST. LOUIS • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • KEARNY, N. J.
In Canada—The Reardon Co., Ltd., Montreal, Quebec



The Perfect Squelch

Privately the girls called Bill a muscular bore and told each other they'd scream if they had to listen to another recital of his athletic achievements. Publicly they suffered in silence, just as the visiting blonde was doing at the party. She had heard all about Bill's football and baseball records, and now he was well launched into his achievements in track. Twice she made excuses and tried to detach herself. But Bill, a social porous plaster, stuck close and kept on talking.

Cornered, the girl listened with glazed eyes as he told of his successes in the dashes, the quarter mile and the half mile. "And now," he confided, leaning toward her, "I think I'll run the mile."

The girl showed sudden interest. "When," she asked, "do you start?"

W. A. Blais

When you paint

WOOD

be sure to thin the paint with Gum Turpentine

Gum Turpentine is the world's best paint thinner. When painting wood surfaces, *be sure to use or specify Gum Turpentine.* Distilled from the oleoresin of the living pine tree, Gum Turpentine has a natural affinity for wood and provides proper penetration to anchor the paint film to the surface. Preferred by professional painters because Gum Turpentine is *always dependable.* Sold wherever paint is sold. Costs less than two cents out of the paint job dollar.

American Turpentine Farmers Association
General Offices: Valdosta, Georgia

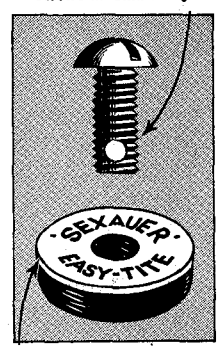
Why Your Faucets Leak

Faucet Washers fastened with TOO LONG or SHORT screws quickly work loose—cause LEAKS.

Now———NEW patented 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCK screws with the NYLON PLUG automatically "LOCK" at the required depth——— hold washer FIRMLY.

When used with NEW 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE washers—made of a SPECIAL duPont compound (instead of rubber) to withstand HOTTEST WATER and reinforced with a layer of FIBERGLAS backing to resist CLOSING SQUEEZE—they OUTLAST ordinary washers "6 to 1."

Note Nylon plug——locks screws automatically



Note Fiberglas backing——resists closing squeeze

Keep your money from going down the drain because JUST ONE PIN-HOLE LEAK can waste 8000 gal. water monthly. If a HOT WATER faucet, it can jump fuel and water BILLS $7.58 quarterly.

Over 3000 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR plumbing repair parts are sold ONLY by PLUMBERS———and ONLY by "1 in 10" selected SEXAUER-AUTHORIZED QUALITY shops.

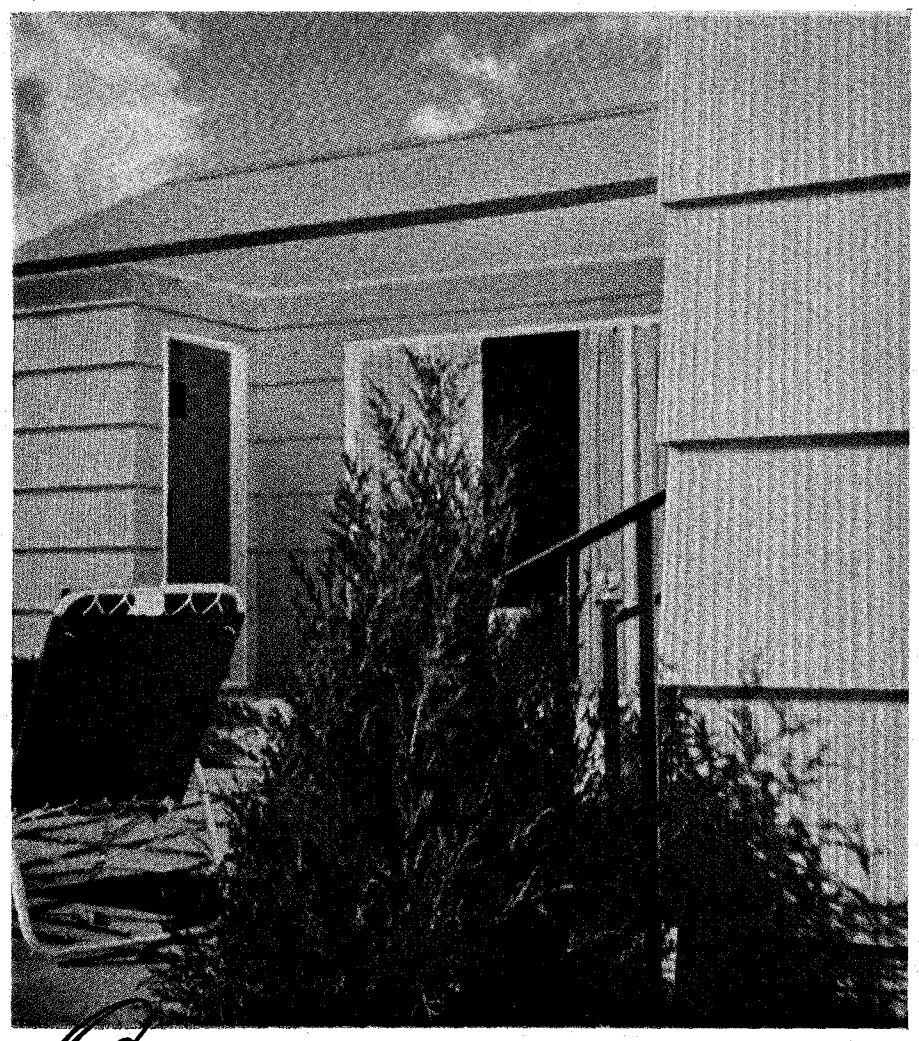
If you are a HOME or PROPERTY OWNER ———WRITE for name of one nearest you. He HAS A COMPLIMENTARY JAR of famous "MULE-KICK" BEAUTY CREME awaiting you (retail value 60¢) that restores a SHINE-Y NEWNESS to dull bathroom and kitchen fixtures.

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-96
2503-05 Third Ave., New York 51, N. Y.

SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

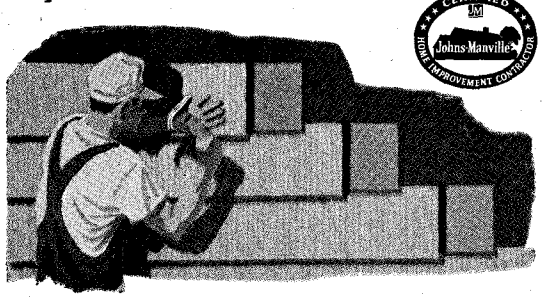


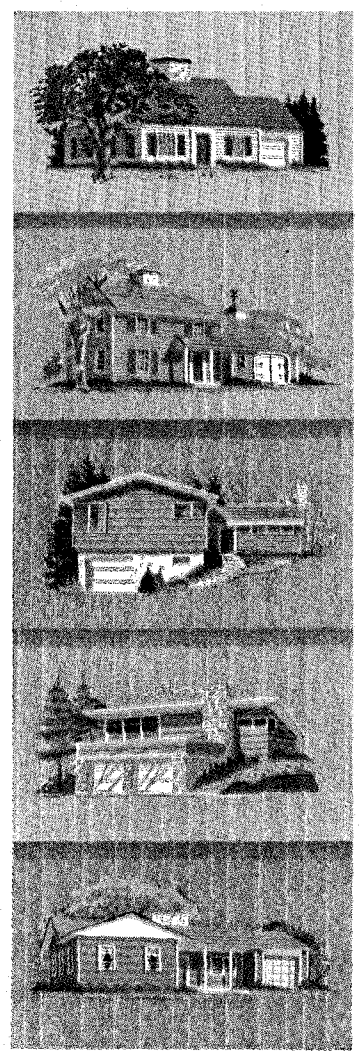
Give your home new charm with this DEEP SHADOW look

Johns-Manville COLORBESTOS Sidewall Shingles over J-M Shingle Backer provide new beauty and extra insulation

IT COSTS YOU surprisingly little, it pays big dividends to build or restyle your home with Colorbestos® Sidewall Shingles. When applied over J-M Shingle Backer, *as illustrated below*, they give you deep, rich-looking shadow lines, extra insulation, greater strength. Colorbestos Shingles are made of asbestos and cement, never need paint to preserve them, provide colorful beauty that lasts like stone.

Choose any of the pleasing colors illustrated. For free estimate see a J-M Honor Roll Dealer or J-M Certified Home Improvement Contractor, identified by these seals for your protection.





Send for free booklet giving the full story of Colorbestos Shingles. Address Johns-Manville, Dept. SP-8, Box 60, New York 16, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Check for ☐ new house ☐ existing house

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

Johns-Manville

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

crushed by the utter, damnable tiredness that held his limbs, his whole body, in leaden thrall. He did not know it, but fifty feet below he had struck his head against the spur of rock, a sharp, wicked projection that had torn his gaping temple wound open to the bone. His strength drained out with the pulsing blood.

He had heard Mallory, had heard something about the chimney he had now reached, but his mind had failed to register the meaning of the words. All that Stevens knew was that he was climbing, and that one always kept on climbing until one reached the top.

He reached the top. Carefully, as Mallory had done before him, he pushed aside the earth and tiny pebbles, hooked his fingers over the edge, found the same toehold that Mallory had, and levered himself upwards. He saw the flickering torches, heard the excited voices, and then for an instant the curtain of fog in his mind lifted and he knew that the voices were the voices of the enemy and that they had destroyed his friends. And then the fog closed over him again, and there was nothing but the emptiness of it all, the emptiness and the futility, the overwhelming lassitude and despair, and his body slowly sinking down the face of the cliff. And then the hooked fingers slipped away and he fell like a stone, into the cradling bottleneck at the foot of the chimney.

He himself made no sound, none at all—the soundless scream of agony never passed his lips, for the blackness came with the pain—but the straining ears of the men crouching in the rocks above caught clearly the dull, sickening crack as his right leg fractured cleanly in two, snapping like a rotten bough.

The German patrol was everything that Mallory had feared—efficient, thorough and very, very painstaking. It even had imagination, in the person of its young and competent sergeant, and that was more dangerous still.

There were only four of them, in high boots, helmets and green-gray-and-brown mottled capes. First of all they located the telephone and reported to base. And then came what Mallory had feared—an organized, methodical inspection of the cliff top itself; worse still, it began with a search along the very edge. The Germans walked slowly along the rim, probing every inch with the spotlight beams of their powerful torches. Suddenly the sergeant stopped short and exclaimed, torch and face only inches from the ground. There was no question as to what he had found—the deep gouge made in the soft, crumbling soil by the climbing rope.

Softly, silently, Mallory and his three companions straightened to their knees or to their feet, gun barrels lining along the tops of boulders or peering out between cracks in the rocks. There was no doubt in any of their minds that Stevens was lying there helplessly in the crotch of the chimney, seriously injured or dead. It needed only one German carbine to point down that cliff face, however carelessly, and these four men would die. They would have to die.

The sergeant was stretched out his length now, two men holding his legs. His head and shoulders were over the edge of the cliff, the beam from his torch stabbing down the chimney for ten, perhaps fifteen seconds. And then the sergeant had wriggled back and risen to his feet, slowly shaking his head.

"It's Ehrich all right, poor fellow." Compassion and anger blended curiously in the voice. "I warned him often enough about his carelessness, about going too near the edge of that cliff. It is very treacherous."

"Is he dead, do you think, sergeant?" The speaker was only a boy, nervous and unhappy.

"It's hard to say. Look for yourself."

Gingerly the youth lay down on the cliff top, peering cautiously over the lip of the rock. The other soldiers were talking among themselves, in short staccato sentences, when Mallory turned to Miller, cupped his hands to his mouth and the American's ear. He could contain his puzzlement no longer.

"Was Stevens wearing his rubber camouflage cape when you left him?" he whispered.

"Yeah," Miller whispered back. "Yeah, he was."

Mallory nodded. The waterproofs of the Germans were almost identical with their own; and the sentry's hair, Mallory remembered, had been jet black—the same color as Stevens' dyed hair. The sergeant's mistake in identity was more than understandable; it was inevitable.

The young soldier eased himself back from the edge of the cliff and hoisted himself carefully to his feet.

"You're right, sergeant. It is Ehrich." The boy's voice was unsteady. "He's alive, I think. I saw his cape move just a little. It wasn't the wind; I'm sure of that."

Mallory felt Andrea's massive hand squeezing his arm, felt the quick surge of relief, then elation, wash through him. So Stevens was alive. Thank God for that. They'd save the boy yet. He heard Andrea whispering the news to the others.

The young sergeant was issuing a string of orders to his men, his voice quick, crisp and confident. A doctor, splints, rescue stretcher, anchored sheer legs, ropes, spikes—the trained, well-ordered mind missed nothing. Mallory waited tensely, wondering how many men, if any, would be left on guard, for the guards would have to be disposed of, and that would inevitably betray the presence of the team on the island.

The sergeant solved the problem for them. The assured competence, the tough, unsentimental ruthlessness that made the German N.C.O. the best in the world gave Mallory the chance he never expected to have. He had just finished giving his orders when the young soldier touched him on the arm, then pointed over the edge.

"How about poor Ehrich, sergeant?" he asked uncertainly. "Shouldn't—don't you think one of us ought to stay with him?"

"And what could you do if you did stay—hold his hand?" the sergeant asked acidly. "If he stirs and falls, then he falls that's all, and it doesn't matter then if a hundred of us are standing up here watching him. Off you go, and don't forget the mallets and pegs to stay the sheer legs."

The three men turned and went off quickly to the east without another word. The sergeant walked over to the phone, reported briefly to someone, then set off in the opposite direction—to check the next guard post, Mallory guessed. He was still in sight, a dwindling blur in the darkness, when Mallory whispered to Brown and Miller to post themselves on guard again; and they could still hear the measured crunch of the sergeant's firm footfalls on a patch of distant gravel as their belayed rope went snaking over the edge of the cliff, Andrea and Mallory sliding swiftly down even before it had stopped quivering.

Stevens, a huddled, twisted heap with a gashed and bleeding cheek lying cruelly along a razor-sharp spur of rock, was still unconscious, breathing stertorously through his open mouth. Below the knee his right leg twisted upward and outward against the rock at an impossible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

angle. As gently as he could, braced against either side of the chimney and supported by Andrea, Mallory lifted and straightened the twisted limb. Twice, from the depths of the dark stupor of his unconsciousness, Stevens moaned in agony, but Mallory had no option but to carry on, his teeth clenched tight until his jaws ached.

"Compound fracture, Andrea." Gently his exploring fingers slid down the mangled leg, beneath the lip of the jack boot, stopped suddenly as something gave way beneath his feather touch. "Oh, my heaven," he murmured. "Another break, just above the ankle. This boy is in a bad way, Andrea."

"He is indeed," Andrea said gravely. "We can do nothing for him here?"

"Nothing. Just nothing. We'll have to get him up first." Mallory straightened, gazed up bleakly at the perpendicular face of the chimney. "Although how in the name of heaven ——"

"I will take him up." There was no suggestion in Andrea's voice either of desperate resolve or consciousness of the almost incredible effort involved. "If you will help me to raise him, to tie him to my back ——"

"With his broken leg loose, dangling from a piece of skin and torn muscle?" Mallory protested. "Stevens can't take much more. He'll die if we do this."

"He'll die if we don't," Andrea murmured.

Mallory stared down at Stevens for a long moment; then nodded heavily in the darkness.

"He'll die if we don't," he echoed tiredly. "Yes, we have to do this." He pushed outward from the rock, slid half a dozen feet down the rope and jammed his foot in the crotch of the chimney just below Stevens' body. He took a couple of turns of rope round his waist and looked up.

"Ready, Andrea?" he called softly.

"Ready." Andrea stooped, hooked his great hands under Stevens' armpits and lifted slowly, powerfully, as Mallory pushed from below. Twice, three times before they had him up, the boy moaned deep down in his tortured throat, the long, quavering "Ah-hs" of agony setting Mallory's teeth on edge; and then his dangling, twisted leg had passed from Mallory's reach and he was held close and cradled in Andrea's encircling arm, the rain-lashed, bleeding mask of a face lolling grotesquely backward, forlorn and lifeless with the dead pathos of a broken doll.

Seconds later, Mallory was up beside them, expertly lashing Stevens' wrists together. He was swearing as his numbed hands looped and tightened the rope, softly, bitterly, continuously, but he was quite unaware of this; he was aware only of the broken head that lolled stupidly against his shoulder.

With both hands free—Stevens' bound arms were looped round his neck, his body lashed to his own—Andrea took less than thirty seconds to reach the top; if the dragging, one-hundred-and-sixty-pound dead weight on his back made any difference to Andrea's climbing speed and power, Mallory couldn't detect it. The man's endurance was fantastic. Once, just once, as Andrea scrambled over the edge of the cliff, the broken leg caught on the rock, and the crucifying torture of it seared through the merciful shell of insensibility, forced a brief shriek of pain from his lips, a hoarse, bubbling whisper of sound all the more horrible for its muted agony. And then Andrea was standing upright and Mallory was behind him, cutting swiftly at the ropes that bound the two together.

"Straight into the rocks with him, Andrea, will you?" Mallory whispered. "Wait for us at the first open space you come to."

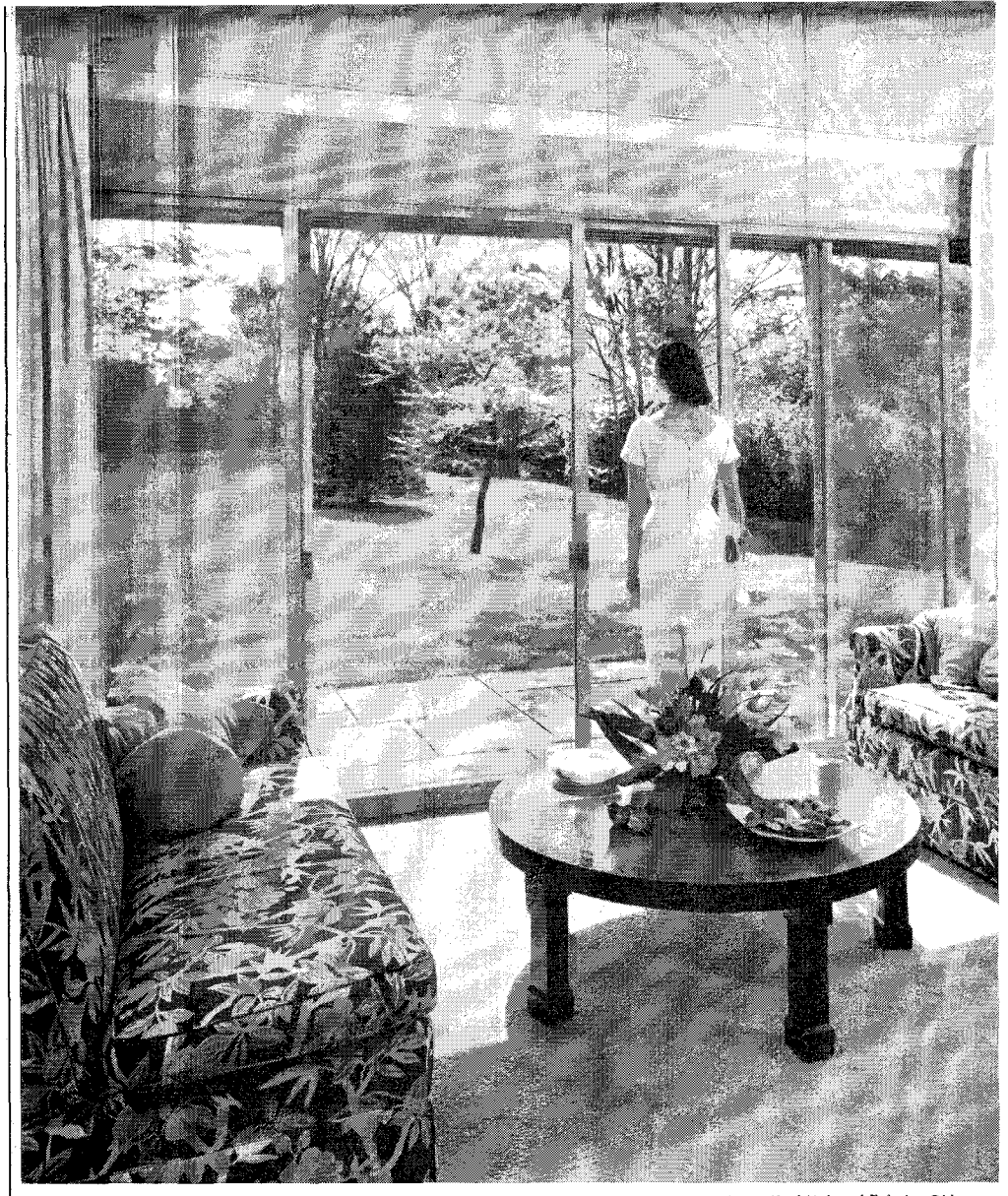
Andrea nodded slowly and, without raising his head, started off. Mallory reeled in the rope.

He had it all up, lying round his feet in a limp and rain-sodden tangle, when he suddenly remembered about the spike still secured to the foot of the chimney, the hundreds of feet of rope suspended from it.

He was too tired and cold and depressed even to feel exasperated with himself. The sight of Stevens and the knowledge of how it was with the boy had affected him more than he knew. Moodily, almost, he kicked the rope over the side again, slid down the chimney, untied the second rope and sent the spike spinning out into the darkness. Less than ten minutes later, the wetly coiled ropes over his shoulder, he led Miller and Brown into the dark confusion of the rocks.

TO BE CONTINUED

"Don't just stand there! Answer him!"



This beautiful home was designed by Architect Karl Hoke of Toledo, Ohio.

newest look in living freedom

. . . sliding glass doors of

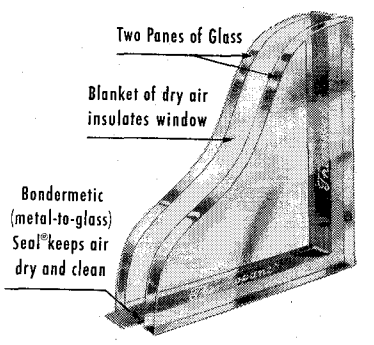
Thermopane®
INSULATING GLASS

You get an exciting new feeling of freedom with a wide, wonderful "window wall" that opens when you want it to.

The sense of spaciousness never seems to stop. Glide the wall aside and walk right into your garden or onto your patio. A whole yardful of fresh, cooling breeze enters freely and fans away the summer's heat.

And, in winter, you have a front-row seat to watch the glistening beauty of snowfalls. You'll be warm and cozy because *these* sliding doors are glazed with L·O·F *Thermopane* . . . and *Thermopane is insulating glass.*

Whether you buy, build or remodel, insulate completely—use *Thermopane* in every window and "window wall". Learn more about it from your local L·O·F Glass Distributor or Dealer (listed under "Glass" in the yellow pages). Or mail coupon for our free booklet.



L·O·F GLASS

Thermopane
INSULATING GLASS

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD
a Great Name in Glass

Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Co., Dept. 4796
608 Madison Ave., Toledo 3, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your booklet on *Thermopane* insulating glass.

Name_____
(Please Print)

Street_____

City_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Want a Divorce (Continued from Page 26)

"handling the details," he said—he still had a refreshing collegiate modesty—of what I knew was one of the biggest bridges in the United States. I had read about it in the papers. The details involved sitting up most of the night in a smoke-filled room of some small-town hotel, placating commissioners, legislators and landowners with whisky and cigars, and going over mountains of blueprints the next day, day after night, for several months. At last, when the earth-movers started to move, his job was done. He flew back to New York to take a vacation, and collapsed in his office as he was making his report. It was only a slight coronary, but his partners insisted that he take at least six months off, and he had spent the first month and a half in bed at the Polyclinic Hospital, and another month "just rambling around" in the country before he came to see me. I own four expensive acres in the country. I could ramble for maybe half an hour without backtracking. He had rambled a month. I had known he was pretty well heeled, but it was not until we came to discussing property settlements a little later that he told me that the firm had given him a million-dollar bonus for the big bridge and he supposed he had five or six million in all.

He was fifty-two years old. He said he had played squash three times a week for years and been on the rubbing table every day, but after all the trouble he had taken to keep in shape, he was not resentful. He didn't even say he had run into some bad luck. He was going to be all right. The heart attack, in short, did not seem to be what ailed him at all.

He looked on it, rather, as an opportunity. He had been working hard for twenty-five years, a lot of it away from home. He had a son in the Air Force and a daughter at Radcliffe. What was left of his family was his wife and a thirteen-year-old daughter at home. The doctors had ordered him to loaf and he wanted to get really acquainted with them. He showed me a picture of the girl. She was the one who started all the trouble.

How could he suspect that this lovely, gawky, mysterious colt who looked up at him with his own eyes was going to say one sentence that would, magically, blow his world to pieces? But she did.

One Saturday she was rattling on about the basketball game the night before.

"Did your young man do well?" his wife asked.

"Real good. He got in the last four minutes. Shot one basket and a foul."

Her "young man" was a lathlike fifteen, a substitute guard.

"You must compliment him, Monday," his wife said.

"Don't worry. I'll lay it on so thick you can cut it."

Deerfoot looked at his daughter first, some rebuke for her vulgarity on the tip of his tongue. Then he looked at his wife. Then he began to think.

"What about?" I asked him.

"Why, about my wife," he said, as if it were obvious.

I didn't get it, but he kept on talking. He was worked up and fairly incoherent. At last I gathered that he meant this: like mother, like daughter. If his daughter could flatter her basketball player so cynically, she could have learned it only from his wife. If his wife was as cynical as that, she was simply not the woman he had married.

"What did you do about it?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing then. I wasn't as angry as I am now."

"You said nothing, then, at the lunch table?"

"I think I was too shocked. I walked around all the afternoon. I carried a weed cutter, I think—something I practiced mashie shots with."

"What shocked you so?"

"Wouldn't you be shocked if you thought your wife had —— Well, damn it, I mean —— I didn't believe it then. Not for a minute. I didn't think she'd have dared."

"Dared what?"

"To pretend to love me when she didn't."

"How do you know she didn't?"

"I didn't know until lately. She goes to a lot of clubs, parties when I'm gone. I was away all the time. I thought maybe she'd fallen in with the wrong sort of people."

I couldn't resist saying, "Fallen in with or fallen in love with?"

He said quite simply, looking at me, "Why should she fall in love with someone else?" and suddenly I began to understand a lot about Jameson Wallace.

"You say things have happened lately to make you angry enough to want a divorce, but you imply there's no question of another man."

This stung him. "Another man? Look, if I thought Harriet had been monkeying around with another man, I'd—I'd ——" I think he was going to say "divorce her," but he was already doing that, so he ran down in a sputter. For one of the great builders of our country he was not looking very good.

"What were these things that angered you?"

"After I'd had about a month in the country, I wanted to get back on the job. That's natural; I can't loaf. They told me to work into it easy, so I went into town one morning to pick up my mail. I got through it about noon and I thought I'd catch some lunch at the club and take an early train back. I was walking down Park there just above the Waldorf and I ran into —— Why, you know her—it was 'Coast-to-Coast' Rattigan."

I "knew" Coast-to-Coast Rattigan only a little better than I had known Lindbergh or Al Capone or any other famous people of the '20's—that is, I had danced with her once, whereas I have never danced with Lindbergh or Al Capone. She had got her nickname because she

The only man in town you wouldn't dare do business WITHOUT...

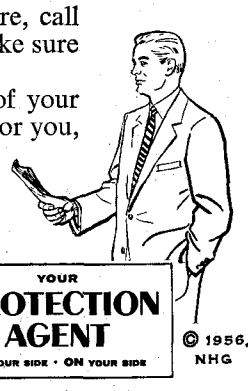
Your PROTECTION AGENT

The first thing to go into a new house should be *protection*. At the blueprint stage or before, call in your local Protection Agent. He will make sure your property is safe and secure.

He obtains insurance against the loss of your home or its contents. In buying insurance for you, he is *on your side*. Should fire or other damage occur, he is quickly *at your side*.

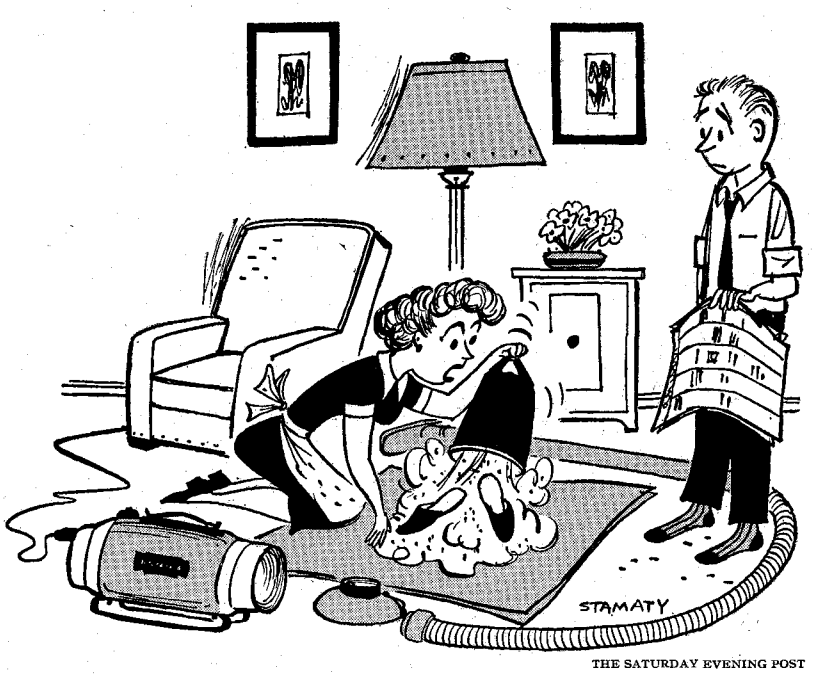
When you improve your home, let him improve your protection . . . bring it up to date.

All it takes is a call to your National Protection Agent. He is an independent business man whose only insurance interests are *yours*.



© 1956, NHG

NATIONAL of HARTFORD GROUP
of Insurance Companies
Executive and Administrative Offices: Hartford 15, Connecticut
NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD
TRANSCONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRE • MARINE • AUTOMOBILE • CASUALTY • BONDING



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Next time when I tell you to lift your feet . . . lift your feet."

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to school here in New York, but she lived in Seattle. After an autumn of weekends at Princeton, Cambridge and New Haven, she would take a drawing room on the train and start home for Christmas, hitting the holiday dances all the way across the continent. I gathered she was as well-known on the windlashed campuses of the Great Plains as she was in New York, and she was as well-known here as Gilda Gray. She was spectacularly beautiful in the Irish manner, black hair and blue eyes. She must have known literally thousands of undergraduates, and it was her special talent, they said, to make you feel you had grown up with her. Wallace had brought her to three dances.

"I remember her," I said.

"So did I, and that nearly threw me for a minute because she's as big as a load of hay. If it hadn't been for her eyes, I might have walked right past her."

"But you didn't."

"No. I took her to lunch and we talked."

"And it had some bearing on your feeling for your wife?"

He held up his hand. "Wait. I asked her if she was married and who to. And she asked me if I was married and who to. Well, you know how she was. She knew everyone, and damned if she didn't remember Harriet. Described her perfectly. Said she had roomed with her once at The Hanover Inn during the Carnival. Well, now, Coast-to-Coast is very kindhearted and she went on telling me how wonderful Harriet was, and then she said it. She said"—here he pulled his jaw down over his collar—"that she knew Harriet would marry anyone she liked because she was the cleverest girl she ever saw. You see?"

"See what?"

"She just threw it out. She wasn't being nasty. She went right on talking."

"But what am I supposed to see?"

"That our relationship was based on a lie. Damn it, man; Harriet roped me in."

Before I thought, I said, "Deerfoot, you don't want a lawyer; you want a psychiatrist."

It didn't faze him a bit. He went on talking about honesty in human relationships, and he talked for five minutes.

I gathered he meant what he said, but I wasn't listening very hard. I was wondering how he had been able to preserve an illusion about the nature of woman as long as this. And, suddenly, I knew. He had "gone out" for his career with the same motives, the same equipment and the same enthusiasm as he had gone out for football, and with the same honesty. He had believed that the only way you accomplished anything was by the exertion of your naked will. The universe was material to make something out of, and, as he had made several bridges that changed hundreds of miles of landscape, so he had taken Harriet and "made her" his wife. The rewards he had got out of his career—the wealth, the respect, the big estate—would only have confirmed his illusion and made it tougher. And if, as he had come to do, he came to believe that anything important could happen behind his back, so to speak, when his will was asleep, if he believed that Harriet, by so much as a dab of lipstick or a quick kiss on the cheek, dancing, had lured him into marriage unbeknown, why, then, not only his notion of women but the whole structure of his belief about the universe itself and his place in it would collapse. And it had. No wonder he was sore and walked like an old man.

"What did you do then?" I expected an account of some bitter quarrels.

"Why, I went straight to Harriet." He said this, again as if it were obvious.

"What did you say?"

"I asked her if she had roped me in."

Just like that. I can't think of a worse example of misplaced honesty, but he didn't know how to go at it any differently, I suppose. "Did she tell you?"

"Well, it took her a few minutes to get what I meant."

"I'm not surprised," I said. "What did she say when she did?"

He sat still, breathing hard, looking gloomy. "That was it. That's what did it. I really let her have it."

"You didn't strike her, did you?" I could see a countersuit in the offing.

"I don't hit women," he said coldly, characteristically. Women were princesses who responded to the enchantment of your feats of arms. You didn't belt them around. "That's when I told her I wanted a divorce."

"But what did she say that enraged you so?"

He clutched his hands across my desk until the knuckles showed white, and hung his head. "She laughed at me," he said very softly. I felt sorry for him. He looked up. I could see the anger coming back. "And she said, 'Why, of course, I roped you in. You didn't think you had a chance, did you?'" He imitated her voice, and it was pathetic. "And the absolute, rock-bottom hell of it is, she was nice about it. As if I were stupid. I've never been so damned mad in my life."

"But surely you see that she must have loved you if she wanted to marry you so badly."

"What I surely see is that she's crookeder than a ram's horn." He came from Vermont—off a farm, I think likely. He

Repairing? Indoors? Building? Outdoors?
Glue it Best WITH ELMER'S

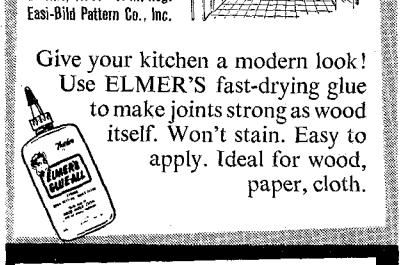
Build this Kitchen Base and these Wall Cabinets with
ELMER'S® GLUE-ALL

EASI-BILD* Pattern #201. Just trace, saw, assemble. Send $1.00 in cash or money order to Elmer's Pattern Dept., P. O. Box 26, Pleasantville, N.Y. *T. M. Reg. Easi-Bild Pattern Co., Inc.

Give your kitchen a modern look! Use ELMER'S fast-drying glue to make joints strong as wood itself. Won't stain. Easy to apply. Ideal for wood, paper, cloth.

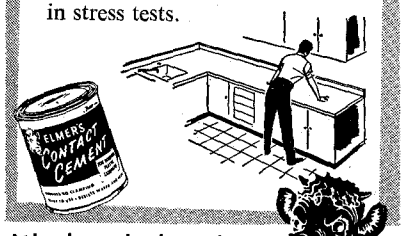
Build or repair boats, outdoor furniture with
ELMER'S® Waterproof Glue

It's the glue that boating experts use. Resistant to acids, alkalis, fungus, rot. Super bond is stronger than wood itself.



Bond plastic laminates to plywood with
ELMER'S® CONTACT CEMENT

Does professional job quickly without clamps, nails, presses. Highly resistant to heat, water. Outperforms other contact cements in stress tests.



At hardware, lumber, paint, marine supply dealers. The Borden Company, Chemical Division ©T B C

IF IT'S Borden's IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD

Moving? Call...
Your ALLIED agent

no. 1 specialist in packing!

(moving and storage, too!)

Packing is an art that your Allied Agent has developed through years of experience. He has specially designed containers and padding materials to assure the safest handling of all household goods.

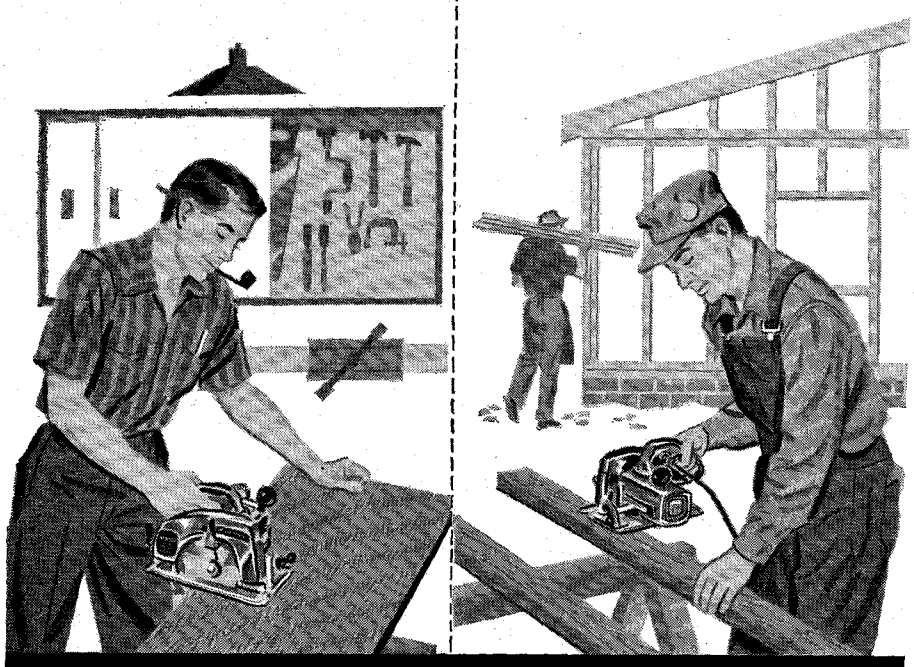
FREE Booklet to help you plan your next move. Get your copy of "Before You Move" from your local Allied Agent. See classified telephone directory. Or write Allied Van Lines, Inc., Broadview, Ill.

ALLIED VAN LINES • WORLD'S LARGEST LONG-DISTANCE MOVERS

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

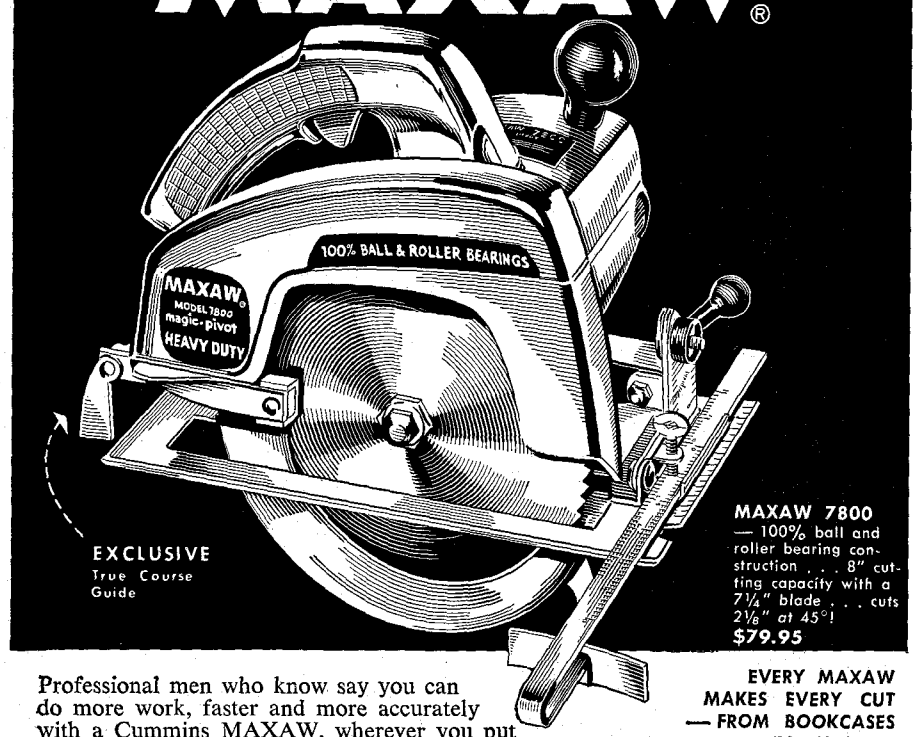
around the house... on the job...



here's why you'll build better with

Cummins®

MAXAW®

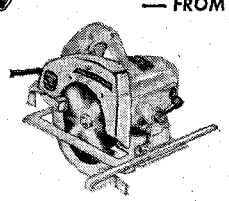


MAXAW 7800 — 100% ball and roller bearing construction . . . 8" cutting capacity with a 7¼" blade . . . cuts 2⅛" at 45°! **$79.95**

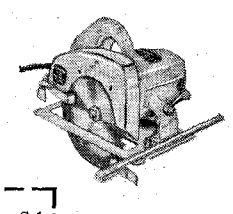
Professional men who know say you can do more work, faster and more accurately with a Cummins MAXAW, wherever you put it to work!

Heft a Cummins MAXAW . . . you'll see how modern design creates perfect balance in a light, easy-to-handle power package that speeds work, lessens fatigue! Try it . . . and see how you *can't* run a cut off the line, thanks to MAXAW's exclusive True Course Guide . . . how the unique *magic-pivot* enables you to make deeper angle cuts with a smaller blade, with less weight and bulk. Feel the power packed in this precision-built saw, made to the standards of avionic motors used in military aircraft — rugged, dependable, compact! See Cummins MAXAW at your dealer's now!

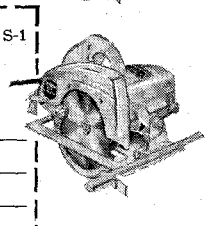
EVERY MAXAW MAKES EVERY CUT — FROM BOOKCASES TO HOUSES!



MAXAW 757 — 100% ball and roller bearing construction . . . 6⅜" blade cuts 1⅞" at 45° angle! **$69.95**



MAXAW 737 — Ball-Rite construction . . . 6⅜" blade cuts 1⅞" at 45° angle! **$59.95**



MAXAW 717 — self-lubricating sintered bronze bearings . . . 6⅜" blade cuts 1⅞" at 45° angle! **$49.95**

Cummins Portable Electric Tools S-1

5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee 17, Wis.
In Canada: 334 Lauder Ave., Toronto, Ontario

Please send me more information on Cummins MAXAWS!

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Made by John Oster MANUFACTURING CO. © 1956 J.O.M.C.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

"I don't have anything against you in particular, Harold. . . . I despise all boys your age."

uses these bucolic turns of phrase. "How long'll it take?"

"Did you have any further quarrels?"

"I moved out that night."

"Honestly, Deerfoot, I don't think you've got any grounds that'll hold up in court."

"They will if you present them properly," he said curtly. I was the hired hand with the job to do. He leaned forward toward me. "Jack, if I thought all people were as deceitful as Harriet, I'd hang myself."

"I'll have to talk to Mrs. Wallace."

"Let me know. I'm at the office these days." He went out as carefully as he had come in.

She had certainly knocked the props out from under him. And at that moment I couldn't see any way to shore him up again.

I had talked to Harriet Wallace briefly at parties, but that kind of talk all runs to a pattern and I didn't actually know her. Across my desk she was a very striking woman, dressed, as they used to say, in the height of fashion. I hardly knew what to say to her, really, but there is a technique for these things you acquire in time.

I asked when she had last seen her husband.

"The night he left home. I hear he's living at the Plaza."

I asked if there had been any quarrels.

"Only the one, the day he left, and you could hardly call that a quarrel."

I asked her to describe the scene.

"He came charging into the house and asked me if I'd roped him in. Well, now I ask you. What a question."

I could see that, in some ways, Harriet Wallace was more intelligent than her husband.

"He seemed to be in a dreadful dither about something. Mad as hops. At last I was able to see—there was some tale about taking an old flame to lunch—that he thought I had lured him into marriage. Well, of course, I did. I burst out laughing. It seemed so—so sort of prissy of him to ask a thing like that. What does he think? In 1926, when I married him, he was the college girl's absolute dream. He's still the handsomest man I ever saw, even now. Why, all these countries he's been in with his bridges ——" She spoke as if he had a child's construction set. "I wouldn't have blamed him, as good-looking as he is and the way they must have gone after him, if he'd known all kinds of women."

"I don't think he ever did, though," I said.

"I know he didn't. He'd have told me and begged my forgiveness." Then she said quite seriously, "That's why I love him, Jack. He's a perfectly straight guy.'

"It isn't possible, then, that you would think of divorcing him?"

"Divorcing him? Why, he'll get over this. This isn't anything."

"You take it rather lightly."

She told me why. Like everyone else when something inexplicable happens she had made up an explanation right away. It was the heart attack. "That was the worst shock he ever had. Do you know what he can do?"

"No."

"He can bend a half dollar. He did the first time I ever had a date with him and he did it, oh, not over two weeks ago after the heart attack. Proof, you see that he was all right again. He's very strong. It must have been really awful to collapse in front of his partners. The first days in the hospital he kept saying to me, over and over, 'I'll be all right, I'll be all right,' like an incantation, but it wasn't hope. He didn't sink far enough to need hope. He was sure he would get well, but if it hadn't been for the coronary, he wouldn't have had to sit still. That's what got him, sitting still and thinking, walking around and thinking, pacing the floor."

The heart is a pump, but it is also a symbol. It is strange that both the pump and the symbol should fail him at the same time. "Doesn't he like to think?"

I could tell she loved him by the way she took offense. She started to answer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ne sharply, thought better of it, blushed with anger, and said, "Jim is an active man, almost the perfect type. He must ave a goal to work toward. Stop him working and he broods. He races his notor. That's all he's doing now. As soon s he starts working full time again, he'll iss me."

He doesn't miss you now?"

"He'll miss me because I've always been here. I'm the one he tells his story to."

"Story?"

"The story of his accomplishments, hat he does every day. I'm his witness, ou see? He doesn't miss me now because e's still idle."

"You're quite confident, then?"

"Absolutely."

I wasn't. Hers was a plausible explana-on, but I didn't wholly believe it be-use she ignored what seemed to me to the facts—perhaps not ignored them, inimized them. I was sure of this when saw Wallace again.

He asked me to lunch at one of those iet little French restaurants in the East ifties "where we can talk," he said. I as sitting at the bar, waiting, and I saw m get out of the taxi. Backing out, he lt for the ground with such aching care at I wanted to shout, "There it is!" nen, safe, he straightened up, paid the iver and came striding into the restau-nt. I looked in the bar mirror and let m discover me.

"How are things going?" were the st words he said.

I knew he wasn't asking after my alth. I said, "It takes time."

"Yes, but, damn it, it's been over two eks already."

"You file a bill of complaint with the urt ——"

"But when does the court act?" he id impatiently.

"Sixty days."

People who are getting their first divorce rarely know anything about the legal side of it. I had filed no bill of complaint at all, partly out of a trace of stubborn loyalty to old Deerfoot, but chiefly because, legally, he had no complaint to file.

"Sixty days! You mean I've got to wait six more weeks before ——"

"In the profession we call it the cooling-off period."

"I'm cooled off already." He did not seem angry. He merely stated it as a fact. I didn't tell him the refrigeration was my own.

Our little colloquy barely saw us to our table. We had the whole lunch to get through. I didn't want to tell him I had seen his wife, so, mostly out of curiosity, I discussed a hypothetical property settlement. It was then that he told me how much he was worth. When the coffee came, we were talking about bridges. His firm had taken on one in Brazil, the state of São Paulo, and he thought he would go down and supervise construction. The Paulistas were much more up-and-coming than the rest of the Brazilians. He went on about his bridge.

That was our second interview. No progress. At this point I would have welcomed the case of a horse-playing husband or a drunkard, a case with grounds.

Another month ran along. Then, one day when my desk was covered with a mess of corporate-tax figures and I was in my shirtsleeves over them, my office door flew open and banged against the wall and Wallace came charging in, followed by my secretary murmuring apologies. Deerfoot was shaking hands with me, patting me on the shoulder, as I told my secretary that it was all right. Then I looked at him. All the limp sag was gone and his face was one big smile. My hand was getting numb, and at last I began to hear what he was babbling about.

"All you have to do is put in a phone call, isn't it? It won't be any trouble, will it?"

"Phone call where?"

"Why, the court. The judge, the clerk, somebody—who is it?"

"I'm sorry, Deerfoot. You caught me by surprise. Begin over, will you?"

"I want this damned divorce stopped."

I sat down and said dully, with relief, "You do, huh?"

"You bet. I just had lunch with Harriet. We're all fixed up. We drank two bottles of champagne. She's over on Fifth Avenue getting a sable scarf to celebrate. The sixty days aren't up. You'll only have to write a letter, won't you?"

"I won't even have to do that."

He was sort of jigging around, whistling under his breath. His happiness was so sharp and clear that he hardly knew what he was doing. He ran his hand over the edge of my desk and said as if to himself, "Nice piece of wood in that," and then he remembered himself. "Oh, say, Jack, I want to thank you. You're one swell lawyer." He stood over me, grabbed my hand and started shaking it again.

I said, "Oh, I didn't do anything." I thought it just as well to let the truth pass as modesty. "Sit down, Deerfoot. You make me nervous."

He hunched a chair up right beside mine. "You know? I'm a dope."

You don't agree warmly with clients—or friends—when they make a statement like that. I said, "How so?"

"I'm a case of arrested development. It takes me fifty-two years to find out something I ought to have ——" He clucked, shaking his head. Then, forgetting me, he started to whistle Cole Porter under his breath.

"Look, Deerfoot," I said firmly, to get his attention, "do you want to tell me what happened?"

His eyes focused and he said simply, "It was just Sandra."

I grew cold. "Sandra?"

"Sure. We were in the elevator together and she told me. Here I've been rocking numbly along for ——"

"Begin at the beginning, will you? You went to work this morning and ——"

"It's all right for a guy to feel good, isn't it?"

"Certainly. Have in some more champagne. Sing and dance, but if you're going to tell me about it, begin at the ——"

"O.K. I went to work this morning and I walked into the elevator. There was this dolly truck standing there taking up all the room, loaded with string. You know these cone-shaped spools of string? I said to Sandra ——"

"Who's Sandra?"

"She's the elevator operator," he said as if he were telling me the tenth time. "I said to her, 'What's this doing here?' She said the freight elevator was busted, bum cable, short circuit, something. We were going up, and all of a sudden we stopped too. Between the fifteenth and sixteenth floors.

"She rang the bell and we hollered, and we opened the door to see if we could climb out. No good. Pretty soon the building superintendent came, sweating apologies, and said we would be stuck there an hour, anyway.

"So there we were. We sat down on the dolly truck and Sandra was telling me how she'd been stuck a couple of times before, and all the time she was talking she was weaving this string through her fingers. Cat's cradles. I don't think she knew when she stopped talking,

Remodel now for happier living

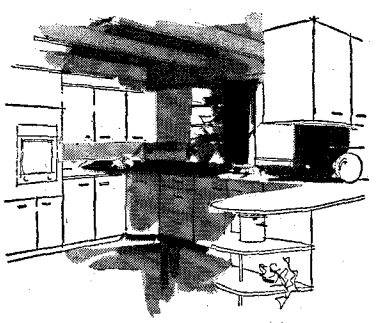
...it's so easy with CURTIS woodwork

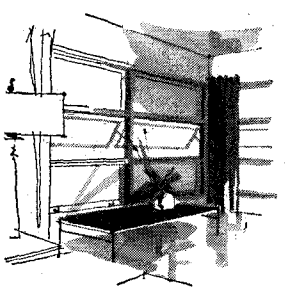
BRING NEW LIFE TO YOUR LIVING ROOM—and a touch of romance, too—with Curtis louvre doors. These beautifully made doors give any room a "grand mansion" air. You'll also find them wonderful for bedrooms and closets. And they're available in widths from 1'-6" to 3'-0", and in two styles.

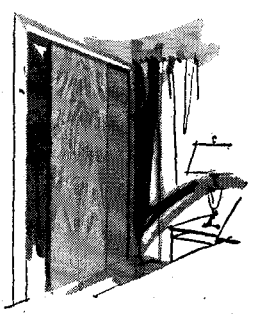
ENJOY HAPPY, COMFORTABLE LIVING by "doing over" your kitchen with Curtis cabinets in glowing *natural birch*. These high-style wall and floor cabinets come as complete, ready-to-install units that fit any size or shape of kitchen. You'll get 53 ultramodern convenience features, too!

A NEW ROOM "GROWS" IN A HURRY—when you enclose a porch or breezeway with Curtis Silentite Convertible wood windows. Here's the way to get more year-round living space! These windows are truly weather-tight—usable in dozens of different arrangements.

MORE CLOSETS MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE in giving rooms that uncluttered look—and your new closets will be a joy and pride when you use Curtis New Londoner flush doors. These new Curtis wardrobe by-pass doors are made in five convenient widths.







ideas...ideas—send for them now!

Curtis Silentite windows, Curtis doors and birch kitchen cabinets are sold by leading lumber dealers in most parts of the country. Send now for idea-full literature!

CURTIS WOODWORK

heart of the home

Curtis Companies Service Bureau, SEP-9-56
200 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa
Please send me the following literature:
☐ Silentite window idea book—free
☐ Curtis kitchen idea book—enclose 10¢ ☐ I plan to build
☐ New Londoner door literature—free ☐ remodel

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JASCO

ALUMINUM
Combination
Storm & Screen
WINDOWS

SAFEST
because of
PATENTED
SURE-GRIP LOCKS

STOPS ANYWHERE INSTANTLY — CAN'T DROP OR FALL

...a Jasco PATENTED Safety Feature—protects hands—home—loved ones. Can't drop or fall... two hand operation insures against accidents. **Positive Prowler Protection**—can't be budged from the outside. JASCO Windows Also Give You...VAK-UME Seal which eliminates messy window frame caulking—annoying drafts, rot, rattles...and SWIVEL ACTION makes cleaning a "snap."

The Great Name in Aluminum Products

JASCO®

also makes

COMBINATION & JALOUSIE STORM DOORS • STORM WINDOWS for CASEMENTS • for RANCH HOUSES • for PICTURE WINDOWS

Jasco Aluminum Products Corp.
New Hyde Park, New York

Fall Home Improvement Fair

but she went right on weaving with the string.

"'You're not scared of this, are you?' I said.

"'Scared of what?' she said. 'That we got stopped? No. Why?'

"I pointed to the string. 'You act nervous.'

"'Are you right I'm nervous,' she said.

"'What about?'

"'I should bother you, Mr. Wallace. I should bother you.'

"'Go ahead. Tell me. Maybe I can help somehow.' Maybe I can help her, that's good.

"'We got nothing to do but sit here. O.K. So I tell you. Then you see if you can help.'

"She was so gloomy I thought she had a sick mother or something. 'All right,' I said. 'Tell me.'

"She shrugged. 'Oh, it's my boy friend. He's fading out on me.'

"'Shouldn't be hard for a girl as good-looking as you to get another one,' I said. She is good-looking, too, a real darb. They don't hire any other kind in that building.

"'You don't find boy friends in the street like gum wrappers, Mr. Wallace. Not in this town. It's the identical situation with the old song. You know? The old song that says A Good Man is Hard to Find. That's how it is with boy friends in New York. I been bringing Charlie along nice too.'

"'Bringing him along?' I said.

"'Sure. Charlie, he's a hunter. He's insane about the ducks—mallards, pintails, blue-wing teals. I got ducks in my sleep, listening to him. He's chief clerk over at Carson-Thomas, a nice position, but he takes his vacation in the duck season. So, bringing him along, last March, his birthday, I get him a hunting cap. Christmas, a duck call. I'm not wrong that's thoughtful, am I, considerate? Then he starts doing this fade.'

"'Oh, he'll come back,' I said.

"She turned around and looked at me, and I'll be damned if the tears weren't running down her face. 'Mr. Wallace, I'm twenty-six years old. That's no kid. I'm shut up in this cage all day. A new boy friend, potential, walks in. I can make time in an express-elevator ride?'

"'If it gets stuck, you can.'

"It wasn't funny to her. 'I been stuck three times, like I told you. Once with a carload, once alone, and you're a married man. I got no chance here. And at night my feet hurt. I don't go out places dancing or to shows unless Charlie asks me. I'm twenty-six years old, Mr. Wallace. A girl can't wait forever for a home and kids.' Then she really started to cry. Well, I patted her shoulder and made those little noises—you know.

"At last she took a big breath and wiped her eyes. She said, 'I'm a dope. I'm a case of arrested development. Crying. He eats lunch at a coffeepot up on Madison and I had my hair set yesterday and I got on some new nylons. I'll be up there pitching at twelve-thirty—if we ever get out of here. I'm sorry for this display of emotion, Mr. Wallace.'

"Then I asked her. I said, 'Are you all like this?'

"'Who all like what?'

"'Women.'

"'How do you mean, Mr. Wallace?'

"'Do you all lay traps for men? Do you try to rope them in?'

"I guess it was the look on her face that convinced me. She looked as if I had asked her if water was wet. 'How else do you get a man?'

"'I thought a girl—oh, she just waits until a man asks her.'

"She held up her wrist watch. 'Waits? With this going tick-tick-tick every second of the day? Let me tell you, Mr. Wallace, a girl just waits and she winds up in the Accounting Department with a blue rinse in her hair. Men want to get married, certainly, but when? A man talks about losing his freedom when he marries. That means he can't go down to the corner with the boys. Or he thinks if he waits, he runs into Marilyn Monroe on the subway. A man got a thousand reasons for waiting. And if this man is the man you want, you got to go to work.'

"'But he still has to do the asking.'

"'He's got to say it, but you got to make him.'

"'How?'

"'Be there. Look pretty. Cook him a hot meal. Agree with him. But being there is the big thing, so when he thinks of women, he thinks of you because you're right in front of him.'

"'And that's how women really are.'

"'That's how things are, so that's how women are. But I should tell you, Mr. Wallace.'"

Mr. Wallace stopped, his eyes looking past me, through the wall, through the last twenty-five years, very likely, to his courtship, which he no longer saw as a gesture he had made of princely condescension, but a mutual effort. At last he gave a little laugh. "So I learned about women from her," he said out of Kipling.

"And the elevator started and you became Mr. Wallace and she became the operator again."

"And I called Harriet."

"And built the biggest bridge of your career."

He looked at me. "That's right, Jack. It is the biggest bridge of my career." He stood up. "When you bill me, Jack, you can nail me for any amount you want to. I'm really grateful for what you've done."

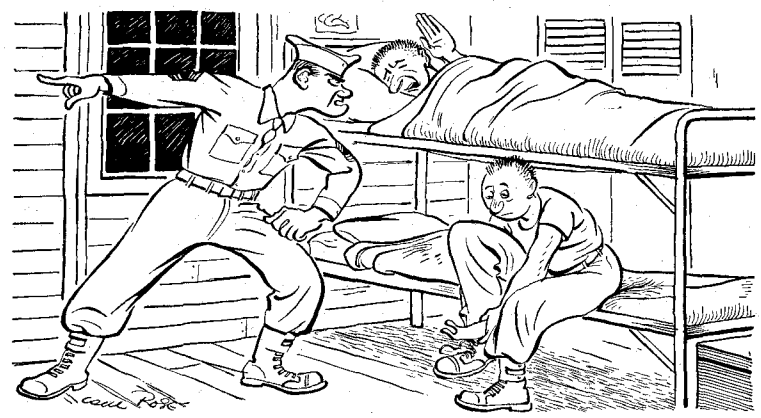
"I'm not billing you for anything, Deerfoot. This is on the house. You didn't learn about women from me."

He looked at me again. "That's right. Let me take that phone." He took the phone, looked up a number and dialed. "Hello. I want to talk to somebody about guns, shotguns ——"

This had me mystified.

"Hello? Do you have some of those English-made shotguns, the good ones?.. Holland's? Yes, that'll do. Twelve gauge. . . . Two thousand, huh? O.K. Charge it to Jameson Wallace. . . . Now listen; I want that gun gift-wrapped—yes, gift-wrapped—and I want it sent to Miss Sandra Morton, elevator operator, Whitley Building . . . Attach a card with my compliments and say 'For Charlie's birthday.' Got that? . . . Right."

So you see how it all winds up. At twelve-thirty on Charlie's birthday Miss Sandra Morton comes into that coffeepot up on Madison, wrestling a gift-wrapped two-thousand-dollar, English-made shotgun, and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson Wallace, the Times says, will make their home in São Paulo, Brazil, for the next two years. And it was all luck, trivia, and a cat's cradle woven out of string. THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Sergeant Guff snapped on the barracks lights at five o'clock of a dark, cold morning and roared, "All out for reveille—and that goes for you, too, Pickerell!" While the others rushed to obey, Pickerell shouted an invitation for the sergeant to go jump in the lake. Then he went back to sleep. Ordinarily, failure to report for reveille is punished under Section 86 of the Code of Military Justice by a month at hard labor. But Pickerell's superiors decided to try him under Section 92, which specifies six months for failure "to obey any lawful order."

"Private Pickerell deliberately disobeyed Sergeant Guff's lawful order to get up," the prosecutor said at the court martial. "Clearly, he violated Section Ninety-two and should do six months for it."

"The real substance of his disobedience was simply that he failed to report for reveille," the defense argued. "So at most he should receive only one month, under Section Eighty-six."

If you were the court, would you sentence Pickerell to one month in prison, or six?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Six months, said the court. If Pickerell had merely failed to show up at reveille, his absence would be the "dominating circumstance" and the one-month penalty would apply. But he deliberately defied an order. That made insubordination the "dominating circumstance" and called for the stiffer penalty.

Based upon a 1951 United States court-martial decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vhite Apache (Continued from Page 30)

tudied the two riders who were moving lowly toward them in the distance.

"How are the boys?" the sheriff asked t last.

"Just fine, Bucky."

"You ought to bring them in more ften."

The sheriff had been absently hefting ne of the small cartons of ammunition. le replaced it now, forcing a smile as he ırned toward his office. "And, Ben, let's ot talk up any more Indian trouble than ıere is."

"Whatever you say, Buck."

The farmer crossed toward the saloon ıd the sheriff paused at his door, watch- ıg him with a sense of futility. Very robably Ben Collier was not the only one ling his rifle this week.

At his desk the framed photograph of s son caught his eye, and the sheriff ghed heavily. The two horses were pull- g up outside the office as he swung ound wearily in his chair, distracted, lting it and resting with his back to the ɔor.

The stranger entered so quietly behind m, then, that when the sheriff became vare of him, turning, he glanced instinc- vely at the man's boots.

The man wore moccasins. Also there as no gun belt buckled about his waist. stead, loosely across his right arm, he rried a repeating Winchester. He was ɔung—a boy, actually—and for a frac- ɔn of a second the sheriff's eyes shot ıck to the photograph. But at the same oment, incredibly, the recognition ruck him. He stared at the stranger, vare that his pulse had jumped a beat.

The boy stood without speaking— ındsome, inscrutable, his black eyes un- avering from the sheriff's own. His shirt as ordinary faded denim, but down the gs of the pants he wore ran the unmis- kable broad yellow stripe of the United ates cavalry.

"You ride in here without a saddle?" The stranger nodded, admitting only the specific question, not to anything implied.

The sheriff was edging his chair back ɔm the desk slowly. "I reckon you rein th your left hand," he went on, indi- ting the rifle with a nod, "and carry that thing out—I mean away from your body."

"I do," the boy said.

The sheriff had one more question: "You scalp the soldier you took those pants from?"

But still the boy made no move. "I did not come here for this," he said evenly. "You know what I can do with this ri- fle—before you can get out that small weapon."

It was a simple statement, spoken flatly and not as a threat, but the sheriff's body relaxed in acknowledgment.

"What *is* your name?" he asked. "The white one?"

"I have—business," the boy said.

"There are men in this town who would kill you on sight."

The boy ignored the warning.

"In fact," the sheriff went on, "most any man around here would like a shot at you." He reached for his tobacco. "The only place you ought to have business is a thousand miles from here. Where no- body knows."

He looked up to see the boy's face alter for the first time. It was almost im- perceptible—only a narrowing of the eyes—but it was there.

"No one knows here either," the boy said.

The sheriff struck a match. "You've fought against the white man," he said deliberately.

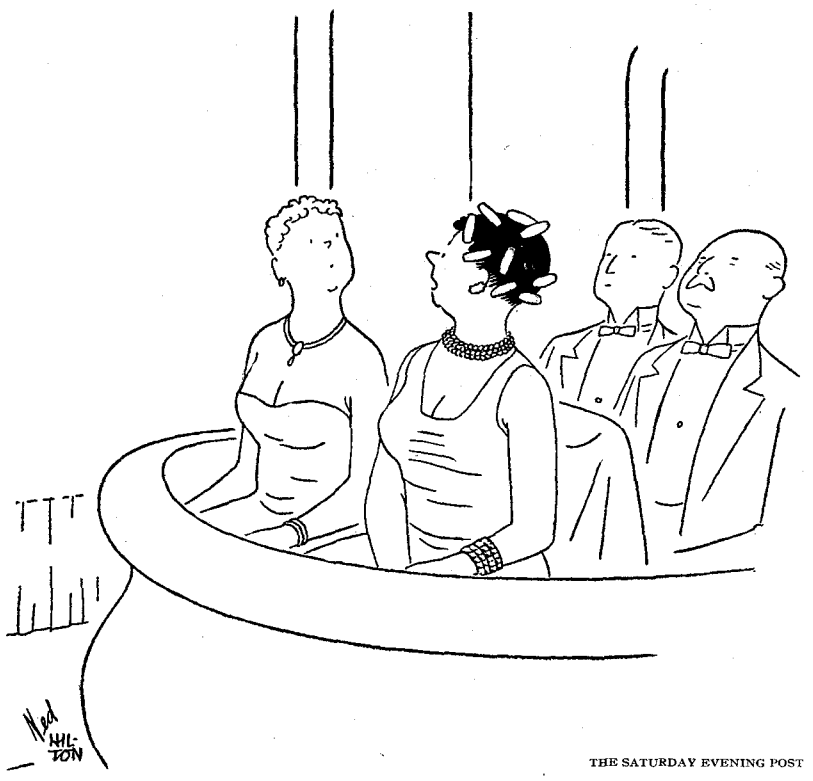
"Only when the white man—has given the Apache no choice."

The sheriff looked up sharply. Still the boy had not moved. But the word had been spoken: "Apache." This *was* the man.

The match had burned close to the sheriff's fingers. He shook out the flame without lighting his cigarette, holding the boy's gaze. *No one has ever seen him this closely before*, he thought. *How could this have come to be?*

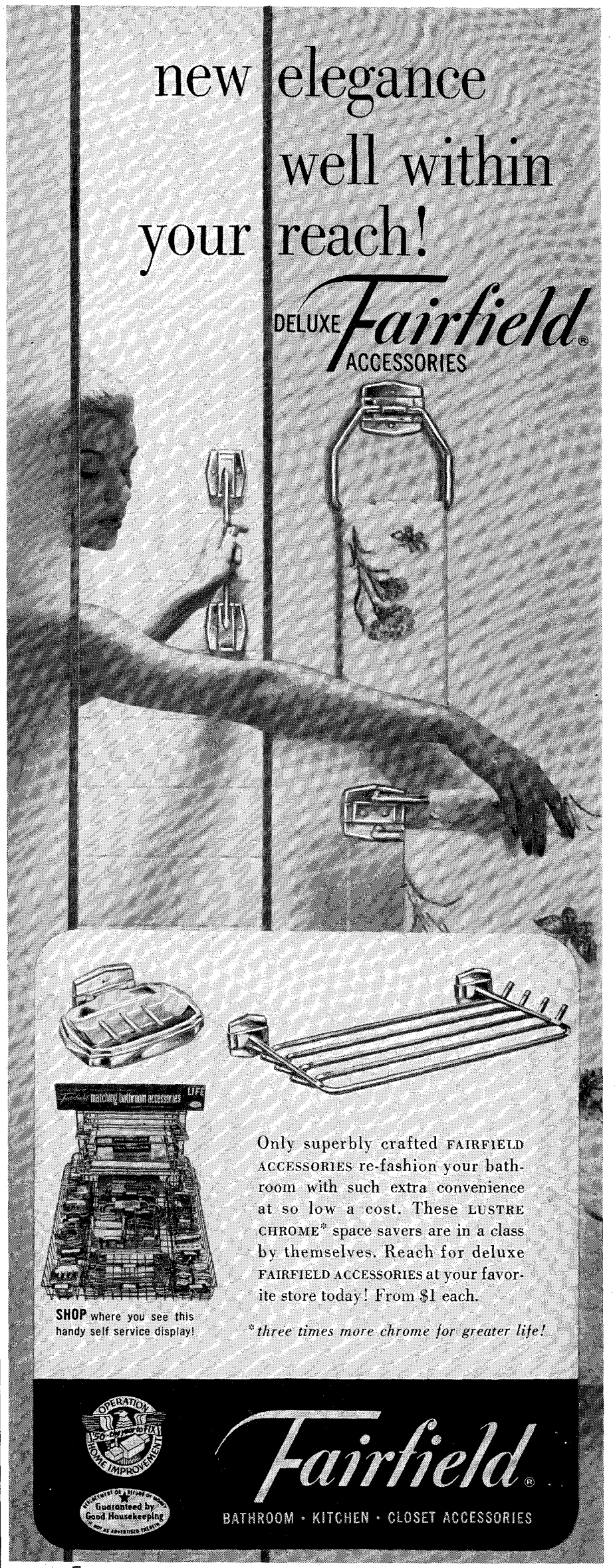
"There is a woman with me," the boy said then.

The sheriff bolted to the window. She was sitting, motionless, her hands folded before her, on an unsaddled pinto. She wore man's clothing—trail pants and the same denim shirt—but there was no mis- taking it. Not with the cut of her cheek-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All day there was something I intended to do, and I still can't remember what it was."


new elegance
well within
your reach!
DELUXE Fairfield®
ACCESSORIES
matching bathroom accessories
LIFE
SHOP where you see this handy self service display!
Only superbly crafted FAIRFIELD ACCESSORIES re-fashion your bath- room with such extra convenience at so low a cost. These LUSTRE CHROME* space savers are in a class by themselves. Reach for deluxe FAIRFIELD ACCESSORIES at your favor- ite store today! From $1 each.
*three times more chrome for greater life!
OPERATION HOME IMPROVEMENT
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Fairfield®
BATHROOM • KITCHEN • CLOSET ACCESSORIES

THE AUTOŸRE COMPANY, OAKVILLE, CONNECTICUT • A Subsidiary of Ekco Products Company

FALL HOME IMPROVEMENT FAIR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAINT SMOOTHER, EASIER with
Brushes by Baker!

Use Baker Brushes and paint easier, faster, better! Enjoy smoother painting, use fewer strokes, get more coverage. Next time you paint choose the right size Baker Brush for the job.

learn to paint like an expert . . .
Free booklet tells "HOW TO DO A GOOD PAINT JOB." Today, send card to Baker Brush Co., Inc., 83 Grand Street, New York 13.

BRUSHES BY
BAKER
AMERICA'S FINEST PAINTING TOOLS

USE GENUINE
MOLLY

THE PERFECT FASTENER
To hold ANYTHING
Securely in Hollow Walls, Floors and Ceilings

Unlike nails and screws, Molly allows you to install fixtures securely and exactly where you want them — not where studs are. Molly ends loose fixtures, crumbled plaster, broken walls. Molly reinforces the area in which used, won't pull through. Unlike other types of fasteners, Molly anchorage is permanent — fixtures can be removed and replaced in the same anchor. Molly is inexpensive, money-back guaranteed.

Write for Free Folder
See Your Hardware Dealer

SCREW ANCHORS
MOLLY CORP. • DEPT. 132 • READING, PA.

bones and the fierce black braided hair; not with her horse blanketed that way, and his next to it. Even if no one had seen him ——

The sheriff made a sucking sound with his lips. They were already across the street. Only four or five men, but it was enough of a beginning. They were watching her silently from in front of the saloon.

"I'll ride with you out of town," the sheriff said. "Or else there'll be ——"

"No," the boy interrupted firmly.

"Look, you, I don't even know why I'm ——" The sheriff cut it off himself this time, knowing he would make no impression. The boy had obviously known the danger when he came in.

The sheriff studied him anew. *I ought to hate him,* he told himself. *Instead, I am somehow fascinated by him. For six or seven years we have heard about him—the white man who rides with the outlaw Mimbreños—a myth, a creature despised all the more for not being explained or understood. And now that he is here I am going to* ——

What precisely was he going to do? The sheriff considered his cigarette, knowing that it was more than his simple responsibility for keeping law and order—or those men across the street; there were six now—that worried him. Why was this man here? Why? How had he dared to come?

"Over there, in front of the bar," he said from the window, "one of them is Harry Cogwell. Apaches killed his wife."

The boy made no motion to look.

"There are more like him," the sheriff said, and he thought, *Yes, many more. And there is no man who would tell me I was unjust if I myself had shot this boy on sight. Or if I did so now. And yet* ——

"I want to see—Major Johnson," the boy said at last, "from the post."

The sheriff looked at him speculatively. "It's more than an hour's ride."

"He will come."

"What do I have him told? You've still got a pretty good grip on that Winchester."

"Would I bring her, if I had come to give myself up? I have a—message."

The sheriff realized only then that the boy had difficulty reaching for certain words. "From Geronimo?" he asked.

"From Goyathlay, yes."

Yes, the sheriff thought, Major Johnson would come for a message from Goyathlay. For a message delivered by the white brave who rode at the old chieftain's side.

"I'll send someone." He paused at the door. "Bring her inside. And wait here."

"Johnson alone," the boy said.

The sheriff nodded, going out.

His deputy already knew the source of the message, if not the message itself. He was standing with Ben Collier and Harry Cogwell and five others at the saloon.

"Just get Johnson," the sheriff said. "Never mind the questions."

"What's he here for, Bucky?" Harry Cogwell asked. Cogwell was perhaps the sheriff's closest friend, but there was little indication of it now. "He's one renegade I won't see surrender, if that's what he's after."

The deputy chuckled. "All right," the sheriff told him wearily. The deputy grunted and moved off.

The sheriff turned back to Cogwell. "That man's in here to see me," he said quietly. "That means he's under my protection. I reckon you know that."

Cogwell glanced at him, their eyes meeting briefly, then turned suddenly and went into the bar.

The sheriff understood what he had seen in Cogwell's face. He knew that Harry would wait for the Army officer, but he could feel the tension behind him as he moved back through the clinging air to his office. He did not want trouble with these men, not over the one in the office.

Instinctively he closed the door behind him. The girl stood in the far corner of the room, stiffly, yet in that relaxed way of theirs. It registered, somehow without consequence, that she was as beautiful a girl as the sheriff had ever seen. She bowed her head—actually her eyes—slightly. The sheriff looked at the boy.

"You never did tell me your white name."

"Peter Hoag."

"You're ——"

"My father was Dan Hoag."

The sheriff stared at him, more in shock than in disbelief, as he searched the boy's face. He reached deeply into the past: it was ten years—twelve years! But it was there now, remotely; he did see the resemblance.

"Dan thought you were killed," he managed. "We brought in your mother's body. I don't ——"

"The braves did not find me," the boy said. "The women did—days later. I had been wounded and crawled off. Their anger was less then. They took me to ——"

"Anger!" the sheriff exploded. "Son, I remember that attack! Those Indians murdered nine people; that was ——"

"Very close before that," the boy cut in, "was the massacre at Cruces. My people—the Apache—had come to talk of peace. The white men who raided their camp massacred many more than nine. And all of them women and children and old people."

The sheriff let it drop. For the moment it was enough to cope with the fantastic, impossible fact that this boy—this white man who called the Apaches "my people"—was the son of Dan Hoag, and that in the long years when Dan had fought the Apaches with a vengeance still remembered, his son had lived among them.

And yet it was all so simple: it had to be someone taken as a child, who had grown up with them, who ——

"Your father was killed six or seven years back," the sheriff said. "On the river, riding scout for wagons."

"This I know," the boy said softly.

The sheriff stared at him. The boy looked away.

"I watched the battle," the boy said. "We were allowed—for the first time. I and my brothers of the tribe."

The sheriff waited for him to go on.

"I had been for five years taught as a brave. This—to watch—was the last of the teaching."

"You saw your own father get killed, and still you ——"

"I had seen him before," the boy said, meeting the sheriff's gaze again. "Once, before I understood—before I was decided fully—I had sneaked away here to the town. And I saw him. On this street." The boy gestured toward the door. "They had captured two of my people, braves who were wounded. My father and others dragged them on ropes behind their horses—until the flesh was gone from their bones."

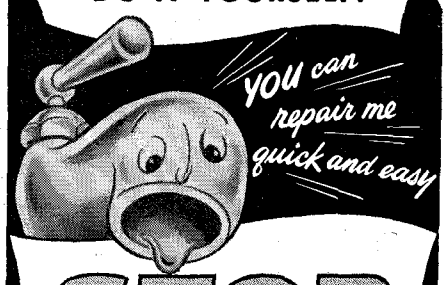
It was very quiet. The sheriff remembered Dan Hoag doing this. And more. But he also remembered Dan Hoag's grief.

"Until they were—mutilated so that they could not go to their ancestors," the boy added.

The sheriff was struggling with the enormity of what was unfolding before him. "Your father had reason," he heard himself saying dully.

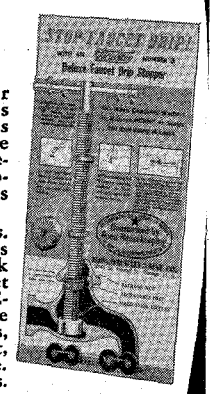
"No man has reason for that." The boy was looking past the sheriff. "I have forgiven the Apache for—what my father

DO IT YOURSELF!



STOP
faucet leaks,
annoying drip, stains
with O'Malley
Faucet Repair Set

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



A precision tool for making faucet seats glass-smooth. Stops washer damage. 32 fine cutting-teeth safely remove pits and corrosion. Makes faucets like new.
Beware of imitations. O'MALLEY smooths seats properly . . . Look for the faucet repair set with GOOD HOUSEKEEPING seal—the O'MALLEY repair kits, 70¢ to $3.29. (No. 3 set, illus., $1). Easy to use. Saves you many dollars.
At hardware, variety, plumbing, auto supply counters and leading mail-order houses.
Write for FREE illustrated descriptive folder and price list

O'MALLEY VALVE CO.
11948-50 S. Halsted Street, Chicago 28, Illinois

A Solution to Extra Expenses

MOST of us are faced with extra expenses at this time of the year, and we would like to suggest a workable solution for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions that will help you meet those expenses. Many of our representatives earn $10.00 or more a week in their spare time—and you can do the same!

Send us your name and address on a postal. In return you will receive full particulars about our offer, in addition to starting supplies. Put your spare time to work for you!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
825 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Strip off OLD finish
Make it like NEW

It's easy to make furniture, wood trim, floors, etc. like new. Strip off the old finish with quick-working WONDER-PASTE. Won't run on upright surfaces. Softens paint, varnish, enamel so it comes off in one easy scraping. At paint and hardware stores.

Write for Wonder-Paste leaflet.
Wilson-Imperial Co.
120 Chestnut St., Newark 5, N.J.

WONDER-PASTE 5 MILLION CANS SOLD

Fall Home Improvement Fair

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uld not." He turned back. "And you—
before the white man's God and the
pache gods, you were asked to
dge ——" He did not finish the ques-
on.

The sheriff forced himself to return to
e reality of the present. From the win-
w he saw the men—perhaps a dozen
w—still inactive across the street, but
inous, threatening in their very in-
tivity. He checked his pocket watch.

"Johnson better not take long," he said.

But the boy's talking was evidently
er. It had been in him for a long time,
sheriff thought, for a dozen years, and
ne of it had had to be spoken. But now
was Apache again, standing mutely,
t moving, with his rifle—a stolen Army
apon, it struck the sheriff—like a part
his being.

And the girl. Dark and beautiful and
incredibly quiet. He wondered if they
r spoke. Wanting nothing, needing
thing.

They waited that way, then, with no
nd but the buzz of flies in the heat.
d outside, the group enlarged itself
h a silence of its own, like the length-
ng shadows in the afternoon street.
gwell, Ben Collier, Luke Willis, Andy
stin—they were good men with whom
sheriff had ridden for years, and he
w too well their feelings toward the
aches, their grievance of blood which
ts way was just. Yet something which
did not fully understand made him feel
t this boy here with him now was some-
w as good, as just, as all of them.

e could not keep his eyes off the boy's
e, thinking of the twelve years in
ich he had lived and ridden and
ught and, yes—the sheriff glanced
in at the girl—had learned to love as
Apache. It was still beyond belief. The
riff tried to imagine what it must have
n like for the boy in the beginning, his
or when he was with them first, alone,
mere child. He had been beaten,
bably, and brutally tormented by the
s of his own age, and certainly he had
been accepted until he had proved
nself in Lord only knew what manner
trial and test. And yet, the sheriff
ught, despite even this, he had been
to become as one of them, to accept
r way.

And not only to accept. He had been old enough when they took him to have remembered the white man's life, yet he had chosen finally even to fight for the Apaches, for the people who had killed first his mother before his eyes, and then again his father! What had he seen, what had he learned?

If, before the white man's God and the Apache gods, you were asked to judge ——

"Johnson does not come," the boy said unexpectedly.

"What?"

"One rider."

It was a long moment before the sheriff heard the hoofbeats. He opened the door to greet the returning deputy, aware of the men watching from the bar.

"Johnson's off somewhere," the deputy said, pulling up. "They got word Geronimo's on the move and they're out chasing. What'd this one do—turn traitor on them now, too, top of everything else?"

"Never mind that," the sheriff said fiercely. He watched the deputy lead his panting animal across the street.

When he turned he saw the boy standing tall just inside the door, but now for the first time the boy's mask was gone. There was an expression of immense sadness on his face.

The sheriff closed the door. He knew without understanding how. "They're going to surrender," he said.

"In two moons," the boy answered. He said it with difficulty. "Unconditionally."

"And you came in to tell Johnson ahead of time, taking a chance on this?" The sheriff indicated the mob with a gesture. "To save what killing you could?"

"The Apache is beaten," the boy said. "He has been driven across the last hills, into the last deserts. There is no food, no water, no hope. Goyathlay knows and the braves know, only the people do not. And so now they will make one last hunt. One last summer they will live as men—as Apache—and then the people will be told. But now the soldiers chase them despite this, and more will die." The boy's eyes were pleading. "Do you know what a mere handful we are left, how few there will be to surrender?"

The sheriff did not say anything. Of course it had been inevitable. He had watched it for too long; more and more settlers crowding in, needing space; more and more soldiers sent; the promises made, only to be broken; the hundred broken trusts and betrayals—and always, for both sides, death. And now, after so many violent, heartbreaking years, it was over. The sheriff had waited for it; right or wrong, he himself had as much reason to want the surrender as any man. And yet, now that it was here, it left him with an emptiness he would never have expected to feel.

But it wasn't over. No, Johnson and his troop were at this very moment riding out into that last hunting ground, even now were on a mission of death. And so the boy's own mission had been wasted. Unless ——

"Listen," the sheriff said. "Why did you come here?"

"You are right," the boy told him distantly. "I am a white man. We are going the thousand miles."

"No; I mean why to me?"

The boy looked at him. "That day the father of my flesh dragged my brothers in the dirt behind his horse and many men stood by and watched, I saw who it was who stopped them when he heard. I had not forgotten."

"But bringing her," the sheriff said. "Suppose I had ——" He paused. For two hours he had been fighting to keep the memory of his son from his mind, the memory which had almost made him try to draw on this boy when he had first appeared. Now it refused to be contained any longer.

"You took a chance, putting this on my shoulders," he said. "Do you know what happened to me last year, to my son?"

"I know," the boy said. His voice had become firm again. "I know that he was—that he was killed by the Apaches."

The sheriff turned away. For a long minute he was lost in the photograph on the desk. When he looked back, the boy's eyes were on the photograph also.

He swallowed against the dryness in his throat. "Tell me what you know about it."

The boy shifted the rifle which he still held in his hands. "There was a child from our tribe who had wandered," he said. "It was killed by a big cat, and three braves went to track the animal through the pass where your son was seeking gold. It is not a place where many white men come; they did not expect to find ——"

"Yes," the sheriff said; and he thought, *Yes, he was that kind. And if others were not as reckless, no one would have found him yet. His body might still be lying out there on those rocks, to be* —— His eyes filmed, and he saw it all again as it had been that day when the other prospectors brought him in, the body packed across the mule like a sack of flour, the single, terrible mark of the bullet clean, bloodless where it had entered his breast, the ——

The sheriff stopped himself. The heat hung thickly, heavy in the room. "Go on," he said.

"One of the braves was badly clawed by the animal," the boy said, "on the chest. Later, when two braves were taking the skin and the wounded one was caring for himself at the stream—that was when your son ——"

"He fired from behind cover?" The sheriff was staring at the indistinct planks of the floor. The boy hesitated.

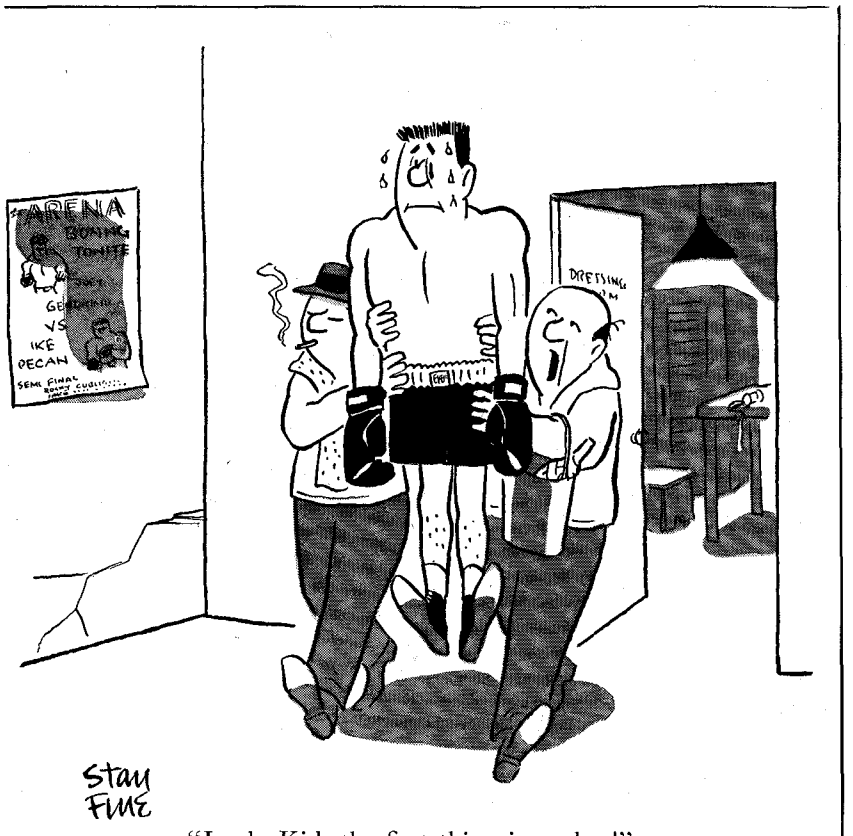
"He did, didn't he? With no reason?"

"The two braves were killed where they were skinning," the boy said.

The sheriff felt his breath draw inward sharply. He was vaguely conscious of movement in another world beyond the window. "And the other one?"

"The one who had been wounded by the cat—got to the rocks in time."

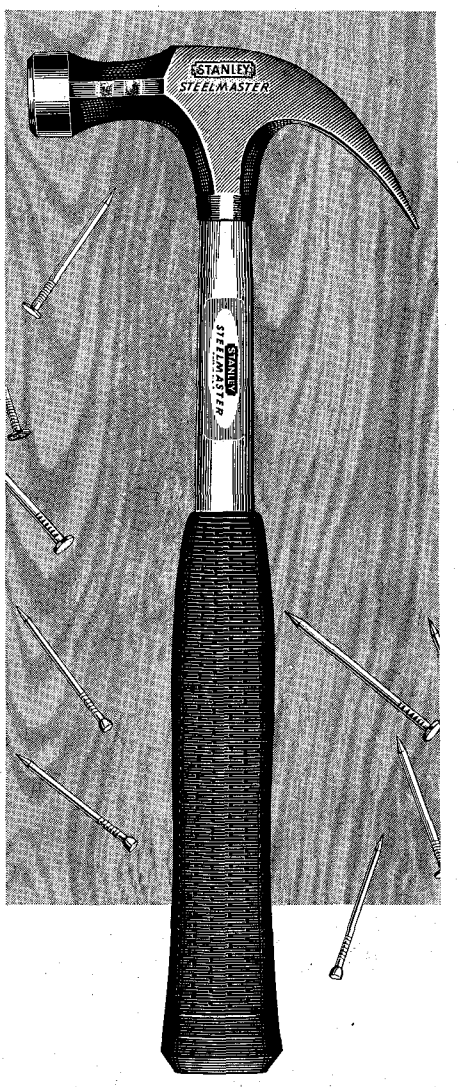
And they stalked each other. And the Indian, crawling among the rocks with his



"Look, Kid, the first thing is—relax!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

STANLEY
STEELMASTER



The Finest Hammer Ever Made

Here is a new Stanley hammer that extends the partnership of hand, arm, eye and tool right smack to the head of the nail at every blow. It's good to heft, to swing, to hit with. It was made to work better and last longer. It has more in it than any hammer ever made.

- ***A NEW FACE*** . . . induction tempered rim minimizes chipping
- ***A NEW HEAD*** . . . super heat-treated from face to claw
- ***A NEW HANDLE*** . . . chrome alloy steel — will not break
- ***A NEW GRIP*** . . . Neoprene grip — contoured and cushioned
  PLUS . . . the *perfect balance* of every Stanley hammer

Stanley ***STEELMASTER*** is now available in your choice of 5 models at your hardware store. Insist on ***STEELMASTER*** ***$4.69*** and ***$4.95***.

EXTRA! This hammer holster is yours *free* when you buy ***STEELMASTER*** during the introductory period. Get yours now!

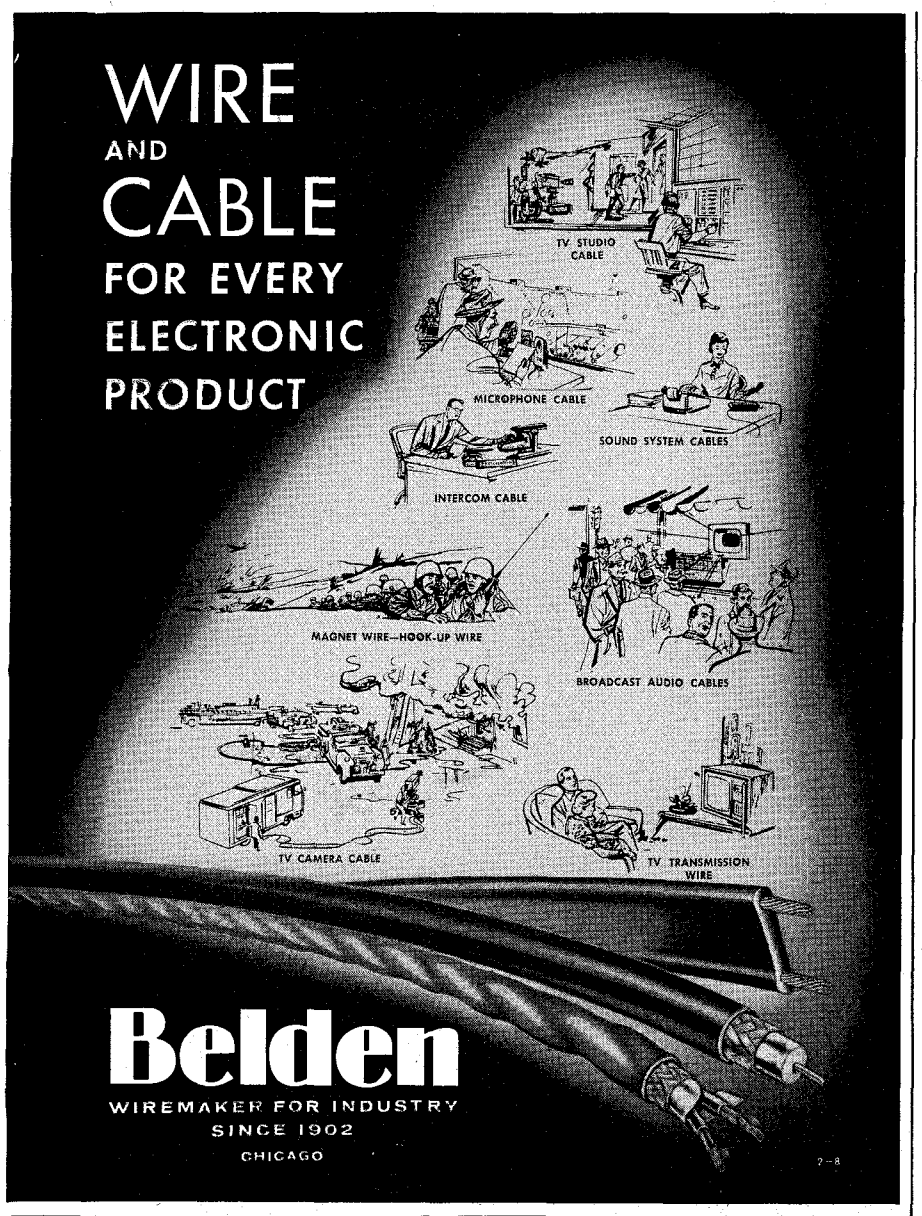
STANLEY TOOLS
Division of The Stanley Works
New Britain, Connecticut

STANLEY

The Tool Box of the World

Fall Home Improvement Fair

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



slashed and bleeding chest, was good enough to get in the one perfect shot. The sheriff realized that his hand had gone to his breast, to the spot where the third Apache's bullet had struck. He dropped his hand awkwardly.

The heat was unbearably oppressive. The girl was watching him silently. Somehow the most painful thing of all was that the sheriff did not disbelieve any of the story; not when his son had done the very kind of thing which these two—together, he realized—had ridden in here now to end. His heart ached. He had walked to the desk and was reaching for his tobacco, unable to speak, when the shout broke the stillness of the room like a gunshot:

"Bucky!"

Without a word—almost as if in relief—the sheriff opened the door and stepped into its frame. Sixteen or eighteen men stood in a loose semicircle in the sun-baked street before the office. All of them were armed; most had their revolvers holstered, but some of them were carrying rifles. The sheriff's glance moved from face to face slowly, recognizing each. The men waited, feeling no necessity to voice their obvious mission.

"I won't have any trouble here," the sheriff told the gathering quietly. "I mean that."

There was an uncertain, tentative movement in the group. "No trouble, Bucky!" someone called. "Just you hand him over to us!"

"Yeah! Ride out somewhere, if it bothers you! Like you weren't here!"

"That murdering, traitorous ——"

The sheriff waited for it to subside, standing with the silent patience of authority. He was thinking: *Two of them in cold blood—my own son. But my son is gone now, and there does not have to be more of it. That is what this boy came in here for, and it is the least that I can do.* When he spoke again, the tone of his voice had not changed.

"I want this street cleared," he ordered. "Peacefully and now."

The men were studying him questioningly, gauging his determination. His gaze fell upon Ben Collier, slouching at the edge of the crowd. The farmer would not meet his stare. One or two of the others wore hesitant expressions, but the rest were standing firm.

The deputy was hanging back, still b fore the saloon. "Get that horse out the sun!" the sheriff snapped over th heads of the others.

"Just what is this, Bucky?" a man sai "What are you covering him for?"

"—— rides in here on a stolen Arm horse! Brand's plain as air!"

"—— them pants he's walkin' in!"

"—— led them raiders up to B Forks!"

"Settle down!" the sheriff order severely. "Any of that is my respon bility and I'll worry about it. . . . Yo Ben Collier, you were headed back your spread two hours ago."

Collier shrugged, gesturing clumsil but making no move to leave. At t same time several men stepped aside Harry Cogwell made his way toward t front.

There was a shotgun angled downwa over Cogwell's right arm. He halted at t forward perimeter of the mob, perha six strides away from the sheriff. T bitterness in his voice was unmistakab

"I want that man," he said.

The sheriff took a single step forwa "Ease up, Harry," he said. He did n have to raise his voice for the others hear. "Listen, now. This is unofficial, b I reckon you all may as well lea There's going to be a surrender, full a unconditional, in two months. The Mi breños and everyone else riding w Geronimo."

There was an excited murmur. A nu ber of the men were moving in mo closely, but Harry Cogwell abruptly c short all questions.

"You believe the word of this outlaw he demanded.

"I do," the sheriff said.

Cogwell spat into the road, turning the group. "Anybody else here f enough to believe him?"

Men grunted indecisively. "I'd qu tion it," Luke Willis offered. "I don't how you can trust any of 'em, them a their tricks. This here one especially."

The sheriff wiped his palm ligh across his blouse. It struck him that boy himself had known, before comi in, that this might be the reception; he had come in anyhow. But he kn there was no way to explain this.

"You'll have to take my word," said quietly.

"Ah'm for motherhood, the flag, and mah itchless DYNEL underwear!"

RADIATOR LEAKING?

Why risk losing your expensive Anti-Freeze? Have *your radiator* cleaned of rust and lime deposits—and have leaks repaired.

HAVE YOUR RADIATOR SERVICED WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

© 1956 INLAND MFG. CO., Omaha, Nebr.

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
826 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Guaranteed SAFE, Durable, Economical
MASTER-Retreaded Tires
. . . at this SIGN . . . ½ Cost of New Tires
TIRE RETREADING INSTITUTE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POS

"It's a personal call."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You heard what I said before," Cogwell told him. "Even if there is a surrender, which I doubt, I ain't seeing this one go in to get no pardon."

The sheriff could feel the hatred, the years of it, which goaded Cogwell; he knew there was no more talking to be done. He spaced his words forcefully. "I think you better get out of here, Harry."

"I mean what I tell you," Cogwell threatened. The shotgun had shifted in his hands. "I aim to take him and I don't aim to do no more arguing."

"Harry, if that scattergun moves one more half inch upward I'll drop you where you stand."

Several men, startled, drew back. Cogwell was glaring at the sheriff, his eyes blazing now, but uncertain. The sheriff had made no move toward his revolver, his right hand hanging naturally perhaps four inches from the grip. He knew it was not his ability to make the draw which Cogwell would doubt, but his intent.

"I'm serious," he said. "All of you—Luke, Andy, Will—I'm keeping order here."

"Order be hanged!" Cogwell blurted suddenly. "Apaches ain't your jurisdiction, in town or out! Bucky, I swear, if ——"

"Cogwell, I'll give you ten seconds. If you don't know me well enough to know that I mean it, then ——"

"They murdered my wife! And you can cover this—this ——" Cogwell was sputtering. The sheriff fought to calm his own tension, his throat tightening in the expectation of what was coming. "What kind of a man are you?" Cogwell cried. "They killed your own son and you ——"

The words tore savagely at the sheriff, the boy's whole story bursting with new horror in his mind, and he covered the space between himself and Harry Cogwell in two crazed bounds. As he did, his pistol flashed from his hip, the hammer cocking in the instinctive movement of the draw.

"Get out of here!" he roared.

There was a moment of utter, incredulous silence.

The sheriff stood frozen where he had stopped himself, every muscle taut. Somewhere, distantly, a door thudded shut. "Now!" he cried.

Men had begun to back off, some more quickly than others, but most of them going, finally all of them, turning in uncertain, guilty silence. Only Harry Cogwell made no move.

The sheriff's blouse was clinging to him, soaked. In Cogwell's face the rage still flamed, directed not at the boy now, but at the sheriff. But there was confusion in it also, and his voice came in a gasp. "You drew on me over that—that ——" His hands were white on the shotgun. "Well shoot, blast you, or stand out of my path!"

The sheriff was still clutching the revolver. The realization of how close he had come to killing his friend was sweeping over him slowly, sickeningly; he jammed his weapon into its holster as if he were suddenly terrified of it. But he held firm.

"The boy rides out," he said evenly.

The shotgun loomed not six inches from his face. He could see the particles of dust on the rim of the bore. It was in Cogwell's hands.

Cogwell swallowed hard. The air was thick and dry, baking in the relentless sun. Finally the muzzle dropped in defeat.

There was a sigh of relief from the men who were watching.

"Why?" Cogwell demanded. "Why?"

The sheriff had known, whatever else, he and Cogwell were not men to kill each other. But now he could not make the explanation which he owed to Harry. Why had he lost control? Even if he had let them take this boy, the larger thing was ended. What *had* he been doing?

Cogwell was waiting. The sheriff knew it had been something more than duty which had driven him, much more. But what? He had been fulfilling a trust, the trust of someone who had had faith in him, who had chosen to come to him because —— *Because!*

The sheriff spun about wildly. A tremor ran through him at the sight of the boy as he stepped down from the doorway.

"I knew you would do as you have done," the boy began. "It is only to some men that grief brings hatred. To others it ——"

The sheriff had clutched him by the shirt. "Your chest!" he gasped through clenched teeth. "Let me see your chest!"

Their eyes held fast upon each other for what seemed an eternity.

"The marks of the cat are there," the boy said at last. He looked deliberately at Cogwell and then back to the sheriff. "It was I who killed your son."

The sheriff's heart was pounding. "Get out of here now!" he said hoarsely. "Get out of here!"

He turned away, his gun hand crushed tightly into a fist. Harry Cogwell's hand was on his arm. It was a long moment before he was able to look back.

"I'll find Major Johnson's patrol," he managed then. "I'll—tell them about the surrender."

The boy was helping the girl to mount. He said nothing.

The two of them were still in sight twenty minutes later when the sheriff and Harry Cogwell rode out together along the same trail.

THE END

21 in. Power Propelled Rotary Mower with Leaf Mulcher by Jacobsen

You get so much more with a Jacobsen

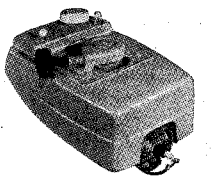
MORE PRIDE in your lovely lawn so clean cut and smoothly groomed, it could serve as your living room carpet . . .

More peace of mind from your confidence in the manufacturer's reputation . . .

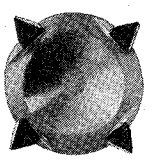
And *more* visible evidence of superiority, as represented by such components as the time-tested Jacobsen-built Hi-Torque Engine, the exclusive 4-blade suction-lift rotor, and the extra stamina and long life built into Jacobsen mowers by a family of craftsmen with 35 years' experience who take pride in their work.

Which Jacobsen model—Reel or Rotary—for you? Ask your Jacobsen dealer, a reliable authority who has been carefully selected for his experience and standing in your community.

Look under "Lawn Mowers" in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory for Jacobsen nationwide sales and service.



The Jacobsen-built Hi-Torque engine provides dependable, smooth, easy to start, quiet power.



4-blade suction-lift rotor cuts cleanly, smoothly, mulches leaves to fine particles.

JACOBSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. SP929, Racine, Wisconsin

Jacobsen

JACOBSEN JOHNSTON WORTHINGTON

SUBSIDIARIES: JOHNSTON LAWN MOWER CORPORATION, BROOKHAVEN, MISSISSIPPI, WORTHINGTON MOWER COMPANY, STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Outcasts (Continued from Page 35)

a nice sports shirt that had cost him $6.95. He had never been what this neighborhood would call a dresser, but his hair was combed, his shoes were clean. He could see Rose Bruno's reflection in the mirror behind the bar. She had a thin and tall-stemmed glass of wine in front of her. *I must be crazy*, he told himself, because he knew he was going to talk to her. He waited until she turned her head for another look at the clock.

"You're waiting for someone?" Slattery said.

"I was," Rose Bruno said, "but I don't think I'll wait any longer." Her voice was deep, yet so lyrically soft he could not tell if she had rebuked him or, in a subtle way, invited him to speak again. He tried to figure this out. He stared self-consciously ahead. He took a swallow of beer. The mirror let him know that she was watching him with a frank, almost clinical interest. It wasn't like anything that had happened to him before.

"So?" he said, turning to her. "So? I've got two heads or something?"

"If you have," she said mildly, "you're not using either one of them. You shouldn't be here, standing next to me."

"Why?" he asked her. "Do you know who I am?"

She nodded slowly. "Who doesn't know?" She looked at him then in such a tender and compassionate way that he would not have cared if she were Lucky Luciano's favorite doll or the trembling bride of a cop. "You poor slob," Dominic Bruno's sister said. "Why would anyone ever be afraid of you?" And that's when he loved her, without knowing he loved her, almost from the moment of first meeting her. The bartender, having taken Slattery's dollar from the bar, carefully returned eighty-five cents in change. "I think we should get out of here," Rose Bruno said. "Do you mind?"

It wasn't the kind of a night when you needed air-conditioning out of doors. An easy breeze had cleansed the night of stickiness. Away up, high above the firehouse and the ancient buildings lining the street, there was a lemon-colored quarter moon. Rose's steep heels, crisp on the sidewalk, made the only sound.

"You'd think we didn't know how to talk," said Slattery.

"I can talk all right," she assured him. "I can talk like a machine sometimes. I just was thinking." A cab went by, then a cops' car, two-toned, slow as a hearse, patrolling, but it kept on going. "Maybe you thought I was being fresh in Carlo's," Rose Bruno said. "Or trying to pick you up?" She looked at him slyly and obliquely, smiling in a way that made him ache inside. "I'm not that desperate, I hope. The fact is I just didn't want you getting in a mess."

"What kind of a mess?"

"I was waiting at the bar for Julie Dreiss," she said.

He didn't say anything. They walked along. It wasn't any fun to have her state it so simply. He was willing to agree there might have been a mess. It would have depended on Julie Dreiss' mood or Julie's vested rights in her. Julie was one of the artful hoodlums. He was of her brother's crowd, and in some ways—at least as a personality—a kind of successor to the vivid Dominic. Julie had every orthodox credential for the role, except for the glowing experience of a long term in jail.

"He wanted to see me about Dominic," Rose said. "He has some lawyer's angle he says is new. About an appeal; he could even have made it up, I suppose, but I told him I would meet him."

"In Carlo's?"

"I'm not sensitive about Carlo's any more and I never pretend I'm not my brother's sister. It's still better to meet Julie some place outside than have him come to the house. Do you see what I mean?"

"No, I don't," said Slattery.

"Well, how many times do you expect a girl to run backwards around the parlor?"

"Oh," he said, then thought about it. "You and Julie," he said uncomfortably; "well, what goes on?"

She didn't take her eyes from him. "What do you think, Slattery?" Rose Bruno's eyes were dark and wide and unashamedly filled with the sight of him. "What would I be doing with that star-spangled rooster?"

They began then nervously and joyously to laugh. *I don't need any more explanations*, Slattery thought; *I don't need them and I don't want them.*

"It's funny we feel like this," he told her tenderly. "So fast, I mean."

"What's funny about being lonely, Slattery?" Dominic Bruno's sister said. "Don't look at me like that. I'm as tough as you—maybe tougher even—so please don't make me cry."

On Tuesday night she wore a hat—a thready and transparent kind of a skullcap—on the crown of her wonderful hair. A lace shawl, pretty as the trimming on a valentine, made Rose's shoulders gay. She was holding a pair of white gloves in the clasp of her folded hands.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello, yourself."

He felt funny all over, like a strummed guitar. She was waiting for him downstairs on the stone stoop of the Napoli Apartments. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but you wouldn't know it. The kids were playing stick-ball in the street. The summer daylight, working overtime, had hardly begun to wane.

"I'll bet you think I'm crazy," he said. "The second day I know you, calling you up at your office? Just as though I couldn't wait?"

"I didn't mind." She came down the soiled steps of the old, once-elegant apartment house with the grace and the ease of a queen. "Listen, worse things could have happened to me." It was a joke, the way she said it. She took his arm and they began to walk together up the street. The noisy stick-ball game was suddenly suspended. You could hear the "clack" of Rose's heels. Neither one of them said anything, but it was no news to Slattery that a hundred curious heads stared out of windows after them.

"I'd have asked you upstairs," Rose told him after a while, "but my mother went to the novena service at the church—you know, the novena to Saint Anthony that we have every year?"

"I know," he said.

"It's as though she can't give up on Dominic. She keeps on hoping, hoping all the time. I guess that hope's what most good people live on, anyhow."

They passed the weather-worn and faded red stone of the nineteenth-century church. A couple of middle-aged women, late for the service, climbed the shallow steps. The old chimes tolled with heavy resonance.

"It wouldn't hurt to nod to them," she said, and Slattery obliged. Rose laughed. "You talk about calling me up at the office, George. It's funny; just as I told you on the phone, it wasn't five minutes before you called that Mr. Herman—he's our bookkeeper; everybody calls him 'Herm'—well, Herm said, 'How would you like to go to the concert at the Lewisohn Stadium? It's Italian Night tonight. I've got two tickets.'"

"You told me," Slattery said. "Remember that you told me? I've never been to one of those things."

"I thought it would be a waste, not using the tickets. I don't mean because it's Italian Night, either, as Herm kept saying. Do you think you'll like it?"

"Well, sure. I always liked music—some music, that is."

He was trying to be attentive and polite, but he was not without apprehension as they approached the junction of Rose's street with the avenue. There was the big cigar store just ahead of them, where the neighborhood sports hung out. Rose's hand began to tighten on his arm.

"I don't guarantee it," she said, striving to be casual, "but somebody may whistle. All I mean is that it's possible."

"Don't worry," he said.

"I hope you'll remember what you said last night."

He laughed, not too convincingly. "I said an awful lot last night."

"You said you wouldn't get in a fight with Julie Dreiss or with anyone else, not even if they cut off your sister's leg, if you had a sister. I'm quoting you word for word."

"I meant it," he told her softly.

Nobody whistled when they reached the big cigar store on the corner. Julie wasn't there. Only two of Julie's crowd were on the scene. Slattery knew them both and watched the tight smiles growing in the corners of their mouths. Julie's watchful friends passed no remarks.

"Don't even look at them," Rose said.

An empty cab had stopped for the red light on the corner and the driver looked their way.

"With two free tickets to a concert," Slattery said, "we can afford to live it up fancy." He opened the taxi's door. "The Lewisohn Stadium, Mac."

They didn't say anything until they were passing 28th Street on the way uptown. It wasn't easy to chase out of mind the implied if unstated interest in them that Julie's smirking companions had displayed. Slattery, from old experience, could feel the core of trouble forming inside of him.

"Well?" Rose said, aware that he was watching her. "How was everything today?"

"The job you mean?"

"Well, yes—the job—and other things."

"Everything was fine on the job." He didn't want to confess to her that he had squandered most of his actual working time in preoccupation with the girl on his mind. "We got a lot of new stuff in from Canada," he said. "I mean the boss got a shipment—all new material that we've been waiting for. Then this afternoon a fellow called up from New Jersey; he's got a housing project not too far from the other side of the bridge. Did I mention him last night? Well, anyhow, it looks as though I helped to sell this guy about an acre of new roofs, right on the phone, with the boss holding on to the extension." He paused in assessment of the day's events. "No, the job's all right. I can't complain about the job."

"That's wonderful, George."

"Then after work today," he confessed less readily, "I saw my good friend, Mr. Armiento, the parole officer—a real sweet fellow, I can tell you—the people's protector from the likes of me."

"You saw him tonight?"

"At seven o'clock. It's my regular session. Every other Tuesday, like getting my hair cut. (*Continued on Page 143*)

"I'm out here—having a piece of cake."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No... the IBM Electric can't do the filing but...

...no other typewriter gives a girl so much help in her job—gives a boss such a cut in typing costs!

Choose from 7 exciting colors: Larkspur Blue, Yellow Jasmine, Midnight Blue, Woodland Green, Tropic Tan, Dove Grey, Cascade Green (last 3 at no extra cost).

Only the IBM Electric gives you such distinctive letters, with uniform typing *always!* No matter what touch a typist uses, she needn't worry about varying that even IBM typing!

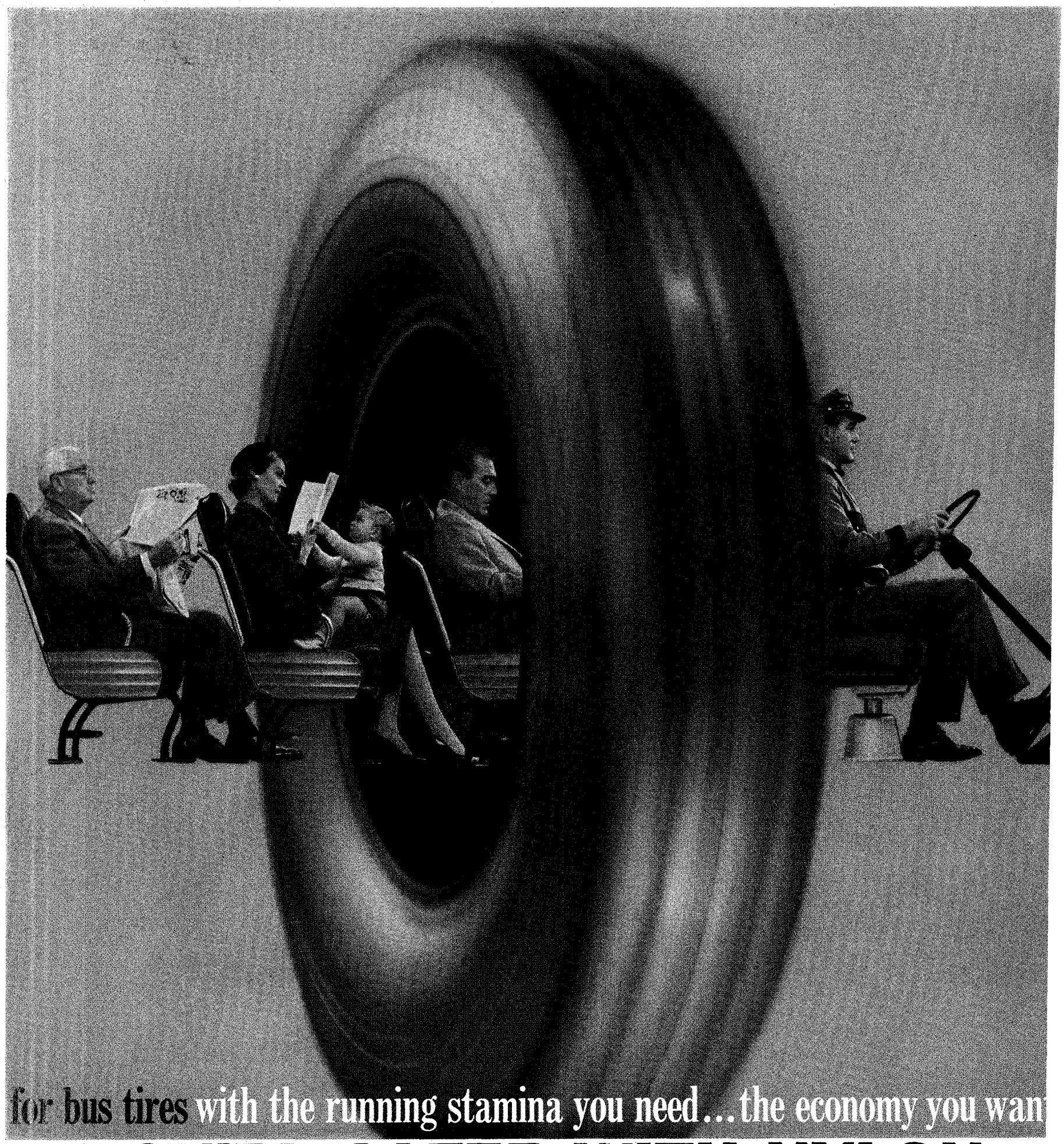
Electricity does the work! The IBM requires *95.4% less* "finger-effort" than a manual. That's why the IBM gets more work done in less time with less effort!

The IBM cuts office overhead because it helps handle more work without added secretarial expense. Remember, the IBM is the favorite electric by far, yet costs no more than other electrics!

IBM® ELECTRIC TYPEWRITERS

—OUTSELL ALL OTHER ELECTRICS COMBINED!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



for bus tires with the running stamina you need... the economy you want

YOU'RE SAFER WITH NYLON

Nothing helps bus tires keep up their gruelling pace like nylon tire cord. That's because no other fiber has nylon's rugged strength, endurance, flexibility. For passengers this means greater protection against road hazards, the added safety of nylon's extra bruise-and-blowout resistance. For bus operators it means cooler, longer-running tires, fewer interrupted schedules. Result: lower operating costs. Today, buses are rolling the highways on tough new nylon tire cord made of nylon by Chemstrand... one of the major producers of nylon. Made in the only completely integrated nylon plant in the country, Chemstrand nylon is engineered to the highest quality standards possible... to help buses travel further, safer.

Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.

CHEMSTRAN
NYLON

THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1 • Plants: CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla. • ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 140*) I meet him where he tells me I should meet him. Sometimes in his office; sometimes other places. I let him see my fingernails. I let him look in my ears. 'Yes, Mr. Armiento,' I say, 'I didn't spit in the subway once the whole two weeks and I didn't steal a nickel off a newsstand.' Every other Tuesday I go through this same routine."

"You exaggerate, the way you say it, George. It couldn't be like that."

"Mr. Armiento," Slattery said, "is for the Y.M.C.A., St. Anthony's Church, the Holy Name Society and a Jewish glee club I forget the name of. Everything else stinks. 'What are you dressed up for tonight?' he said to me. 'I'm going to a concert at the Lewisohn Stadium,' I said."

"Then what did he say?"

"He said to me then, 'Are you going to this concert with a girl?' and I said, 'Yes, with a girl.' Armiento looks at me as though it's something no one ever thought of, going out with a girl, and he said, 'What kind of a girl?' I told him. I said, 'The nicest girl I ever met. She's got a job as a stenographer and she takes a course one night a week at the Hunter College.' The phone rang then and interrupted us. When he was on the phone a couple of minutes, Armiento turns to me and puts it this way: 'All right, Slattery, I want a report the next time on the concert, and especially the girl. Be home in your room at twelve o'clock and behave yourself.' He talks just as though he owns me body and soul. That's what he told me once, you know. 'Slattery,' he said, 'I own you body and soul until April, 1957.'"

"I suppose it can get pretty difficult," Rose said. "He didn't ask you my name, did he, George?"

"Not this time, no. I guess it was on account of the telephone interrupting, and him so busy."

"You didn't try to tell him my name?"

He hesitated. "I wasn't sure it would help," he said. It hurt very much to admit it, but it was true that he had been afraid. "You understand why?"

"I understood when Dominic first went to prison," Rose said. "Why wouldn't I understand now?" He watched her stare out the window of the cab. "We're a couple of cut-rate citizens, Slattery. I could have told you that last night, so it's no surprise to me."

It was the first time he had ever been to Lewisohn Stadium. He had always thought that going to this kind of an event would be a forbiddingly high-class thing to do, and very likely, for that reason, unenjoyable. He still thought it was high class, but in the way that anything superb, like Rocky Marciano getting off the floor or Willie Mays in fleet flirtation with a long fly ball was unmistakably high class. He found beauty, excitement and that inevitable half-inch raising of the scalp that beauty and excitement, running tandem, always brought to him.

"I know—I know," Rose whispered chidingly, "but you shouldn't keep talking and disturbing the people. They know how good it is. That's why they came."

Her breath, so very close to him, was warm. There was no lemon moon in the Harlem sky, but Slattery didn't mind. He hadn't known, until they got here, that their seats were not up in the concrete stands, but were instead located on the grass of the infield, well up front, where wooden chairs were randomly arranged at tables. It was a natural thing to sit hunched forward, close to Rose, with their hands interlocked on the wooden table top. He felt more reverence for the music than he could gracefully express.

"The big dame in the blue dress. She can really let go, can't she?"

"Her name is Violetta, George. In the opera, I mean. In a couple of minutes she'll drop dead from that cough she has—the size of her."

They began to laugh.

"Do you speak Italian, Rose?"

"'*È strano!*'" she said, half joking, yet with moving tenderness. "'*Cessarono gli spasmi del dolore.*'"

"What's it mean?"

"The girl in the blue dress, George. She is saying, '*È strano*'—'it's strange'—she says it's strange she's dying, but she feels no pain—like us." Their clasped hands tightened with the last ascending tones of the soprano.

"I guess maybe I'm a pigeon for this stuff," he sheepishly confessed.

"Is that so bad?"

He laughed. "I don't know. I keep wondering what Armiento would say if he knew I liked it. He'd probably think that I got punch-drunk in jail, the suspicious, narrow-minded, joy-killin' slob. Or else he'd try to tell me I made it up."

"Don't talk like that," she cautioned him. "Please, George?" Her hair had brushed against his face. He touched her forehead gently with his lips. She turned away, but held more tightly to his hands. The lights came on then everywhere and the glare was bold. "It's a long trip home," was all she said. "We'd better get started."

Outside, on 138th Street, Slattery declared, quite formally, "Mr. Armiento can go take a running jump at the Hudson or the Harlem River. I'll give the gentleman his choice."

"You don't mean it," she said. "Otherwise you would never have tried as hard as you have to keep out of trouble."

Which was true enough, as Slattery well knew. Most of his complaining was the product of his own self-consciousness in front of Rose. He had conformed to the provisions of his parole with scrupulous attentiveness for ninety days.

"Let's take another cab," he said. "Drive down through the park this time?"

"Let's not and save your money," she suggested. "The Seventh Avenue is faster and it's only thirty cents."

"You're a funny kind of a dame," he said.

"Who's laughing?" she asked. "You?"

It took them nineteen minutes on the Seventh Avenue Express. They came out of the subway to the streets of the neighborhood.

There weren't any stars to see. The sky was charcoal-heavy. Slattery and the girl walked slowly toward the Napoli Apartments, three blocks away. They walked along beside the high fence and the playground of a public school.

"Listen, I used to know all about you when I was growing up," Rose said. "Don't worry, I'd see you around in lots of places. Always the big shot, clowning around. 'That's Georgie Slattery,' they'd say. You couldn't have helped but see me, too, except—well, you just never noticed me."

"You must have looked different," Slattery said, "or I'd have noticed you. How long ago do you mean?"

"About five years."

"What were you like?"

"Well, I was a kid, for one thing. They say that Italian girls grow up very suddenly, but I hadn't made it then."

"You sure made it since," he said in unfeigned tribute. "How old are you, Rose? I never asked last night."

"I'll be twenty next month."

"That's a nice time," Slattery said, and then the fun ran out of his speech. "When I was twenty I wasn't even in trouble. It was the year after that I killed Joey Mapes."

"You don't have to talk about it," she said. "I know how it happened."

"I want you to know how it really was," Slattery insisted. He turned to her, begging her attention. "Do you think it isn't important for you to know?"

"I didn't say that; it's not what I meant."

"I had a fight with Joey Mapes," he said, "but you know that. The important thing is that it wasn't anything special. It was just another fight, like a hundred I had when I was a kid, in this same neighborhood. I had a few beers in me; I'll admit that, but it wouldn't have made any difference. They picked the fight—the same as Julie Dreiss would like to pick one now, because I'm on parole and he's not on parole. Your brother would tell you, Rose; he would tell you if you got down on your knees and you asked him—even Dominic would tell you I never started it with Joey Mapes."

"I believe you, George."

... ...

Day in Gold

By Mae Winkler Goodman

The children wade knee-
deep in gold;
It spills in rivers at their
feet;
They move among the
burnished leaves
Along a topaz street.

Beneath a canopy of gold,
And farther still, a saffron
sky—
Gold overhead and
underfoot,
Cast in a golden die.

They sift the gold between
their hands,
Leaf gold, sun gold, all in
one;
One child scoops the golden
earth,
Another cups the sun.

... ...

"I mean it's not as though Joey wasn't big enough to hit," said Slattery. "He was as big as Julie, and it's stupid to say I was too strong. So was Joey too strong, if you figure that way. I hit him in a fight, the same as he was hitting me, but I hit him cleaner and better, and Joey went down. His head hit a step like the one in front of your house. Manslaughter, the second degree. Three years they gave me."

They had stopped walking. The two unhappy items stayed in Slattery's mind: the memory of Joey Mapes, which nothing had wholly effaced; and the other thing, more pressing now—the dread of being avoided and feared.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked.

"Sure—like my mother's afraid of Saint Anthony," she said. "The same way I'm afraid of marshmallow angels, George. . . . Look, let's not stop here; honestly, it's time that you got home."

But they stayed where they were. The gladness and the gratitude came out of him like sweat. He grinned like a fool and put his hands on Rose's shoulders. She looked at him and her eyes were wet.

"Don't touch me, George. You'll think I'm cheap and easy to have—the second night I've known you ——"

"I can do it no hands," Slattery said.

The glow of the street lamp barely reached them where they were. Slattery held his arms out wide, as a man might imitate an airplane.

Rose laughed at his clowning. "You're crazy," she said, but she did not draw away. She raised her face and he put his mouth to her mouth, gently, tentatively.

"No hands, ma—see?"

He whispered the little joke in hope of lightening his boldness, but his voice was heavy, his breath like a sob, and the girl came to him, reaching for him.

"George. . . . George. . . . George."

The police car's searchlight found them framed against the schoolyard fence like spiders on a wall. The blinding glare, aimed at them from the nearby curb, made it impossible for them to see. But the cop's voice wasn't hard to recognize.

"All right, Slattery, break it up!" he heard. "Get smart to yourself." The car door slammed dramatically and the detective, whom Slattery knew, walked into the circle of light. His name was Bresnahan. He was a big man, florid-faced and authoritative. "Do you think this is the tunnel o' love at Coney Island?"

"I was taking the girl home," Slattery said. "Is there anything wrong in that?"

"I'll make up my mind what's right or what's wrong," said Bresnahan, "but I can tell you this: there's faster ways of gettin' her home." It seemed to Slattery that Bresnahan was taunting him. He felt small and ashamed in front of Rose. It wasn't fair to have had it happen like this; nor did it seem decent to Slattery for the cop to stare at her.

"So we're going home," he said to Bresnahan. "Do you mind?"

"I could run you in right now for disorderly conduct, Slattery. Or maybe for violation of parole. What's your curfew for tonight?"

"Twelve o'clock," he said.

The cop looked at the watch on his wrist. "You'd better start walking then, and walk a whole lot faster than I think you had in mind. Get out of here."

Slattery continued on in sullen obedience. Rose walked in silence at his side. There was a puritanic and conspicuous foot of space between them. Slattery felt whipped and belittled.

"I used to know that Bresnahan when he was just a cop on the beat. I can't say he was such a bad guy then. You'd think tonight I was some kind of a prowler with a bloody head in a paper bag."

"You worry too much about it," Rose said. "It was my fault, anyhow."

"Your fault?"

"If it had been another girl—well, maybe he wouldn't have minded. One look at me and they think—let's face it, George—they think of Dominic."

"Let them think what they want," he said. "In another nine months they'll know what they can do. I'll be as free as any cop, as Mr. Armiento or the governor of the state. Let them walk on me like the rug or the poolroom floor. They still won't get me back in jail."

"You shouldn't let yourself be bitter, George. I know how hard it must be."

"Sometimes it takes more guts to obey them than to fight them back," he said. "The cops, or Julie Dreiss, or anybody else. I've got a job I don't expect to lose, so don't worry about what I might do. I've got nine months' worth of time with you that I'm not throwin' away—that means tomorrow night and the night after that and all the nights you're willing to see me, Rose. Does that make it clear I don't expect to louse up my parole?"

"I love you," she told him simply. She said it in such a way that Slattery's voice locked tight in his chest. "Do you think it would be against the law," she said, "if you just held my hand?"

It seemed to Slattery on the following day that love had been underrated, both

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the books he'd read and in his private speculations. Rose didn't mind his calling her at the office. Mr. Herman, the bookkeeper, was very cordial on the phone, as though this were an established, widely blessed romance of which he was himself aware.

"I'll call the young lady," Mr. Herman said. "I'm sure she was expecting the call."

Like we were any two normal people, Slattery thought happily; he waited for Rose's voice: "Hello?"

They talked for a while about nothing very important.

"The roofing business is fine," he said. "You can't get along without a roof unless you're crazy about the rain. . . . We're on a coffee break right now. I'm eatin' a big cheese-Danish doorknob, with cinnamon and raisins. What about you?"

"I'm talking to a lunatic," she said. "And, George? Another thing. My mother wants to meet you, George. I talked to her about us."

"Well, sure."

"Tonight after church? Eight-thirty or so? I promised I'd go with her to the novena."

"Eight-thirty's fine."

"Mamma says she doesn't even mind your being Irish, George. Just as long as you've got a steady job. I have to go now, George."

It was all very pleasant and nice. He hung up, smiling; he felt fat with contentment—one hour before Mr. Armiento telephoned.

"I want to see you tonight," he said. "The usual place, at seven o'clock."

It was never a thing you argued about.

Mr. Armiento, for his interviews with Slattery, seemed always to prefer the reading room of a West Side synagogue. It was the habit and the privilege of Mr. Armiento's office to use this type facility—the Y's, the parish libraries, the parlor of an old men's home.

"How was the concert last night?"

"It was all right."

"Just all right?"

"I liked it very much."

"What was the program?"

"Huh?"

"I said, 'What was the program?'"

Slattery flushed, not that he couldn't defend or even, if necessary, prove his attendance at Lewisohn Stadium, but because the question had been raised. It was, as far as he could see, like asking any small boy addicted to lies to prove he had studied his homework.

"You don't believe me?"

"I neither believe nor disbelieve you. I asked a question I was entitled to ask."

He was a slender man, about fifty years old, this Armand F. X. Armiento. He had a small mustache. He dressed very well and his eyes—it was an odd, almost a weird thing to find in a man who was really a kind of cop—but his eyes were beautiful. Somehow, for reasons Slattery could not understand, Mr. Armiento, sitting across a table from him, could give him a feeling of guilt. It was always as though this man wanted something more from him than Slattery, for all his good intentions and his trying, could supply.

"We were talking about the program."

"We had free tickets and we sat at a table. Here are the stubs." He put down the ticket stubs and Mr. Armiento looked at them. "I didn't know the name of one thing they played because we got there late. At the end of the show—it was an opera selection—there were four people singing—two women, two men—and mostly you could hear the biggest one, a soprano; she was dropping dead, but slow."

"The last scene from Traviata," Mr. Armiento said.

"That's right; and the soprano's name was Violetta. Now you believe me?"

Mr. Armiento didn't say, but he smiled.

"You're proud, Slattery, you're very proud. You've got so many roaring appetites, most of them good ones. You could be quite a fellow if you learned to hold them all where they belonged."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean the discipline you need is not the kind I can impose on you. It has to come from yourself."

"Did I do something wrong?"

"Not necessarily." Mr. Armiento glanced at his watch. "Where did you meet Rose Bruno?"

Slattery swallowed dryly. There was no point asking Mr. Armiento how he knew.

"I met her Monday night in Carlo's place—it's a beer and wine and *pizza* place down where I used to live. I was lonesome and I went in."

"Why didn't you tell me her name last night?"

"You didn't ask last night."

"Is that the only reason?"

"I've never lied to you," said Slattery; "her brother's a con; he went with the crowd I had my trouble with; so I wasn't going to tell you her name; not unless you decided to ask."

"I see what you mean." Mr. Armiento simply sat there for a while. "You're such a truthful fellow, Slattery—suppose I said you couldn't see her any more?"

Their glances met and the agony began to turn in Slattery. He wanted a drink of water. His tongue felt thick as a folded rug and his lips began to numb.

"I love her," Slattery said finally, "and I don't know what I'd do." Very carefully, for any sign of a decision, he watched the slender, rarely yielding man

"OUR CIVIL DEFENSE TRUCK WITH EATON 2-SPEED AXLE "MEETS EVERY EMERGENCY!"

...says Colonel L. M. Merrick, Civil Defense Director, Nassau County, Long Island, N. Y.

"OUR CIVIL DEFENSE truck with an Eaton 2-Speed Axle has been put through its paces many times," reports Colonel Merrick. "Tests here in Nassau County – in other parts of the country, too – convincingly show that the Eaton 2-Speed has all the rugged pulling power and stamina to meet any emergency.

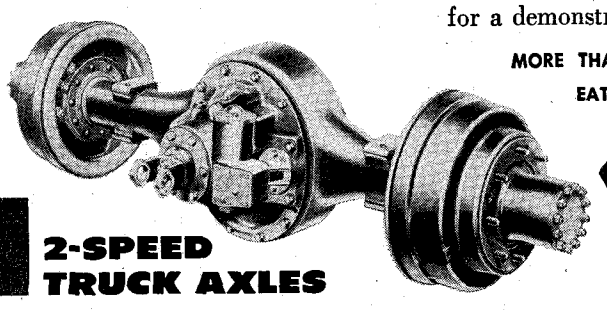
"All the equipment on this vehicle, first-aid kits, gas masks, stoves, radio and Eaton 2-Speed axle, has been selected by experts who know that it will be dependable even under calamitous conditions.

"Rushing to a disaster area, the high-gear range of the Eaton Axle gives us high speeds, and over rough, treacherous ground the low-gear range provides safe, sure maneuvering ability. We've proven our Eaton-equipped International rescue truck in numerous civil defense demonstrations. Despite rugged service, we've had no mechanical troubles of any kind. For tough operations like ours, the Eaton 2-Speed Axle is essential."

On-the-road or off, for countless trucking jobs, an Eaton 2-Speed Axle saves time, dollars and delays. Ask your truck dealer for a demonstration.

RESCUE DRIVERS Kenneth Gerard, Nassau County Rescue Chief and Arthur Berg, volunteer Civil Defense workers, practice for an emergency wearing gas masks. Disaster wagons like this International truck equipped with an Eaton 2-Speed Axle are being purchased by Civil Defense-minded communities throughout the country.

"CALAMITY JANE—that's the nickname for these rescue trucks," says Colonel Merrick. "With an Eaton 2-Speed Axle, it has really proved itself—and continues to give the rugged, dependable performance we need. Right now, we have four more on order—all equipped with Eaton 2-Speed Axles."



MORE THAN 2 MILLION EATON AXLES IN TRUCKS TODAY

P.A.R.

PROJECT ADEQUATE ROADS: Safe, modern highways benefit everyone. Speak up strongly for better roads in your state.

EATON 2-SPEED TRUCK AXLES

EATON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who owned him, as he had stated, body and soul for nine more months of his life. "This girl is better for me than any medicine or sermon you've got, Mr. Armiento." But his pride began to crumble then because his need was greater than any attendant shame. "Please—this time?"

"I haven't judged the girl yet, Slattery. It's my business to know about these things, but I'm not God Almighty. I'll look into it, that's all."

"But you won't say 'No'?"

Mr. Armiento sighed. He looked at his watch again, and it was almost eight o'clock. "I'm saying this to you, and it may be the key to the discipline you need: You killed a man with your fists once, so don't argue with me about the unfairness of your position. If the girl is all you say she is, I'm not going to forbid your seeing her, but I warn you to keep away from the crowd you had your trouble with before. If someone hits you in the mouth, I've got a brand-new trick for you—go call a cop. Because, and so help me, Slattery, if you get in a fight of your own accord, I'll throw you back in jail."

"You can go now," Mr. Armiento said.

Slattery arrived at the Napoli Apartments a little apprehensive and a bit ahead of time. He hadn't told Mr. Armiento he was coming here to meet Rose's mother, but neither had Mr. Armiento asked where he was going. He knew he was early when he passed the church and heard the first soft strains of the hymn, O Salutaris Hostia, at the start of Benediction. He walked on toward the house, the music trailing after him.

The nightly stick-ball game was still going on, though the dusk was crowding the long summer day. He stood in front of Rose's house and watched them play. It was then that he saw Julie Dreiss.

"Hey, Slatsie!" Julie called to him.

You might have called this greeting kind, if you hadn't known Julie's gift for cordial contempt. The big man—and he was conspicuously big, in Slattery's own pattern—had emerged from the basement of a brownstone house across the narrow street. He walked in a modest circle of his companions through the halted stick-ball game, as concoctedly guileless as an overweight ferret in a bunny-rabbit suit. They had been waiting for him, Slattery realized. There was no mystery or coincidence involved.

"You look all dressed up," Julie said. "Like the parole board said you could go out with girls. I see you standin' here with a puzzled look on your face. I think that maybe you got the wrong address."

"I've been here before," said Slattery, "so why try to be cute?" He looked up the street now rather nervously. He would have welcomed the sight of a cop.

"Dominic Bruno used to live here," Julie said. "He was a friend of ours and he was a friend of Joey Mapes. It's one of those things you might have overlooked. Some people don't ever learn."

Somebody tossed the battered softball that the kids had been playing with into their midst. Julie caught the ball, then let it drop. His friends closed in and Julie said, "Ess-cuse me," with elaborate courtesy. His feigned attempt to throw the ball back with a sweeping underhand motion made it possible for him to bury his fist in Slattery's stomach, and as Slattery bent forward in gasping pain, to hit him in the mouth.

"You slip or somethin', Slats?" he asked with phony sympathy.

Slattery sat on the sidewalk, with one leg forward and the other folded beneath him. He hadn't the breath to speak.

"It was the wrong address, huh, Slats? You were lookin' for some other dame?"

Slattery got up slowly, his right hand folded tight and ready for reprisal. The will and the appetite to fight were almost more than he could bear. He saw how they were watching him—Julie and Julie's friends and all the pale kids in the street.

Julie said, "So?"

Things were so very silent in this moment when Slattery almost came of age. He put his hands in his pockets and resolved to walk away. He felt the warm blood welling in his mouth, but swallowed it, like the ashes of pride, or a toast to Mr. Armiento. The children, robbed of respect, looked at him in wonder. The church up the street was letting out, the great bell tolling as the dusk came on. *I can wait nine months*, he told himself, but it still did not seem right. Julie Dreiss, in victory, came close to him.

"I got plans for that broad you ain't even dreamed about," Julie said. "You know what I mean?"

Slattery turned then, swinging with power, and dropped Julie Dreiss to the sidewalk, at the feet of his gaping friends. Julie lay quite still, and Slattery in horror, remembering Joey Mapes, backed up the stone steps slowly to the door of the vestibule.

"I didn't have the guts not to do it," he said strangely.

Julie stirred on the sidewalk, shaking his head, and then came half erect. None of his friends had yet attempted an assault on Slattery, but this was bound to come in time.

"You'd better get inside here," somebody said to Slattery.

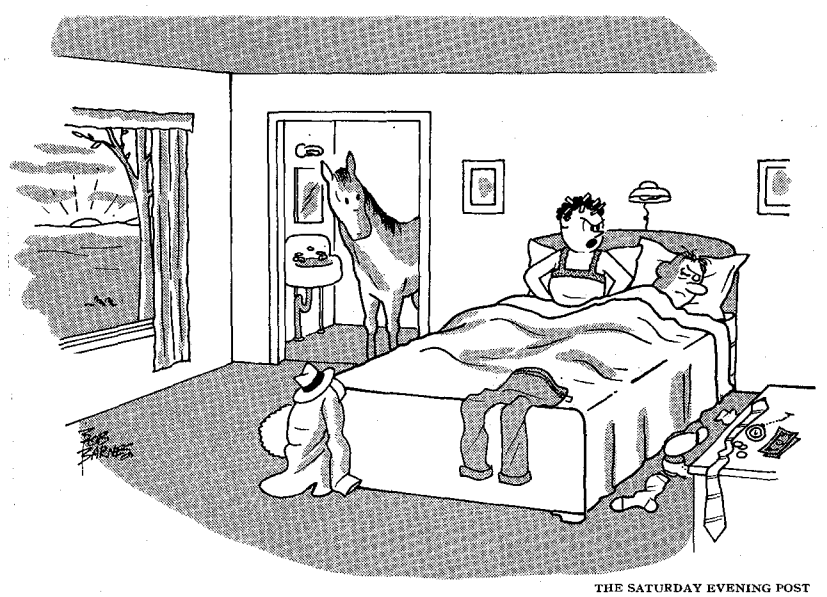
A tenant had opened the vestibule door, and Slattery, accepting the invitation, took what refuge he could find. He climbed the stairs to the fifth-floor landing, where he didn't have long to wait. He could hear someone speaking in rapid Italian; then Rose's voice, calling up the stairwell, "George?"

That's how the vigil began.

Mrs. Bruno, for all her troubles and her piety, was neither a fretful nor a preachy woman. Life hadn't pampered her, but experience had taught her it was wise, in the absence of saintly men, to do the best you could with what you had. In a few hours she had come to approve of this Slattery, who was gentle for all his frightening strength, and was at least—as she could not say of her own son—neither an idler nor a thief.

"It's more better you stay in the house than you go donnerstairs where the bums, they wait for you," she advised him. "Excuser me."

Mrs. Bruno went into the kitchen, where there was always something to do, and she would not have to sit with her



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You certainly made enough noise coming upstairs last night!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands in her lap, trying to make conversation at a difficult time. Rose sat with Slattery in the small front room, with the worn rug and the beautiful coffee maker, with the old player piano and the holy pictures. They'd been here a long time.

"What time is it now, George?"

"Ten minutes after eleven," Slattery said. "I've got fifty minutes to get back where I belong. Bresnahan, for instance, or any other cop, might take a notion to check with my landlady, then report to Armiento that I broke the curfew. They know how close it was last night."

"You can't go downstairs while they're waiting for you, George."

"Maybe they've left by now," he said. "How long can they wait?"

Which was nonsense, as Slattery knew. They'd wait as long as an opportunity remained for Julie to salvage his shattered self-esteem. It was something that Julie and his strutting companions had to do.

"I know how they think," Rose said, "and I know what they plan to do. Let me call the station house and talk to the sergeant, please?"

"Haven't we been over that, Rose? A hundred times? If the cops take me out of here like a nervous old lady, they'll also find out I punched Julie on the chin. Then it's boffo! for sure—and back for nine months. Armiento told me that when I first went on parole. 'Your hands in your pockets, Slattery,' he said. 'You don't throw a punch unless the Russians land by parachute.' And then he told me again tonight."

"I'd rather have you in jail," Rose said, "than not have you at all."

He heard what she said and he knew she was not speaking recklessly. Obviously enough, if he met them again, they would not be using their hands alone. He went to the window, five flights over the street, but he could not see anything of consequence. Julie and the boys would know where to wait, beyond the view of cruising cops or nervous people in the neighborhood.

"Do you see anything?"

"Not anything," he said.

A thin rain fell on the neighborhood. There were a few parked cars along the curb below and a few lights showing in the windows of the houses across the street. You could hear the sound of traffic on the avenues, east and west, but nothing that spoke or nothing that moved in front of the Napoli Apartments. The street lights cast a pale and limited glow.

"I had it made," said Slattery, turning to Rose. "I took the punch in the belly and the rap in the mouth. Mr. Armiento would have been proud of me, and I was safe—just a bloody mouth. The kids who were playin' ball—they looked at me like I was a worm. I could take that too—and then? Why talk about it any more? The fact is I think—I think I know how to get out of here."

Rose got up from the lumpy little sofa where she had been sitting. "What sort of a thing are you going to try now, George?"

"When I was a kid," said Slattery, "we used to go from roof to roof—especially if we were stealin' pigeons or someone was stealin' ours." He saw the look of horror in her face. "Listen, it's not that dangerous, Rose. The jump isn't hard—I mean from your roof to the next one. Then it's easy."

"You're crazy. Honestly you are."

"Come upstairs with me now," he said. "Come up and see who's crazy. It isn't bad, I tell you. We did it all the time when we were kids. On the level, Rose, believe me—or would you rather let Armiento have a perfect case against me?"

She followed him.

They climbed one flight to the top of the house, and the latch on the door that led to the roof had not been disturbed in recent hours, Slattery was sure. He opened it and they stepped outside. They made their careful, noiseless way on the gravel and tar of the rooftop to the west edge of the building and its ancient, tile-topped balustrade.

"Oh," she whispered, looking down. "It isn't more than eight feet across."

"Please, don't."

"With a ten-foot drop, that isn't bad. It's the height that makes it easy. All the other roofs are level and there's no jumps in between. I'll come out about maybe four houses down the street, and I can run for it then—at least as far as the avenue, then get a cab."

"What if all the roof doors are locked?" she said. "As ours was, from the inside, George?"

"Don't worry," he said.

He hadn't really thought of that detail, but he supposed there'd be a way. "I'll call you tomorrow, Rose." He kissed her with the swollen lips that Julie Dreiss had punched so competently; then climbed up on the wet tile of the shaky balustrade. He trembled in sudden, unexpressed fear and wished for the traction of the sneakers he'd worn as a boy.

"*Madre mia!*" Rose Bruno gasped, as Slattery jumped for the other roof. . . . In the darkness and the rain, then, she began to weep with gratitude. The sky lit once with summer lightning and the rain came down more heavily.

Three darkened rooftops west of where he had been, with his ankles aching from his leap, Slattery forced the hasp of a cheap lock. The door, which he could not secure again, swung wide in the press of the wind. There didn't seem to be much he could do about it as he moved carefully down the stairs.

A child was crying at the third-floor level and the smell of cooking, long after the dinner hour, was strong through the depth of the house. Slattery descended to the basement, where a dust-filmed fifteen-watt bulb showed the way, past empty ashcans and a bicycle with broken wheels, through a cellar door to the courtyard and the rain again.

Only with the intermittent flares of lightning could you see more than a dozen feet beyond the place where Slattery stood. A dark, covered alley led from the courtyard to the oblong of diluted light that marked the street. He entered the alley and waited momentarily. The garbage smell was strong and offensive in the humid heat. He stumbled into the unpleasant and humming enterprise of a thousand feasting flies. Trying to be free then of the spoilage and the choking, septic air, he moved too fast and recklessly, and fell over a garbage can at the entrance to the street. The clanking metal cover rolled out from the alley to the sidewalk, over and over, like a guided hoop. Slattery, sprawled on the soaking pavement, had torn the knee of one trousers leg and scraped the meat of his outstretched hands. He heard the sound of running feet and knew that the street light marked him where he lay. By the time he managed to scramble erect, Julie Dreiss and two of Julie's friends were all but on top of him. There was nothing to do but fight.

"Slattery, you son ——" Julie said with savage joy, but missed the first wild punch he threw.

Slattery tried to run, but the opportunity was gone. One of Julie's friends, throwing the next punch, was more accurate. The weighted fist that tumbled Slattery to the sidewalk had been supplemented with metal knucks. His head roared from the explosive force of it. He got up groggily and was promptly and brutally dropped again. He grasped frantically for the feet that attempted to stomp him. He seized and twisted one man's leg and managed to upend him. They rolled together on the pavement. Slattery struck at his assailant's face in an effort to b free—and then Julie Dreiss piled on.

It wasn't any fun. He was gasping an failing under the punishment as the polic car came. The siren sounded once, in shrill blast like the Judgment Day. Sla tery, chose instinctively to get away. H stumbled into the darkened alley, e hausted and spent; then fell down hea ily, out of sight. If Rose, after all, ha called the cops, he didn't too greatly car

"Slattery!" he heard after a whil "Hey, Slattery, come out of there!" H knew the voice, all right. It seemed almc a pattern now that Bresnahan's cor manding tones and a glare of light a saulted you together. "Slattery, do y hear me?"

"I hear you," he said.

He got up slowly and painfully in the heavy putrefaction that surround him. He ached too much, both from t beating he had taken and from this knov edge of defeat, to have fastidious cc cerns.

"What'd they hit you with?" s Bresnahan.

"I don't know, but they didn't mis He took several deep draughts of cooling air and welcomed the tonic ra *At least they didn't kill me,* he thou There were two police cars at the cu one of them filled. He rubbed his fa with his hands, then turned to Bres han. "Are you going to run me in?"

"What for?" the detective asked. " you've got are some lumps on your he and you're big enough to walk. Get of here!"

"You're kiddin' me, aren't you?" S tery said. He watched the one loaded lice car pull away from the curb. "W aren't you?"

"It may be a wonderful night for joke said Bresnahan, "but I just don't h the time. When your girl friend t phoned the cops a few minutes ago, were only a block away. We knew t Julie'd be waiting for you, and we've b ready since nine o'clock."

"You mean you already knew tha slugged Julie—tonight?"

"Why shouldn't we, when every dec person in the neighborhood knows w happened? Do you think that you're all alone? That nobody gives a damn' course, we didn't figure on you run over the rooftops like a pigeon t again, but we wanted a chance to lock Julie Dreiss. You had him so crazy he got to use his head, an' it's the kind pinch we like. It may only be ninety c for simple assault, but we could never Julie before. Even your friend thinks a real public service—you know, the with the trick mustache?"

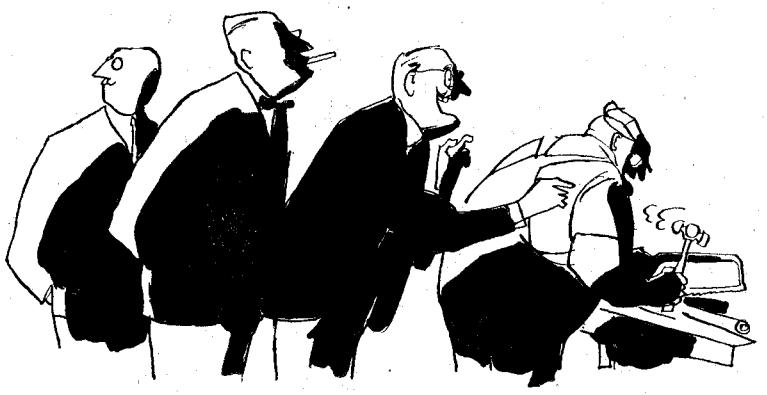
"Mr. Armiento?" Slattery said.

"That's right, Armiento; he chec on the girl tonight with the pastor of church and some other people. And he thinks she's a hundred per cent—we didn't know. He says, all things sidered, he doesn't even mind too m that you belted Julie once—from the neighbors tell him. Now get ou here."

Slattery stood there with a stu jack-o'-lantern grin. He cleared his of the pelting rain and began to around. Lights were on in fifty winc that had not been lit before. The r venturesome of the residents had drawn by the excitement to the street *looked again and it seemed to him* he could see Rose standing on the ste the Napoli Apartments. He turned pl ingly to Bresnahan.

"How about it, huh?"

"Well, you can't get any wetter,' detective said, "and another ten mir won't hurt." THE



The Perfect Squelch

Bill, the general manager of a metal-manufacturing plant, liked nothing better than touring visitors through the factory, and his workers liked nothing less. They were especially irritated by his habit of bringing a group up behind them, then suddenly bellowing above the factory noises, "Well, my man, what are you working at?"

Once, while Bill was making a special effort to impress a group from the home office with his efficient management, he came up behind an elderly worker who seemed busier than the rest. As the group paused, the worker was bent low over his bench.

"Well, my man," the manager's voice boomed out, "what are you working at?"

Without even pausing to raise his head, the irritated worker bellowed back, "That blamed weather vane for your garage!"

Vernon J. Coffin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HERE'S WHY ALL KENTUCKY CLUB'S BRANDS STAY FRESH TO THE LAST PIPEFUL...THEY COME IN THE KENSEAL POUCH
Kentucky Club's 9 Brands in KENSEAL POUCH Guaranteed Fresh
CASH .30
Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture

You never, *never* get dry, stale pipe tobacco when you buy one of Kentucky Club's brands packed in the Kenseal Pocket Pouch. These choice tobaccos are GUARANTEED FRESH. Zip open the outer "discard" package and there's your Kenseal Pocket Pouch—filled at the factory and ready to use—and so moisture-tight it keeps your tobacco fresh to the last pipeful. In smart colorful designs. Fits your pocket as comfortably as a handkerchief.

Choose your Personal Tobacco from Kentucky Club's 9 Blends

ALL IN KENSEAL POUCH... ALL GUARANTEED FRESH

WILLOUGHBY TAYLOR—The personal mixture of Willoughby Taylor, famous tobacco blender. Choice tobaccos sized for cool, even burning. 20¢.

LONDON DOCK—Internationally famous mixture favored by sportsmen and serious smokers. Five top-quality imported and domestic tobaccos. 40¢.

WHITEHALL—Especially popular with active men. Six tobaccos but no Latakia. Highly aromatic. Rough cut for easy, cool smoking. 30¢.

CROSBY SQUARE—A mixture of 100% domestic tobaccos expertly blended for smokers who like natural taste and aroma. Mild and mellow. 20¢.

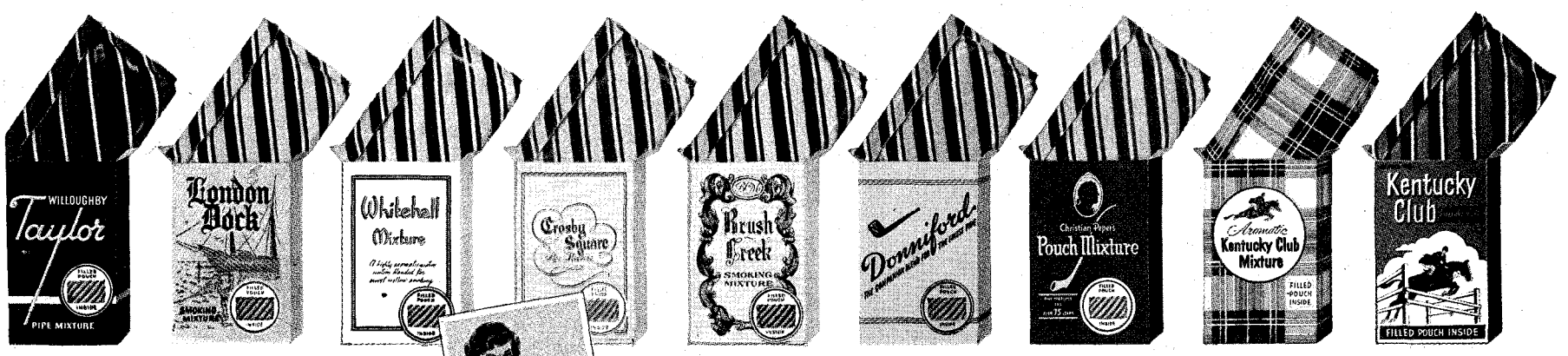
BRUSH CREEK—Just about the most expensive tobacco on the market; and worth it. Blended from top-quality leaves of 10 tobaccos. 50¢.

DONNIFORD—Very smooth English-type mixture. Five choice tobaccos cut five different ways. Generous quantity of Latakia. 30¢.

CHRISTIAN PEPER'S POUCH MIXTURE—Popular middle-of-the-road blend. A little Latakia and Perique with 3 domestic tobaccos. 25¢.

AROMATIC KENTUCKY CLUB MIXTURE—Blended for modern tastes from six choice imported and domestic tobaccos. Refreshingly aromatic. 30¢.

KENTUCKY CLUB REGULAR—An honest blend of choice White Burley. Famous for its smooth, mild flavor and grand aroma. 15¢.



SEND FOR GLAMOROUS PIN-UP PICTURE

IN NATURAL COLOR—8x10 INCHES

Price, 25¢—or FREE with one package front cut from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco in Kenseal Pouch. Also free with each picture, 14-page illustrated leaflet describing tobaccos in each blend, and describing new TWIN-FLOW pipe. Address: Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia. Dept. SE-9.

DIVISION OF MAIL POUCH TOBACCO COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She Sells Glamour Secondhand

(Continued from Page 33)

obtained a clerkship in a Hartford insurance company. By 1937 she was so restless that she fled to join a brother, Frank Morris, who was a reporter on the Detroit Times. But there she found no stimulus from a routine job with the Michigan Unemployment Compensation Commission, and in 1939 she drifted to New York as receptionist to a dermatologist. In this work she learned stenography, which led in 1940 to more interesting employment. She became secretary to Phillips Carlin, an announcer for the National Broadcasting Company. When NBC's Blue Network was divorced from NBC in 1942 to form the American Broadcasting Company, Florence and Carlin were among the transfers to the new network. In 1950 she stepped up to the position of assistant radio-program manager. She booked the hillbilly bands, singers and other non-sponsored talent, and was responsible for that stand-by of radio, "an interlude of organ music will now be heard."

Florence's new duties brought her for the first time into close contact with her boss, Charles C. (Bud) Barry, ABC's vice-president in charge of programs, and they were married in March, 1951.

Mrs. Barry could not adjust to the role of housewife. Her husband worked day and night, as often in Hollywood as in New York. He was grooming for his present job, which is vice-president of Loew's, Inc., in charge of the television enterprises of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

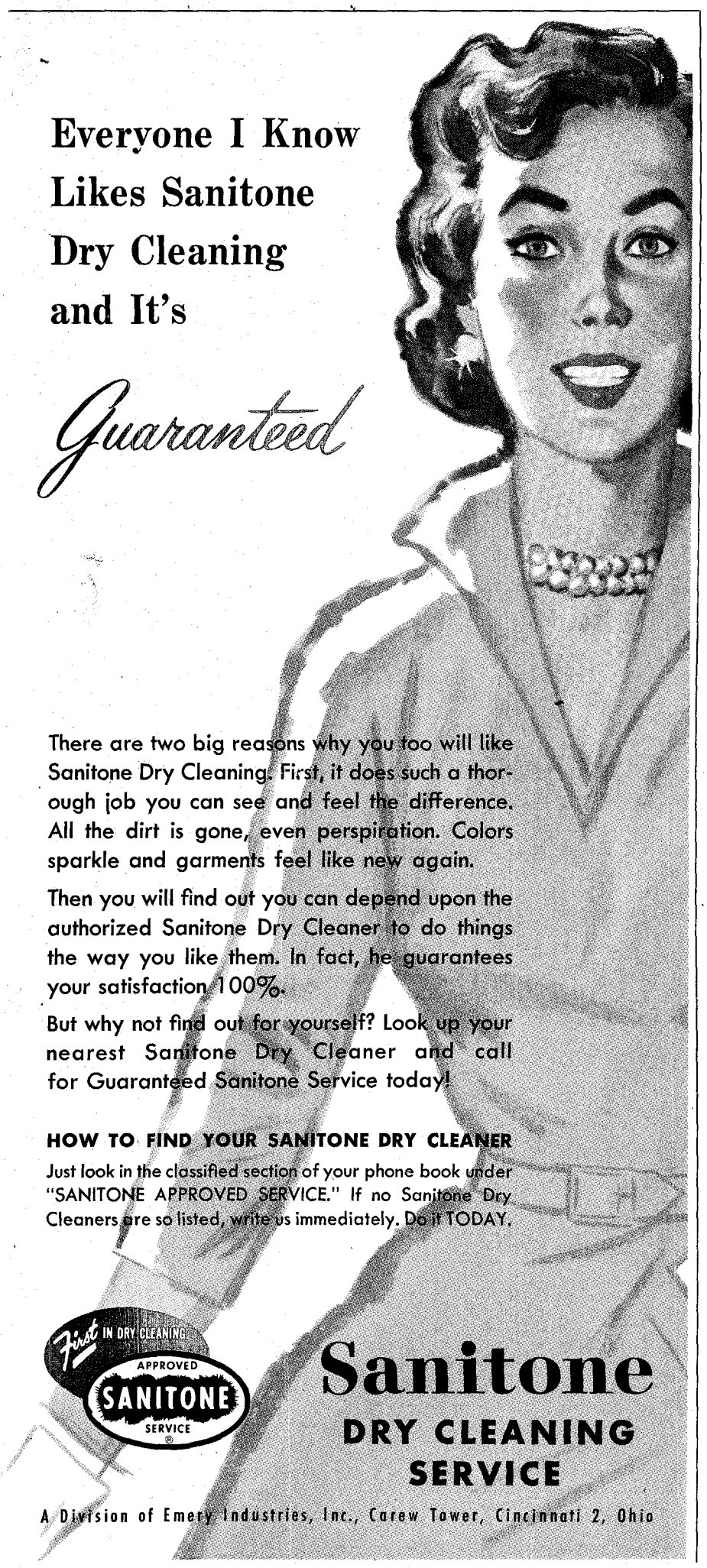
Encore was not much more than a lark. Mrs. Barry opened it on her forty-fourth birthday, February 15, 1953. Her stock consisted of thirty-eight dresses, of which eighteen were from her own wardrobe. She had rented space in a loft already occupied by a custom hatmaker, Rebecca Saunders. To pay her rent and other expenses, Mrs. Barry decided to charge a 40 per cent commission to the sellers, a policy still so rigidly applied that her gross profit, in 1955, was 39.7 per cent, the other .3 per cent being a loss from cleaning garments which did not sell—the owners of items that do sell stand the cleaning expense. Normally, Mrs. Barry sets the selling price herself, and if the owner wants more than that the garment is rejected. In special cases she accepts the owner's price, but if the dress is still on the rack after thirty days, Mrs. Barry reserves the right to put her own price on it. When a dress fails to sell for a long time the owner is notified to pick it up, with no charge made for the handling. If it isn't picked up within three months, it goes to charity.

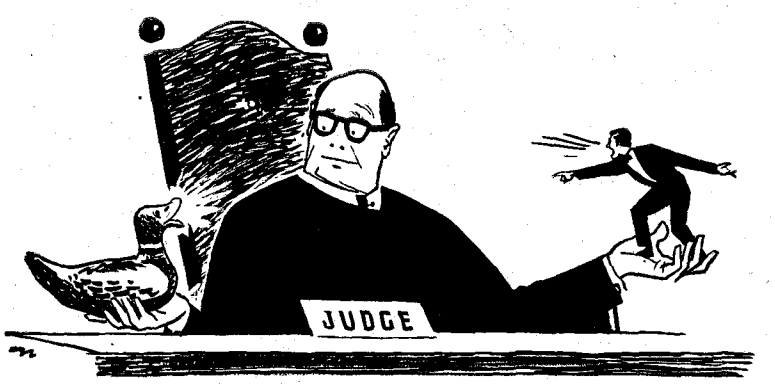
On opening day Mrs. Barry mailed clubby little notes to everyone in the New York Social Register, inviting the *haute-couture* world to drop in, have a cup of coffee and see what she was up to.

These decorous letters, like invitations to an At Home, intrigued the recipients, thus causing dinner-table conversation. In a fortnight, Mrs. Barry began to receive magnificent clothes for resale, but not from the Long Island set. The consignors were from café society, from such entertainment celebrities as Dinah Shore and Celeste Holm, from TV stars who could be seen professionally only once in an exotic dress, and from chic Manhattan fashionables who, heading for Nassau or Europe, sent their past season's wardrobes to Encore.

Within three months, Encore's labels read like an international directory of high styling. They included Dior, Balmain and Balenciaga of Paris; Fabiani and Simonetta of Rome; Rodriguez and Rango of Madrid; from the United States such outstanding designers as Nettie Rosenstein, Trigère, Hattie Carnegie and Oleg Cassini, and from the specialty trade Ceil Chapman and Adele Simpson. But there were few customers for this glamorous stock, since the women who consigned would buy nothing secondhand.

Charles Barry was amused. His wife's hobby made good lunch talk. An interested listener one day was Tex McCrary, who suggested that Florence model several gowns from the shop on the Tex and Jinx TV show. Mrs. Barry, who is a generous Size 14 or a stingy 16, depending on the status of her diet, thought very little of this idea, but let herself be persuaded. While the show was still in progress, Mrs. Saunders, the hatmaker, sold all four TV


Everyone I Know
Likes Sanitone
Dry Cleaning
and It's
Guaranteed
There are two big reasons why you too will like Sanitone Dry Cleaning. First, it does such a thorough job you can see and feel the difference. All the dirt is gone, even perspiration. Colors sparkle and garments feel like new again.
Then you will find out you can depend upon the authorized Sanitone Dry Cleaner to do things the way you like them. In fact, he guarantees your satisfaction 100%.
But why not find out for yourself? Look up your nearest Sanitone Dry Cleaner and call for Guaranteed Sanitone Service today!
HOW TO FIND YOUR SANITONE DRY CLEANER
Just look in the classified section of your phone book under "SANITONE APPROVED SERVICE." If no Sanitone Dry Cleaners are so listed, write us immediately. Do it TODAY.
First IN DRY CLEANING
APPROVED
SANITONE
SERVICE
Sanitone
DRY CLEANING
SERVICE
A Division of Emery Industries, Inc., Carew Tower, Cincinnati 2, Ohio



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Smith, upon learning that the state was about to condemn his property to make it a public duck-hunting preserve, sued for an injunction to halt the move.

"It's ridiculous," he argued in court. "There is nothing 'public' about duck hunting. It is a private, individual matter. Moreover, shooting ducks can hardly be called 'preserving' them."

"The state is empowered by law to condemn private property to establish game preserves and recreational areas for the public welfare," state attorneys replied. "It is a form of progress, and Smith cannot stop it."

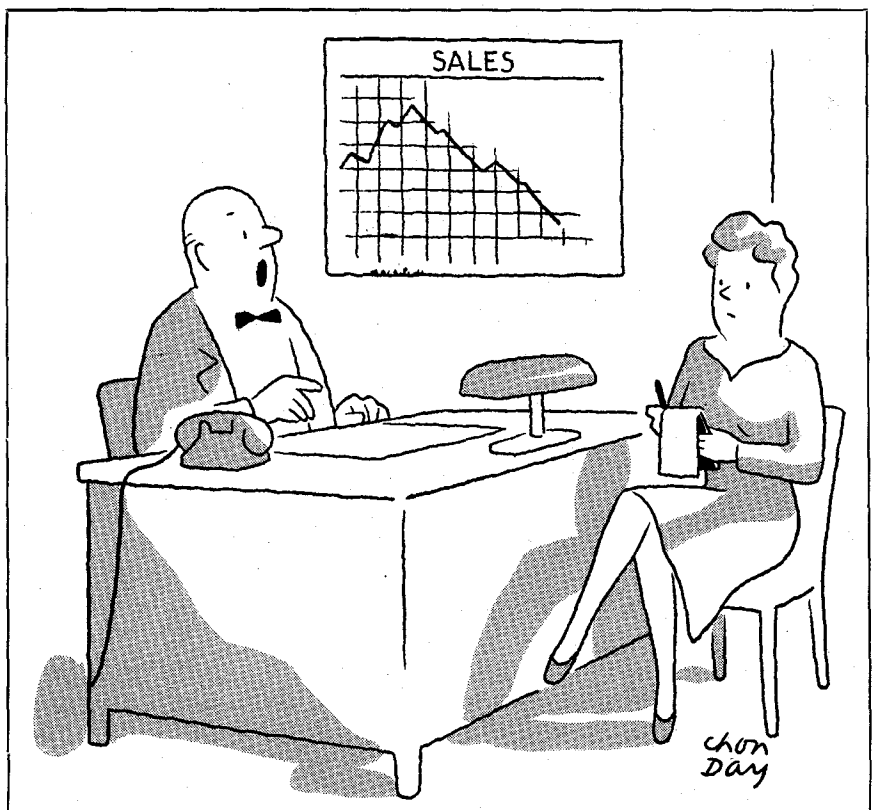
If you were the judge, would you let the state "preserve" ducks to death?

... ...

The state won. The court, while agreeing that killing ducks is not preserving them, said: "Nevertheless . . . it must be conceded that the right to hunt ducks is inherent in all people, and therefore must be considered as a public purpose. Hunting may be personal to the individual who does it, but the right to go hunting is public."

Based upon a 1955 Kansas decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Memo to Sales Department: Shame on you. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

nodels by telephone. Mrs. Barry returned o work to find six strangers ransacking he precious wardfobe, all of them obvi- ously interested in a bargain rather than n conversation and coffee. Florence Barry vas in business. Every month since, with hree exceptions, a new sales record has been set.

The telecast had other repercussions. nquiries were made as to whether En- ore had a city used-clothing license, and vhether city sales taxes were being col- ected. How about Federal excise taxes on urs and costume jewelry? What about ocial Security taxes? Mrs. Barry help- essly summoned her husband. He discov- red that his wife had not even balanced a ash drawer or run a trial balance since he had opened three months previously. n fact, she had kept no books at all, nerely a pile of sales slips. "Bookkeep- ng," she said indignantly, "is not fun. 'll have no part of it." She stood her round too. Barry hired an accountant o audit Encore's books and handle tax etails. Mrs. Barry's bookkeeping pro- edure—followed to this day—is to throw nto a desk drawer all sales slips, bank- heck stubs and deposit slips, and fiscal otes jotted on old envelopes. Once a nonth, the accountant, Arthur Osman, washes through this shambles.

"You won't believe it," Osman says, but I always balance out to the penny. his astonishes me. Every time, when the ob is done, I shout in triumph. Mrs. Barry ooks at me, surprised, says, 'Of course,' nd turns away unimpressed. Mrs. Bar- 's innocence fascinates me. She has set accounting practices back two hundred years."

Encore has been built almost entirely by word-of-mouth advertising, plus a few plugs from columnists and a brief notice in The New York Times. The publicity attracts both sellers and purchasers. Expansion last year required relocation of the shop at its present address. At that time Rebecca Saunders, who had become Mrs. Barry's indispensable mentor, moved with her to operate a hatmaking-and-alterations concession, and to keep Florence from making such a mistake as accepting for resale a cheap frock into which an expensive label had been sewn.

Articles for resale arrive from as far away as Pittsburgh. More than half the offerings are rejected. Nothing is accepted that shows the least sign of wear. Every article is cleaned before it is displayed. Mrs. Barry prices the garments to sell, regardless of their original cost. One day recently the inventory consisted of 725 dresses and suits from Size 10 to 18, forty-four cloth coats, three mink and two squirrel stoles, and a cabinet jammed with cashmere sweaters, handbags and costume jewelry. The top price paid that day was $150 for a tan-and-black wool coat dotted with amber rhinestones, designed by Trigère for the radio personality Pegeen Fitzgerald. The biggest bargain was a black evening gown by Lilly Daché, the skirt of which contained many yards of four-foot-width tulle. This creation, so full-skirted that it would stand up by itself, had belonged to Eva Gabor and was tagged at ten dollars. The average price per garment was about forty dollars. On the basis of cost to the first owner, the most expensive offering was a $2500 Jean Patou dinner dress of gold brocade and jet beads, thirty pounds in weight, worn once, price fifty dollars. The highest price ever received by Mrs. Barry was $900 for a $2200 double-breasted, blond, nutria coat.

Mrs. Barry is still no saleswoman. Her bland unworldly face convinces her patrons of her honesty. Women who bring in expensive gowns for resale take one look at Florence and ask no questions; they know they won't be cheated. No consignor has ever questioned Mrs. Barry's accounting, no customer has ever given her bogus currency and only one has passed a bum check. The selling is done by four clerks recruited from among Mrs. Barry's friends. The floor manager is Miss Doris Beckman, who for two years selected the bridal couple and costumed the television program Bride and Groom. Chief receiver of merchandise, under Rebecca Saunders' alert eyes, is Mrs. Elmore Jackson, wife of the Friends (Quaker) World Committee representative to the United Nations. The other saleswomen are Mrs. Katherine Sheehan, former owner of a pet shop who came one day to clip Mrs. Barry's poodle and stayed on, and Mrs. Jackie O'Loughlin, who doubles as seamstress for alterations.

Encore's stock now turns over completely every three months. An item unsold in sixty days is reduced to a Golden Opportunity rack at five to ten dollars. Mrs. Barry is constantly amazed at what will and what will not sell. Recently a movie star sent in a slinky, extremely décolleté cocktail dress which Mrs. Barry doubted would please her clientele at any price. It sold immediately for $125 to a night-club singer.

On the other hand, a white-flowered net evening dress by Lilly Daché, which looked like a natural at ninety dollars, failed to move even as a Golden Opportunity.

The busiest day of Mrs. Barry's life was the Saturday before last Easter. The gross receipts were more than $4000, which at an average forty-dollar sale represented hectic activity. In the rush, a customer's own suit was sold while she was trying on a dress; Mrs. Barry gave her a replacement. Another woman's street dress was picked up inadvertently and carried off to the cleaner's; Mrs. Barry had to lend her something to get home in. When the day ended, Mrs. Barry collapsed in a chair. But not Miss Beckman. She had brought in her best dress that morning on a hanger, to wear on a date after work. She could not find it anywhere.

"You mean that street-length watered silk that was hanging by the window?" Florence asked. "I sold it."

That's the way it goes at Encore. It's that kind of business.

Magic With Eyeglasses

(Continued from Page 36)

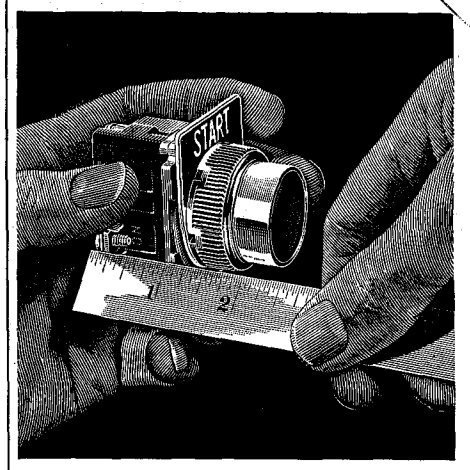
ervice for the Blind, in Milwaukee, and e Ophthalmology Service, Walter Reed ospital, Washington, D.C. And other ties are perfecting plans to extend such service.

A visit to an Optical Aids examination om can be thrilling. You see a man orking so hard to read with his feeble sion that sweat runs down his face, and s hands tremble so that he can't hold e reading card. You see a twelve-year- d boy, "blind" from birth, so enormously excited at reading for the first time that they have to stop the test and calm him down.

Every case is dramatic. There is the eight-year-old boy just transferred from a Braille to a sight-saving class in school, reading well with the print eight inches from his eyes. There is the opera lover who had to use a 7x50 binocular to see the stage, or the woman who carried a six-power telescope in her handbag for reading bus signs and house numbers—both getting along fine now with ordinary-looking spectacles.

There is the violinist with the New York Philharmonic who lost his sight and his job several years ago; he has been giving violin lessons to children entirely from memorized scores. Fitted with near-vision lenses, he now reads music again with ease. Likewise, the man with low vision in one eye—none in the other—who took a week to read an ordinary book, tediously spelling his way through

WHAT'S NEW IN MOTOR CONTROL?



NOW . . . THE WORLD'S SMALLEST HEAVY DUTY PUSHBUTTONS

These new pushbutton units surpass anything ever before available to serve the needs of design engineers and machinery builders. They are amazingly compact; require the least back-of-panel depth. They are one-hole mounting and oil tight. They easily provide as many as eight completely isolated heavy duty contacts in any combination of NO or NC per button for almost unlimited circuitry. Buttons may be flush, extended, or mushroom head types; in all desired colors. Easy to install maintained-contact units. Knob and key operated selector switches. Indicating lights to match. Be sure you have complete data; write now on company letterhead for new designer's handbook, Pub. EE-120. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

CUTLER-HAMMER
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H

GET IT FIRST IN CUTLER-HAMMER

Stop his scratching misery

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* — with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's®
SCRATCH POWDER

Profits for You!

YOU can profit, as thousands of others, by using our money-making plan. Our subscription commission offer is enthusiastically used by folks in many communities. You can offer and profit from *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, Jack and Jill* and many other popular publications. Write today for our easy-to-follow plan and supplies. No obligation. Address your request to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
824 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the aid of a hand magnifier; today he is reading newspaper type at five inches' distance; he recently finished building a house for his family with his own hands.

There are hundreds of such cases on file at New York's Lighthouse or at Brooklyn's Industrial Home for the Blind. But none is more dramatic than the experience of the I.H.B.'s executive director, sixty-one-year-old Peter J. Salmon. Legally blind from birth, Mr. Salmon was educated at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Massachusetts, and did all of his reading in Braille for over forty years. Fifteen years ago he began to experiment with various hand magnifiers and the heavy sports telescopic lenses then available, trying to make use of his feeble residual vision. Gradually he progressed to the handier Kollmorgen lenses for distance, with a reading attachment for close work. Eventually he arrived at a combination of simple magnifying lenses, looking much like ordinary spectacles. And in 1953 he read a typewritten paper to the convention of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness—the first time in his life he had ever addressed a meeting without Braille notes or a memorized speech.

It was Salmon's experience that launched the I.H.B.'s Optical Aids program in January, 1952. As a beginning, all the available types and styles of heavy-duty hand magnifiers which might possibly help the visually handicapped were rounded up. These ranged from expensive, illuminated devices down to milk-bottle bottoms which some unfortunates were using for reading glasses. Many of these aids helped various test cases in varying degrees, even though some patients had as little as 2 or 3 per cent vision. Results with the hand magnifiers spawned a logical question: Why don't we put magnifications like these in spectacles for "the hard of seeing" to use in lieu of awkward hand glasses, just as we have supplanted the old ear trumpet with modern hearing aids?

There are, of course, special telescopic and microscopic lenses of great value. While these specialties are extremely useful in their given fields, the most striking discovery of the Optical Aids program is that the majority of visually handicapped patients can be helped with combinations of the standard lenses found in any practitioner's trial case. That is, as soon as we abandon the notion that "if you have any residual vision, you should save it." "Saving" residual vision is something like trying to save a flashlight battery by not using it.

It should be emphasized that not all legally blind patients can be helped. To forestall any false hopes, let us look at some figures reported at the 1955 annual conference of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness. This was a summary of the Optical Aids program at the New York Lighthouse, initiated in September, 1953, under the direction of an assistant professor of ophthalmology, at New York University's Post Graduate Medical School. This ophthalmologist began by examining 200 patients and selecting 100 who he felt could be helped. Two thirds of these rated from 20/200 down to 2/200, and the rest were legally blind on other counts. Two extracts from his report are significant:

"Of the 100 cases in which lenses were prescribed, 65 were considered to be successful by the patient and the examiner." And, "It is instructive to note that regular lenses and simple magnifying lenses were prescribed in 76 per cent of the cases." The latter is the vital point. It was largely on the strength of this experience that the Pan American Congress of Ophthalmology, meeting in Santiago, Chile, in January, 1956, told the medical world that "nearly a quarter of a million persons in the United States with low vision may be partially rehabilitated."

In Brooklyn they are even more optimistic. In summarizing the activities of the I.H.B. project through May 31, 1956, Louis J. Bettica, director of the Optical Aids Service, reports that out of 576 cases examined, after clearance by an ophthalmologist, 469 were helped to the satisfaction of both patient and examiner—or about 81 per cent. The oldest patient was ninety years old, the youngest four and one half. Forty cases could have been helped, but rejected the aid, mostly for psychological reasons or insufficient motivation; these are not included in the total above. The desire to see TV is the motivation which brings in many patients. Finally, sixty-seven cases could not be helped with the present level of knowledge.

A ratio of 81 per cent success without preliminary screening is astonishing, especially since most of these people had been going from doctor to doctor for years. "Success" in the Optical Aids work means holding the reading material two, three or five inches away from the eyes in order to see it. But success is not measured by comparison with normal vision, but by comparison with the handicaps the legally blind had suffered and what hope had been offered them.

For example, Bill W. is a thirty-five-year-old I.H.B. staff man who has been legally blind all his life—and expected to be so for the rest of his days. When tested, he rated 5/200—that is, he saw at five feet the big three-and-one-half-inch-square E on the test chart which normal eyes see at 200 feet. His condition is high myopia, and the best that could be done for him with any conventional lens combination was 20/200. That is, he could see the big E at twenty feet instead of five.

This was progress, but Optical Aids felt they could do better. So Bill was fitted with contact lenses, plus an appropriate pair of bifocal spectacles to go with them. Now he rates 20/60 for distance, and reads 4-point type on the test card at 12 inches.

The role of contact lenses in this work is interesting. At the New York Lighthouse, five of 100 patients were recommended for contacts. In four cases they were successful. These lenses might do more in this difficult field, were it not for the psychological factor. Optically, they have remarkable properties. But the secret of success with contact lenses rests as much on the proper evaluation of the patient and his temperament as on the evaluation of his eyes.

But whether contact lenses, regular spectacles or both are involved, a question arises. Why haven't we done work like this with the legally blind and the visually handicapped before? The simple answer is that we haven't been able to see the woods for the trees. Optical tradition has held that one should read at about fourteen inches from the eyes—and if you couldn't read at that distance with the strongest lens in the trial case, you were too often out of luck. For one thing, the practitioner didn't have the time to go further, and the patient did not have the money to pay for it. To be sure, for certain flagrant visual deficiencies, special lenses were designed in telescopic or microscopic formulas. But for some reason it never seems to have occurred to anybody to take six, eight, ten or more of the strongest conventional lenses and combine them into a spectacle frame.

"Compliments of the house."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

This is precisely what they are doing now in Optical Aids programs for a majority of these low-vision cases. Whereas the average spectacles for normal people have a correction of one or two diopters, the Optical Aids men start with about fourteen diopters, and go as high as the equivalent of fifty-four. In extreme cases, the patient may have to hold the material only one or two inches away from his eyes, and use only one eye for reading, as it is impossible to focus both eyes on the same point at that short distance. He will also find it more comfortable to move the page from side to side in following lines, instead of moving his eyes or head. But what does he care—if the alternative is Braille?

Apart from the legally blind, there are several hundred thousand others in the upper brackets of the visually handicapped, from 20/200 vision up to 20/70, who would be grateful if comparable assistance could be given them. And it will be, in time.

For the first fifteen months of its work, the I.H.B.'s Optical Aids Service permitted no publicity about its experiments. Yet word did spread, and what began as a half day a week devoted to initial examinations soon grew to a full day, then a day and a half, then two days—where it must be held with the present limited facilities.

It wasn't until May of 1954 that Director Bettica, himself formerly legally blind, gave a report on results with the first 212 patients at the fifty-ninth annual convention of the New York State Optometric Association.

In the next few weeks he received some 400 telephone inquiries and more than 500 letters from all over the world.

Just how rapidly this magic with eyeglasses can catch up with these calls for help depends entirely upon public support, for this is a social-service agency task. Except in his charity work, which is heavy enough now, the private practitioner cannot cope with this demand. Examinations take from thirty to seventy-five minutes and, with repeat visits, may run to a total of ten hours before an acceptable prescription is written. Then follow innumerable calls for fittings and adjustments. The I.H.B.'s 469 satisfied patients required a total of 587 prescriptions, since many required several pairs of glasses for near and far seeing. Furthermore, only in a very few large cities could there be any economic justification for the average practitioner's acquiring the special skills.

So the job becomes a team effort involving an ophthalmologist, an optometrist, an Optical Aids counsellor who knows the ropes, and possibly a social worker. Visually handicapped people are often at rock bottom financially, because jobs for them are scarce and they have already spent a great deal in seeking relief. Consequently, at the Lighthouse and the I.H.B., no fee is charged for examinations, fittings or adjustments. The glasses themselves are sold at cost to those who can afford to pay, or some arrangement is made to give the glasses free to those who are flat broke.

Currently, the average prescription runs between fifteen and thirty dollars at cost, with no examination fee: the big item.

More important than price, however, is the training of specialists in this new art of fitting low-vision lenses to erstwhile hopeless cases. This is the deficiency which must be met if the benefits of the Optical Aids program are to be extended; it is the deficiency which at least five agencies for the blind are struggling manfully to meet. THE END

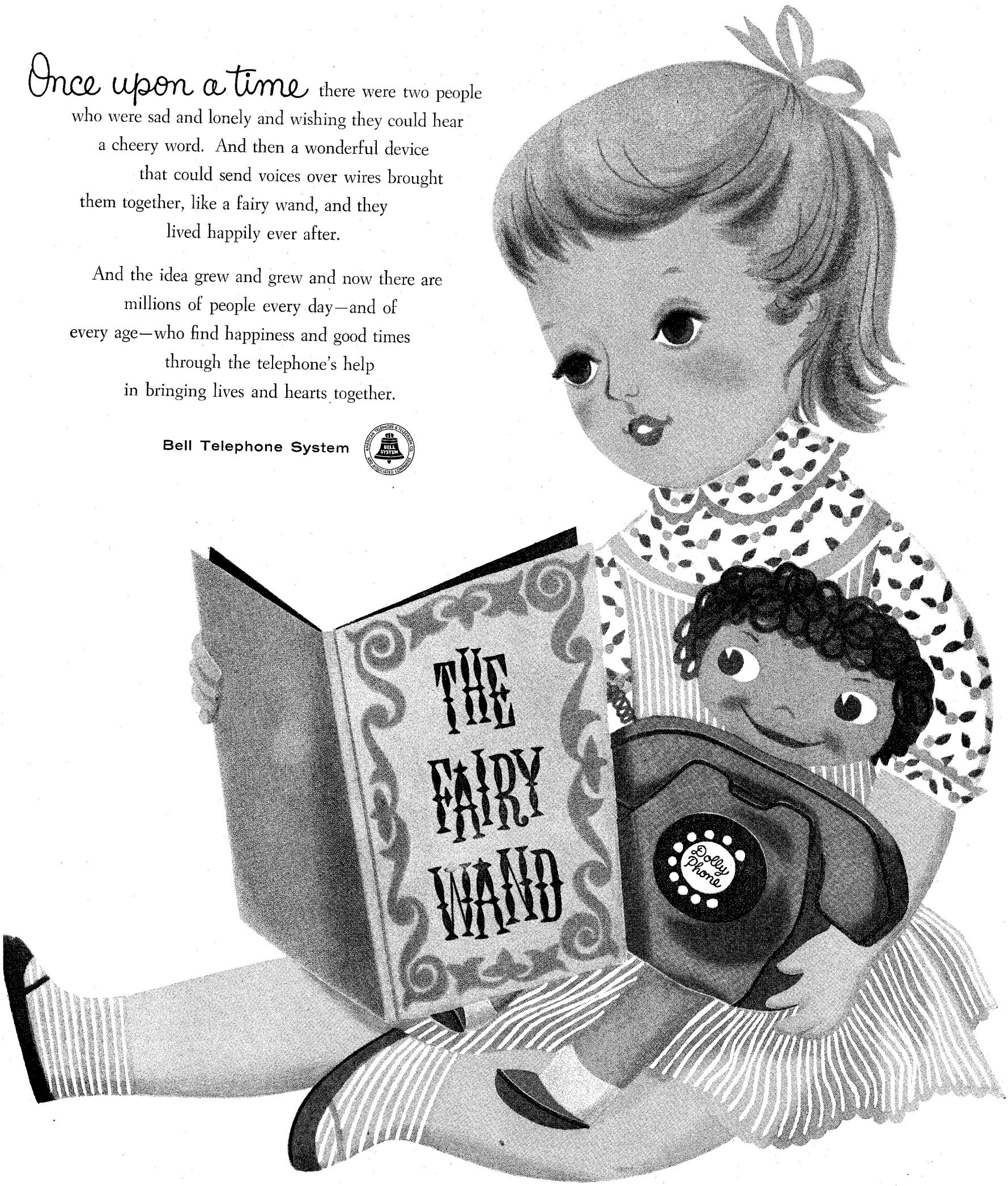
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Fun to Phone

Once upon a time there were two people who were sad and lonely and wishing they could hear a cheery word. And then a wonderful device that could send voices over wires brought them together, like a fairy wand, and they lived happily ever after.

And the idea grew and grew and now there are millions of people every day—and of every age—who find happiness and good times through the telephone's help in bringing lives and hearts together.

Bell Telephone System



DOLLY PHONE

The cuddly rag doll in the little girl's arms is Dolly Phone, designed by Bil Baird of the famous Baird Marionettes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...so light 'n luscious

SO FINE OF TEXTURE

tops in flavor!

NO DONUTS LIKE Dixie Cream DONUTS

WORLD'S FINEST FOR YEARS!

M-m-m-m- taste treat supreme! Try Dixie Cream Donuts . . . you'll agree their reputation is well deserved. Specially prepared flour . . . secret of Dixie Cream goodness . . . is made from an exclusive formula perfected more than a generation ago by Mr. E. A. Hubbs after years of extensive research to produce the finest yeast-raised donuts in the world.

AT YOUR LOCAL Dixie Cream Shop OR YOUR GROCERS in 38 states from coast to coast!

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN A Dixie Cream Shop OF YOUR OWN!

WE HELP YOU SUCCEED . . . help find a location, equip your shop, put it into operation . . . and give you continuing assistance in merchandising, promotion and quality control. Investment (as low as $2925) pays good return . . . no charge for franchise!

". . . NET PROFIT OF $606.35 on first month's sales of $2,202.98 . . . and within seven months expect to more than earn back our investment . . ." writes one owner (name on request).

WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE "Own Your Own Dixie Cream Donut Business" to

DIXIE CREAM FLOUR CO.
P. O. BOX 180 ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

Keeping Posted

Quiet! Men at Work

The curious business office in the picture is located in the back yard of Rocky Marciano's home in Brockton, Massachusetts. In it Al Hirshberg and the retired heavyweight champion are laboring mightily on the fighter's life story, which is in its third round on page 44. Unluckily, collaborator Milton Gross, who has to keep his New York Post sports column constantly perking, wasn't there when Larry Keighley appeared with his photo-taking machine; usually Gross and Hirshberg both were crowding the champion with solid right and left questions. Days when the air conditioning got too hot, they shifted indoors.

This was during that recent period when Marciano's ailing back hurt him so acutely that he finally had to take it to a hospital; and this accounts for the champion's abnormal desk and unorthodox posture. Under the desk a tape recorder always whirred, and that long-corded telephone rang often, the way Rocky's phone always behaves. In office hours, the phone would be answered by Marciano's friend and neighbor, Allie Colombo, who, employing diplomatic judgment, would either put Rocky on or gently waft the caller off the circuits.

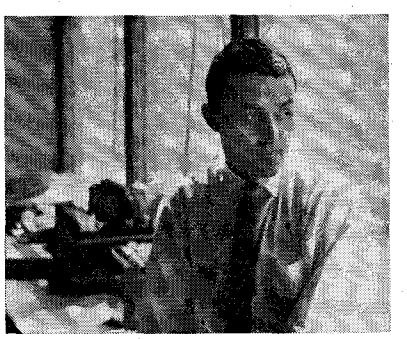
When the writers got to writing, Hirshberg was parked in an upstairs bedroom of his collaborator's Long Island home and Gross in his basement den. They communicated electrically, through a squawkbox. By prearrangement, each wrote certain sections of the story, then each critically belabored the other's copy. These old friends had collaborated before; Hirshberg says that Gross, who had priority on the Marciano story, asked Al to help him, "which was like handing me a diamond on a silver platter." Despite the tension of their task, which might well have moved even old cronies to fisticuffs, neither man struck a blow. Neither did Marciano, which seems fortunate. To the interviewers he "gave" freely and sincerely, and when handed the manuscript, he initialed each page with a minimum of sparring. "Later, when the O.K. came from Sports Editor Harry Paxton, we all walked on clouds." In their exhausted state, a neat trick.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Case For the Democrats"

Speaker Sam Rayburn presents a challenging endorsement of his party, and assails the Administration's "so-called philosophy of dynamic conservatism."

Give 'Em Guns, He Says



Dave Markson has lived his life in New York State and now performs editorial duties with Lion Books on Madison Avenue; so his first Post story, page 30, is a Western, containing Indians, whites and shooting irons. His explanation: once a writer has thought up a legitimate psychological conflict, giving the protagonists guns intensifies the drama for readers. "After all, people who carry Colts are tempted at times to use them."

Novelist Finally Learns About Women

Allan Seager got shocked into writing a short story. It seems that this novelist and University of Michigan faculty member did not think he was naïve about women. "I live with three of them, wif and daughters, and I was acquainte with one or two girls before I was ma ried." He says he had known, as a purel intellectual proposition, that in our moc ern society females chase after male "This had never happened to me, course, but I was vaguely aware that might well happen to some men." Suc denly, proof of it burst upon the man. A the dining-room table one day his twelv year-old daughter mentioned the nam of a junior-high athletic star and ther upon rehearsed, cold-bloodedly, a voll of compliments with which she planne at next opportunity to pepper him. It w obvious that when she got through wi the lad, he would not know whether l was coming or going. The father was shocked by these stark facts of life that l went right to his typewriter and embo ied his horror in Mr. Deerfoot Wallac the clay pigeon of his thesis on page 2

Wife Helps Author; Author Regrets It

Hartzell Spence, being as inexpe other men about women's fashions, t his wife with him as a technical exp when he invaded the glamorous secor hand shop of Florence Barry, page 32. must also be inexpert about women, p

riod, for this was a mistake. His idea v for Mrs. Spence to con the items on s to see if they were the real McCoy Dior or whatever. The foolish m moans, "She conned the joint so int sively that she came away with a D silk suit, a Rosenstein lace cocktail dr a Falkenstein summer print, and an credible Saunders hat." Reflecting t this research expense may not be dedu ible from his income tax, he seems in mood to avoid ever doing a piece on t kind of subject again. In the photo y observe the pretty technical advisenin Dior suit and under the Saunders that The gloomy author explains, "The sn capped object beside her is not a st keeper's dummy; it is I." Picture by Lampert, twelve, a photo expert.

Spence adds that during several da intensive study of goings-on in the lad emporium, he also had trouble with shy Sunday-school nature, because l customers kept partially undressing ri in the open all around him. "I ne knew where to let my eyes rest." Ev time he looked up from his notebool woman seemed to be glaring at h "There was one cute little brunet star—but seriously, what are the et of such a situation?" This column has refuses to get tangled up in *that* q tion. For a clearly objective reaction, him consult Mrs. Spence.

Printed in U.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED